347
15

THE *CANTERBURY* TALES OF *CHAUCER*,

Modernis'd by ſeveral Hands.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

CONTENTS

OF THE

Second VOLUME.

THE *Prologue to the Cook's Tale.* } *by Mr.* OGLE, *p.* 1

The *Cook's Tale, by Mr.* BOYSE, *p.* 9

Prologue to the Man of Law's Tale, } *by Mr.* OGLE, *p.* 97

The *Man of Law's Tale, by Mr.* BROOKE, *p.* 104

Prologue to the Squire's Tale, by Mr. OGLE, *p.* 196

The *Squire' Tale, by Mr.* BOYSE, *p.* 199

The *Squire's Tale, continued from* SPENSER, } *by Mr.* OGLE, *p.* 277

BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE
TO THE
COOK's TALE.

By Mr. OGLE.

CLOSE, by the *Reve*, the *Cook* of *London*
And claps Him on the Back, and burſts his [ſides,
" *Paſſion of Chriſt!* (He cry'd, with Laughter [Sides.
" *Sir Reve*, You ended with a hum'rous Thought [fraught]
" Was e'er ſo juſtly handled in the Dark,
" Felonious *Miller* by laſcivious *Clark?*
" Well was it ſaid, by Hermit in his Cave,
" Notorious Knave will catch notorious Knave.
" And ſlip'ry Hands They have, the Truth to tell,
" Who grind the Meal, or ſtudy in the Cell.
" But for the Argument of Board and Bed,
" Much, wou'd the Time permit, might here be ſaid.

" Make This, ſays *Solomon*, your ſtanding Rule,
" (And *Solomon*, You know, was far from Fool)
" 'Tis perilous Truſt to harbour Man by Night,
" He may be Foe or Friend, unknown of Sight;
" But Folly to receive Him as a Friend,
" Who, if a Foe, thy Ruin may intend!
" Yet, ſure as I was chriſten'd *Hodge* of *Ware*,
" Or be my Life one Scene of Toil and Care,
" Never was yet a Match more equal found;
" Than Theſe, that came to grind, and Thoſe that [ground.
" But Heav'n forbid, that here the Sport ſhould [ſtand;
" No, rather be it thrown from Hand to Hand.
" And tho' not overus'd, to write, or read,
" My Tale perhaps may paſs, if not ſucceed;
" As Bad, in want of Better, may go down:
" For, tho' no Scholar, yet I know the Town."
' *Roger* (reply'd our *Hoſt*) thy Tale recite,
' I ſign the Grant. But ſee, thy Tale be right;
' The Turn divertive, or the Moral good.
' Of many a Paſty haſt Thou drawn the Blood;

' And

' And many a *Jack* of *Dover* haſt Thou ſold,
' For freſh, tho' twice 'twas hot, and twice 'twas cold;
' Diſguis'd in Sawce, that none knew what to call,
' Confounding Sow'r and Sweet, the Devil and All:
' Of which when hungry *Pilgrim* fares the worſe,
' He growls, and ſends Thee many a holy Curſe,
' Blaſphemes thy Stubble Gooſe, with Parſley ſtor'd,
' And ev'ry Fly that taints thy Larder Board.
' But, *Hodge* of *Ware*, I call Thee by thy Name,
' In Serious take not, what is ſaid in Game.
' We border near in Trade; excuſe the Jeſt:
' I only mean to rouſe You to your Beſt.'

" Right, *by my Faith*, quoth *Roger*, what You ſay;
" In Play admit what You advance in Play.
" This is the only Rule for Converſe fit;
" Yet Who ſo *touchy* as a *flaſhy* Wit?
" *Backward*, to bear! As, *forward*, to provoke!
" Who gives a Joke, 'tis True, ſhould take a Joke.
" And therefore, *Harry Ballie*, blith of Heart!
" I mean to ſtate Accounts before We part.

" Nor You with Choler boil, nor Anger burn,
" If, to an Inn, the Scene of Laughter turn;
" There ſhou'd I treat You with a goodly *Hoſt*,
" Put down, in Payment due, a *Cook* to roaſt.
" All Functions have their Good and Bad, believe!
" Whate'er may judge the *Miller* or the *Reve*;
" And tho', or yours, or mine produc'd a Rook,
" What is't to You, mine *Hoſt!* or Me, your *Cook?*
" Unleſs the like of Us our Neighbors ſay,
" For that's the Teſt of Man, or *Prieſt*, or *Lay*.
" But leſt it ſhou'd be thought, I mean to rail,
" Or fret, like *Oſwalde*; I defer the Tale.
" Nay, to mine *Hoſt*, who ſeems full well inclin'd,
" Will ſketch a Story to his Hand and Mind.
" The Flow'r of *Cooks*, young *Perkin*, let Him take,
" Whoſe *Chriſtian* Name was loſt in That of *Rake*.
" And, tho' our Office ſcarce requires a Beau,
" This Lad was all for Vanity and Show!
" Chearful, He was, as Gold-finch in a Grove;
" Of Jollity, as full! As full, of Love!

" His

" His Size, was proper! his Complexion, brown!
" And round and red his Lips, and ſoft as Down!
" Black was his Hair, thick furniſhing his Head;
" And neatly dreſt, the Length his Shoulders ſpred!
" Well cou'd He tune his Voice, and turn his Feet;
" As Hive of Honey, He of Sport repleat!
" At ev'ry Marriage, Firſt to lead the Hop;
" And more He lov'd the Tavern than the Shop.
" March'd but the City-bands along the *Cheap*,
" From off the Counter lightly wou'd He leap.
" Drawn by the *Martial* Sound, and *Warlike* Sight;
" And ne'er return'd till Morn, at leaſt till Night!
" Then would He gather from the idle Throng,
" Some for the Dance, and Others for the Song;
" Provide for Cards, or Bowls, to Drink, or Eat,
" Here, There, at ſuch a Sign, in ſuch a Street!
" But, for a Throw at Dice, from *Tow'r* to *Strand*,
" There was not 'Prentice with a readier Hand.
" Hence oft He pilfer'd, to ſupport his Play,
" And, all He pilfer'd, ſquander'd Day by Day.

" This

" This felt his Maſter to his Loſs and Care,
" Who found full many a Time his Box full bare;
" For Lads that love a Glaſs, or throw a Main,
" That keep a Miſtreſs, or a Horſe maintain,
" Make from the Leaky Drill the Caſh to flow,
" So ſinks the Stock, and runs the Credit low.
" Like Feats, too oft, are ev'n by Maſters play'd,
" And then They growl ſevere on failing Trade.
" But 'tis the Devil in Hell, (to ſpeak ſincere)
" To pay for Muſick, which You never hear.
" This Youth, for ſix long Years, his Maſter bore,
" And chided oft for Laviſhing his Store;
" Late when He left, or early ſought, his Bed;
" Yet ſtill the ſame vile Courſe young *Perkin* led.
" Seiz'd has He been, by unrelenting Bum,
" The Maſter has redeem'd Him for the Sum;
" Seiz'd by the Watch, to *Newgate* has been ſent;
" To bail Him, for the Broil, the Maſter went.
" Leſs tractable He grew for Uſage Civil;
" Such Uſage, as might half reform the Devil!

" With

" With this Obdurance, was his Patience tir'd;
" Who thus diſmiſs'd Him, e'er the Term expir'd.
" Induſtrious what I ſave, You waſteful ſpend;
" I took You as the Orphan of my Friend.
" To Me He ſhow'd the ſame Paternal Care;
" Single I am, and meant You for my Heir.
" But mighty Young are You, yet mighty Wiſe,
" Nor muſt You be advis'd, yet will adviſe;
" But Better from the Heap the Tainted throw,
" Than keep, till all decay'd the Remnant grow.
" So may I live in Plenty, and in Peace,
" As here be thy Indenture and Releaſe;
" Paſs, with a Curſe, leſt You corrupt the Reſt,
" And not one Single Servant ſtand the Teſt.
" All that I gave Thee, with Thee take away!
" And yet---reform to Good, and You may ſtay.
" To Good not turn'd, He follows his Delight,
" And revels at his Will from Morn to Night;
" His little Subſtance to a Com'rade ſends
" For Vice, like Virtue, is the Tye of Friends!

" One that had us'd the ſame ill Courſe of Life,
" With this Addition bleſt, an handſome Wife!
" Who kept a Shop, for Fear what Folks might ſay'
" But kept Herſelf a much genteeler Way!
" I leave it to mine Hoſt, what Quarrel wrought
" Their high Diſlike, and How, and Where they [fought;
" Whence One to Priſon was condemn'd for Strife,
" And One for Murder forfeited his Life.
" Let Him convey this Document to Youth,
" *Your ſole Delight, be Virtue and be Truth!*
" For want of This, has many a Squire, well-bred,
" Been forc'd to liſt for Pay, or beg for Bread;
" Indue'd with This, for all his ſordid Race,
" Has many a Wretch, low-born, roſe Firſt in Place.
" Suffice it to have giv'n mine *Hoſt* his Cue,
" And where the Game is left, let Him purſue;
" But firſt, with Me, to *Woodland* Wilds reſort,
" Young *Gamelyn* there ſhall yield us nobler Sport"
Laughing, He paus'd--nor by our *Hoſt* control'd,
His Tale, as You may hear, in Order told.

End of the PROLOGUE.

GAMELYN

GAMELYN:

OR,

The COOK's TALE.

By Mr. BOYSE.

HOW conſtant Valour triumphs o'er its Foes,
And the firm Mind beneath Oppreſſion grows,
I ſing -- Ye whom heroic Deeds delight,
Attend the Tale, and mark what I recite.
'Twas in victorious *Edward*'s happy Days,
When *Britain*'s Glory ſhed diſtinguiſh'd Rays!
Where thro' the verdant Groves and level Meads,
His ſilver Courſe the gentle *Medway* leads;
Too feeble now for Arms, --- his Helm unbrac'd,
His calm Retreat a worthy Knight had plac'd:
In youthful Years no Stranger he to Fame,
Sir *John* of *Bondis* was the Warrior's Name;

From vanquiſh'd *Gaul*, and *Creſſy*'s ſanguine Field,
He bore new Honours o'er his trophy'd Shield:
But Time had cool'd the Ardours in his Breaſt,
And Action taught him all the Worth of Reſt;
Yet often at the hoſpitable Board,
By Cheerfulneſs maintain'd, with Plenty ſtor'd,
To ſpeak of former Toils he took Delight,
To paint the Combat, and renew the Fight!
Cloſe by the winding Stream his Caſtle ſtood,
It's Turrets glitter'd o'er the glaſſy Flood;
Here liv'd the honour'd Knight in decent State,
Peace watch'd the Walls, & Welcome kept the Gate.
His Conſort loſt, a widowed Life he led,
Three manly Sons had crown'd his nuptial Bed;
The eldeſt far unlike the generous Knight,
A rough, ſuſpicious, baſe, uncourteous Wight:
To all ungentle, to his Father moſt,
His Age he ſlighted, and his Love he loſt:
The younger two were of a milder Kind,
And bore their Sire's Impreſſion on the Mind.

Long the reſpected Knight enjoy'd Repoſe,
Till Life's low Shade projected to a Cloſe;
Soft tho' the Fall, and gentle the Decay,
Death is a Struggle ſtill in Nature's Way;
But Arms had ſo familiariz'd his Face,
He met his Terror with a decent Grace;
Careful his Houſe's Welfare to provide,
The Meaſure of his fair Eſtates he ey'd;
Study'd the ſeparate Share to each ſhould fall,
And found his Wealth ſufficient for them all.

His Servants call'd; his laſt Requeſt he draws,
Summons his Friends, judicious in the Laws;
His Caſe recites, how low near Death he lies,
Begs them to haſte, and aid his laſt Deviſe;
With friendly Counſel his Intent ſupply,
And leave Affairs well order'd e'er he die.

Soon as the Tydings ſpread, the mournful Train
Crowd to the Hall, and ſighing view the Scene.
Around his Bed the ſad Attendance ſtands,
Comforts his Griefs, and waits his laſt Commands;

His Brow ſtill placid, tho' his Accent weak,
He lifts his trembling Hand, and tries to ſpeak.
" I feel, my Friends, the univerſal Doom,
" My Courſe is ended, and my Hour is come.
" The deſtin'd Hour, which none are giv'n to paſs,
" Time ſhakes the ebbing Sands, and turns my [glaſs.'
(With that he ſigh'd, his rev'rend Head he ſhook,
Tears melted from the Audience as he ſpoke)
They bid him cheer, nor be ſo deep diſmay'd,
Sick as he was, yet Heav'n might ſend him Aid;
Raiſe Health from Fate, from Pain recover Eaſe,
And lengthen Life for yet ſucceeding Days.
" I know it well, the dying Knight reply'd,
" Heaven's Will is fix'd, and muſt not be deny'd;
" But Age from me forbids a Hope ſo vain,
" Nor wiſh I Life at the Expence of Pain.
" One Thought alone does all my Cares encreaſe
" On Terms ſecure to found my Children's Peace;
" You then, my Friends, whoſe ſage Diſcretion [knows,
" Suits to prevent, and Intereſts to compoſe,

" Amongſt my Sons a fair Diviſion make,
" My Wealth, my Fortune to your Wiſdom take;
" For Heav'ns high Sake, take care of partial wrong,
" Nor ſlight my *Gamelyn* becauſe he's young.
" Fond in my Heart he claims an equal Share,
" My juſt Affection points him equal Heir;
" Wretched the Brothers, who on one depend;
" Pow'r breaks the Ties of Kindred and of Friend.
" And oft the younger Martlet's forc'd to roam,
" To ſearch that Reſt he fails to find at home.

So ends the Knight, and in the Sages go,
Juſtice oft yields when Intereſt is the Foe.
A riſing Sun the general Worſhip draws,
And well the Proverb ſpeaks, *New Lords new Laws*;
Fear bid them not the wayward Squire provoke,
His Temper known they dread his future Stroke;
Love ſtrikes the Heart, as Harmony the Ear,
The Taſte alone that's delicate can hear;
But Tyrant Terror gives a ſtronger Sound,
And ſpreads an univerſal Panick round;

So half by Intereſt ſway'd, and half by Fright,
They croſs the honeſt Purpoſe of the Knight;
The large Succeſſion to the firſt deſign,
To *Otto* next a ſmall Remain aſſign,
And leave young *Gamelyn* without a Care,
To wait his Fortune from the potent Heir,
Who had, if he deſerv'd, enough to ſpare.

Deciding thus, back to the Knight they ſpeed,
Who waited what their Judgment had decreed;
Inform him, thay had acted his Commands,
And in the wiſeſt Way diſpos'd his Lands.
Vex'd as he heard, he often ſhook his Head,
And much diſpleas'd---at laſt broke out and ſaid.
" Is this the Faith my confidence attends?
" And is it thus ye act the Part of Friends?
" By good Saint *Martyn*, but ye deal it fine!
" Yet do I live,---and ſtill my Land is mine.
" Then witneſs Neighbours to my lateſt Will,
" Thus I ordain, ſo Heav'n my wiſh fulfil!

" Five

" Five Ploughs of Land my eldeſt I aſſign;
" The antient Seat of our paternal Line!
" To *Otto* I bequeath as many more,
" My Toils have added to our native Store:
" Of all my other Lands and Chattels fair,
" Of all my Steeds be *Gamelyn* the Heir!
" Impartial Juſtice gives this Law to bind,
" And *Kent* was ever true to Gavel-kind.
" This is my only Will, my laſt Command;
" Atteſt it Heav'n! and let no other ſtand!

The Knight, his laſt Intentions thus expreſt,
Reſign'd attended haſtening Death's Arreſt.
Soon came the Stroke, the Spirit paſſed away,
And the cold Warriot ſtiffen'd into Clay!

Now in his Tomb with decent Honours laid,
And all the Rites of due Interment paid;
Sir *John*, the empty Image of his Name,
A ſtranger to his Virtues, or his Fame!
His Fathers ſolemn Charge forgetful breaks,
With lawleſs graſp the wide Succeſſion takes.

Then *Gamelyn* firſt diveſted of his Right,
Bore all the Vengeance of Fraternal Spite.
The Youth before who only Pleaſure knew,
Who roſe the Darling of a Father's View,
The ſad Reverſe of former Eaſe beheld,
With hardſhips practis'd, and with Frowns repeld;
Fed with the menial Train, and cloth'd yet worſe,
And all he got, attended with a Curſe.
Uſage at laſt with ample Intereſt paid,
On the unnatr'al Giver's churliſh Head!

Yet ſpite of all, young *Gamelyn*'s gentle Art
Gain'd over every Vaſſal to his Part;
Such open Goodneſs dwelt around his Face,
His Actions bore ſuch Marks of manly Grace!
They griev'd in Sloth to ſee ſuch Virtue loſt,
Each ſtrove with eager Zeal to ſerve him moſt;
By each ador'd---but when the Knight was near,
They durſt not ſhow their Sentiments for Fear.

It chanc'd one Morn, involv'd in ſtudious Mood,
Within the Spacious Court the Stripling ſtood:

He ſtrok'd his Chin, whoſe early down began,
To riſe and tell him, what became a Man;
His Eyes he threw along the Wood-land Coaſt,
And ſigh'd to think the Heritage he loſt:
His Lands he ſaw untill'd, his Parks unpal'd,
His Game was waſted, and his Woods were fell'd:
No Steed to call his own,---a generous Shame
Roſe in his Breaſt and mounted to a Flame!
" Had he been cheated of his Right ſo long?
" And was he tamely ſtill to bear the Wrong?
" Honour reproach'd him for a Thought ſo low,
" And threatning Juſtice ſet upon his Brow!"
Juſt from the Field return'd his Brother in,
With haughty Aſpect, and aſſuming Mien;
" Go Idler! haſte, he cry'd, and bring us Word,
" What Cheer to Day,--or have they ſpread the [Board?
" Brother, the Youth replies, walk in and look,
" I neither am thy Butler, nor thy Cook!"
" What mutter'ſt thou? the Knight in Fury cry'd,
" Whence haſt thou catch'd this Spark of upſtart [Pride?
Thou

" Thou never durſt a Speech like this before,
" Go know thy ſelf, and dread the Hand of [Pow'r!"
" Brother, ſaid *Gamelyn*, my Anſwer take,
" My ſelf I know, and from that Knowledge ſpeak;
" But honeſt Minds a ſervile Yoke diſdain,
" And honeſt Tongues will call Oppreſſion mean!
" Think'ſt thou thoſe Lands that lye before my [View,
" My Birth-right ſeiz'd, unjuſtly ſeiz'd by you,
" Yon Fields unfallow'd, and yon Houſes void,
" My Deer unharbour'd from thoſe Woods [deſtroy'd;
" My Courſers in your ſlaviſh Toil employ'd,
" Think'ſt thou that thoſe for no Reſentment call?
" Or think, if juſt, where that ſhould greatly fall?
" All that my Father left is gone to wreck,
" So take my Curſe, and wear it on thy Back."
At this Reproach all Patience left the Knight,
His Eye-balls kindled, and his Cheeks grew white.
" Hence Vagabond, he cries, and thank my Love,
" Thy Raſhneſs does no worſe Correction prove;

" What

" What prateſt thou of Lands, and Houſes thine?
" Mine the Poſſeſſion is, --the Right is mine:
" Furniſh'd with ſimple Food and plain Attire,
" Reſt well content,-What more canſt thou deſire?
To whom the Youth " Falſe Knight, be thine:
[the Shame,
" Thou Wretch unworthy of a Brother's Name;
" A Vagabond! --- Go boaſt thee of the Style,
" Whoſe ſocial Titles ſordid Thoughts defile:
" If thy Injuſtice has my Fall purſu'd,
" Am I from thence an Alien to thy Blood?
" To the ſame Source we owe our vital Fire,
" A Lady bore us, and a Knight our Sire!
" Uſurper ceaſe! thy lawleſs Claim reſign!
" Give me, what Love paternal deſtin'd mine,
" All future Kindred willing I forego,
" All Bands diſclaim, ---I ſcorn to be thy Foe.
Then rag'd, Sir *John*, but half his Rage ſuppreſs'd!
Fear ſtopp'd his Voice, and chill'd his conſcious
[Breaſt,
Trembling his ſcatter'd Servants round he calls;
The wiſh'd Aſſiſtance iſſues from the Walls:
With

With that returning, all his Wrath returns;
And ſo ſupplied, his borrow'd Courage burns,
" Go bind, he cries, Go bind this ſhallow Boy,
" Immur'd his Tongue may learn a juſt Employ;
" So due Chaſtiſement quickly mends the Young,
" So ſhall this Sterling chant another Song!
Then *Gamelyn* thus, — " Thou Tyrant! baſe of [Heart!
Who can reply to thy degenerate Part?
" What, of a Stripling is a Knight afraid?
" But daſtard Minds grow inſolent with Aid;
" In Innocence, unarm'd, ſecure I ſtand,
" And brave the coward Malice of thy Hand;
" Provoke the Fight, thy empty Boaſtings throw,
" Curſed be he, that keeps thee from my Blow!"
At this the Caitiff ſhrunk with new Alarms,
And call'd the rude Militia out to Arms;
The ready Weapons, Pitchforks, Poles afford,
Sneering they march to ſave their fearful Lord;
The manly Youth well pleas'd the Storm ſurvey'd,
On a ſtrong Staff his Hands he quickly laid;

Then

Then like a prudent General look'd around,
Stept to a Wall, and ſeiz'd th' advantage Ground;
He mark'd the aukward Rout as on they preſs'd,
Affection moſt detain'd, and Fear the reſt;
Encourag'd thus he made a forward Pace,
And ſaw Confuſion riſe in every Face!
Some gentle Strokes apply'd with skillful Hand,
Forc'd all the rude Battalion to disband;
To Stables ſome, and ſome to Barns retreat,
Others more haſty ſought the Poſtern Gate;
But ſafeſt in the Van the General fled,
And in a Hay-loft ſcreen'd his valiant Head:
When *Gamelyn*, now who ſaw the Field his own,
Addreſs'd the Fugitive in ſcornful Tone!
" And is it thus, good Knight, you value Fame?
" Thus is it you aſſert your Father's Name?
" For Flight ſo ready, yet ſo prone to Strife,
" Nor leſs the Hopes of your inglorious Life!
(At this as round he look'd the Knight he ſpy'd
Who at a narrow Chink his Face apply'd)

" *Bondis*

" *Bondis* come down, and fetch thy mighty Blade!
" Art thou a Knight, and dar'ſt thou be afraid?
" A Novice I, yet would I fain diſcern,
" What thou can'ſt practiſe, or what I may learn.
" By good Saint *Richard*, ſaid th' aſtoniſh'd [Knight,
" I did not gueſs you were ſo keen at Fight;
" But while you brandiſh that accurſed Stake,
" Nor will I venture down, nor Parlance make;
" Thy Weapon quit, I give the Conteſt o'er,
" And here I vow to injure thee no more!
" How ſoon I ween you change, reply'd the [Squire,
" Aggreſſor firſt, you firſt the Peace require;
" Thanks to my Staff that kept your Clowns away,
" Elſe might my Bones have ſuffer'd from the Play.
" No, *Gamelyn* dear, reply'd the treacherous [Knight,
" By good Saint *Richard*, you miſtook me quite;
" Your mounting Spirits took too ſoon th' Alarm,
" Be witneſs Heav'n, I never meant you Harm!
" To try your early Worth was my Deſign,
" Who durſt ſo young th' unequal Combat join;

Now

" Now known with Joy thy Courage I embrace,
" And own thee worthy of our noble Race!
With a Confeſſion pleas'd he thought ſincere,
The honeſt Youth reſum'd his wonted Air;
" Deſcend, Sir Knight, ſecurely, ſafe deſcend,
" Here ceaſe our Quarrel, all Diviſions end!
" Grant me one ſole Requeſt, my humble Boon,
" And good Agreement ſhall unite us ſoon.
Down came the Knight, but trembling look'd around,
And ſaw the dreaded Weapon on the Ground;
But Smiles conceal'd the Rancour of his Breaſt,
" Brother, ſays he, impart your fair Requeſt;
" If I deny you ought, your Wiſhes claim,
" Your's be the Credit, and be mine the Shame!
I take your Word, the Youth ſincere replies,
Juſtice I aſk, in you, the Juſtice lies;
Decline the ſtronger Plea of wreſting Pow'r,
My Father's Heritage entire reſtore;
So ſhall thy Honour make its Promiſe good,
So ſhall we live in Peace,—as Brothers ſhou'd.

Agred

" Agreed, reſum'd Sir *John* and gave his Hand,
" Thy Lands be thine, I grant thy full Demand!
" When e'er thy Youth the Date of Manhood gains
" I yeild thee all, our Father's Will ordains;
" If further Favours then thy Wiſhes crave,
" As freely ſhare the fair Demains I have;
" Till then thy Fields manur'd ſhall feel my care,
" They Parks inclos'd, thy Houſes find Repair".

So ſpoke the Traitor with diſſembling Art,
What to perform was never in his Heart;
With ſecret Fraud his wicked Flattry fraught,
And dark Revenge lay lurking in his Thought.
Not *Gamelyn* ſo, his Boſom knew no Guile,
He kiſs'd his *Judas* Brother with a Smile;
Where feigned Kindneſs ſpoke him well content,
So reconcil'd together in they went.

The Story ſpread ſoon grew the Village Theme
And the fond Neighbours dwelt on *Gamelyn's* Name;
But he regardleſs paſs'd the Action by,
For Clowns were not the Foes he wiſh'd to try;

Oft

Oft thro' the Hall as ſilently he paſs'd,
And on the trophy'd Walls Attention caſt;
His Father's Arms, the Banner high diſplay'd,
The creſted Helmet, and the maſſy Blade!
A Sigh the Biaſs of his Soul confeſs'd,
And all the Warrior glow'd within his Breaſt;
The Rage of Battle glitter'd in his Sight,
His Heart beat high, and panted for the Fight!
Nor vain his Hope to prove the martial Flame,
Nor wiſh'd he long, till kind Occaſion came;
The Swains who to the Caſtle held Reſort,
The Tidings brought and ſwell'd the fond Report;
How near the *Kentiſh* Wild for Wreſtlers fam'd,
That Day a famous Conteſt was proclaim'd,
Where a huge Ram of more than common Size,
And Ring of Gold were ſet the Victor's Prize;
They tell from all around what Numbers ſpeed,
How many Rivals go to ſeek the Meed;
But chief a *Flemiſh* Champion's Praiſe they ſound,
Whoſe Vigour in repeated Trials found,

Whoſe ſinew'd Limbs experienc'd Action ſhow,
And make Contenders dread ſo fierce a Foe!
Enough was ſaid, nor needed *Gamelyn* more,
To raiſe that Paſſion glow'd ſo warm before;
With eager Ears he drinks the pleaſing Tale,
Reſolv'd to try his Fortune on the Dale.
Immediate to his Brother's Sight he preſs'd,
And thus he vents th' Impatience in his Breaſt;
" A Journey muſt I ſpeed, Sir *John*, this Night,
" A Horſe I want, a Courſer fleet and light;
" Of all thy numerous Steeds I ſeek but one,
" Nor wave my Suit, I languiſh to be gone;
" To Minds, that early Thirſt of Honour ſways,
" Time backward rolls, and Moments ſeem Delays.
To whom the artful Knight with feigning Voice.
" My Steeds are at thy Will, and wait thy Choice;
" But tell me whence Requeſts ſo earneſt flow,
" And whither would my gentle Brother go?
" In Words as brief, the ſmiling Youth reply'd,
" A Wreſtling near is kept, and there I ride;

" Thither

" Thither in Crowds th' aſſembling Youth convene,
" I mean to try the Hazard of the Green;
" Succeſs, perhaps, may crown my firſt Eſſay,
" My Arm, perhaps, may bear the Prize away;
" Go, ſaid the Knight, right may your Wiſhes fall,
" And your firſt Spoils adorn our ancient Hall!
The Order giv'n,--the lively Youth deſcends,
Where at the Gate the harneſt Steed attends;
Faſt on his Feet the ſhining Spurs he makes,
Light in his Hand, a ſlender Wand he ſhakes!
A conſcious Pleaſure ſparkles in his Eye;
He look'd like *Hermes*, juſt prepar'd to fly!
The Courſer mounts, and agile as the Wind,
Soon leaves the leſſening Tow'rs obſcur'd behind;
A ſingle Servant ſcarce his Flight can trace,
And reach'd him late, upon the deſtin'd Place.
The jealous Brother pleas'd his parting view'd,
And with dark Envy his Deſign purſu'd;
" Go, ſhallow Boy, he mutter'd, tempt thy Fate,
" And find a Period equal to my Hate;

" Diſgrac'd and trampled by ſome Foot obſcene,
" Periſh thy breathleſs Carcaſe on the Plain.
Then to the Hall return'd in Diſcontent,
Yet oft look'd back, and ſecret Curſes ſent.
So thought the Wretch, ---but Heav'n refus'd the [Pray'r,
And all his impious Vows were loſt in Air.

But diſtant now, a-croſs the heathy Waſte,
The little Hero to the Conteſt paſt;
And now the ſmoaking Village roſe to view,
And now he nearer heard the ſhouting Crew!
Yet more diſtinct appears the opening Scene,
The ſpacious Circle and the crowded Green.
Nimbly he whirls the panting Courſer round,
Springs from the Seat, and treads the envied Ground.

Attentive round him as he newly gaz'd,
A neighb'ring Object all his Pity rais'd;
An aged Yeoman, decent was his Dreſs,
Whoſe ſtrong Emotion deepeſt Sighs expreſs;
Faſt o'er his Cheeks the briny Currents ſpread,
While to the Ground he bent his mournful Head;

Fix'd

Fix'd in a Lethargy of Grief he ſtands,
Oft lifts his weeping Eyes, and wrings his Hands;
Compaſſion glow'd in *Gamelyn*'s gentle Mind,
The venerable Man's Diſtreſs to find;
" Forgive, he ſaid, good Man, whoſe ſilver Hairs,
" Should claim Exemption from ſuch piercing [Cares,
" Forgive the friendly Motive guides my Tongue,
" To aid your Anguiſh, or redreſs your Wrong;
" For this I ask, nor then refuſe to tell,
" What ſpeechleſs Griefs thy warring Boſom ſwell?
" Cloud o'er the Brows, and round thy Viſage roll,
" And ſpeak the Tempeſt riſing in thy Soul?
To whom the Farmer thus in broken Strain,
" Vain is thy Help, kind Youth, thy Pity vain!
" No Hand can ſooth the Sorrows I endure,
" Nor Time can mitigate, nor Comfort cure:
" Canſt thou reſtore the Dead? The Storm aſſwage?
" Or bind the Pinions of revolving Age?
" Then might I hope from thee to find Relief,
" Then might one Beam of Eaſe allay my Grief!

" But Nature ſinks beneath the fatal Blow,
" And future Life is but imbitter'd Woe!
" Two Sons I had, the Honour of the Plain,
" Two Sons deſerving of the Name of Men,
" Two Sons this happy Morning hail'd me gay,
" Dreſs'd in the luſty Prime of youthful *May*!
" Who now, ere Noon united preſs the Strand,
" Slain by th' accurſed *Fleming*'s deadly Hand;
" Deteſted Terror! could my Eyes but ſee,
" Their Tears repaid in Vengeance due to thee!
" Oh! would ſome Arm well practis'd to the Toil,
" Stretch thee all pale and fractur'd on the Soil!
" The deſtin'd Hero ſhould my Wealth receive,
" And my bald Head contented reach the Grave.

He ſpoke, — and faint as *Gamelyn*'s Form
Admir'd his Mein, while thus the Youth reply'd, [he ey'd,

" If Wrongs like thine a juſt Relief engage,
" I take thy Cauſe, my Honour be thy Gage.
" Juſtice herſelf ſhall lend her fav'ring Scale,
" And bid my Purpoſe for thy ſake prevail!

" But

" But while my Man prepares me for the Field,
" My Horſe to thee committed, ſafe I yield;
" Then mean I bold this Champion to defy,
" And right thy Cauſe, or in the Quarrel die.
" A thouſand Bleſſings crown thy generous Heart
" The Yeoman ſaid, Brave Youth, whoe'er thou [art.
" Whoſe Soul by noble Emulation fir'd,
" By Worth incited, or by Heaven inſpir'd,
" For my ſad Loſs ſuch kind Concern canſt ſhow,
" And dare to grapple with ſo fierce a Foe:
" Thy Steed to me, a willing Charge aſſign,
" To aid you for the Field the care be mine.
" Revenge alone can ſtop my bleeding Eyes;
" Yours be the Glory, and be yours the Prize.
The Youth they ſtrip, his ſnowy Limbs unfold,
Whoſe tender Arms unwonted Vigour hold;
The cheſnut Ringlets fall his Neck a-down,
His Neck that gave new Luſtre to their Brown;
Bare was his Foot, his ardent Breaſt reveal'd,
The reſt a Wreath of ſpotleſs white conceal'd;

So thro' the Throng he paſs'd with noble Grace,
Enter'd the Liſt, and roſe upon the Place.

Conſpicuous now, as many knew his Name,
A circling Whiſper told his early Fame;
All wonder'd how a Youth ſo ſoftly young,
Should dare a Champion ſo confirm'd and ſtrong!
Incens'd, a Foreign Arm ſhould awe the Field,
And make the Stouteſt of their Natives yield;
Conſpiring Vows the generous Stripling wait,
Conſpiring Fears are felt for his Defeat.
But chief the Youth the ſcornful Victor ey'd,
And found the Match unequal to his Pride.
Starting he fiercely ſtalk'd along the Plain,
And thus preſuming ſpoke--in jeering Strain.

" Whence come this Infant?--- or to whom belong?
" Whoſe gentle Mien proclaims him nicely ſprung!
" Say, Child, thy Sire? or by what Folly led,
" Hither thou cameſt? to ſofter Labours bred?
" Return, nice Stripling, free from threaten'd harm,
" Thy Fall would but diſgrace my practis'd Arm!

Then

Then *Gamelyn* thus---"Inſulting Boaſter take,
" In breif the Anſwer which I deign to make;
" My Father's honour'd Name, while Life he drew,
" Well known to *Gallia*, well is known to you;
" Sir *John* of *Bondis* well in Battle known,
" From him I ſpring--and am his youngeſt Son:
" *Gamelyn* my Name--the reſt let Tryal ſay,
" I come to take the hazard of the Day.

So ſpoke the blooming Youth with manly Pride,
The kindling Foreigner enrag'd reply'd:
" Thy Sire I knew, by wide Report proclaim'd,
" A Knight for hardy Proweſs not unfam'd,
" Thy childiſh Frolicks too have reach'd our Ears,
" Thy early Pertneſs far out ſtrips thy Years;
" But Stripes that growing Miſchief ſhould deſtroy,
" For me I ſcorn to grapple with a Boy"!

The Youth reply'd---"And haſt thou heard my [Name,
" Then let th'Encounter tell thee what I am:
" Welcome, the Champion cries, ſo may I thrive,
" As from my Hands thou partſt or partſt alive.

And

And now the ſetting Sun withdrew his Light,
And Silver *Cynthia* uſher'd in the Night;
Bright o'er the Lawn ſhe ſhed her cleareſt Beam,
When to the Liſt theſe laſt Contenders came;
The diſproportion'd Pair all Eyes employ,
The harden'd *Fleming*, and the *Engliſh* Boy!
His ſlighteſt Efforts firſt the Champion try'd,
To bend the pliant Youth on every Side;
As feels the rooted Plant the Northern Blaſt,
And yields to riſe more prevalently faſt;
So the rude Shock the artful Stripling bore,
And cloſer preſs'd ſtill gather'd Strength the more;
Then foil'd, the *Fleming*'s fruitleſs Rage increas'd,
And diff'rent Motions fill his anxious Breaſt;
Oft round the Youth this new *Alcides* wound,
And *Gamelyn* like *Antæus* kept his Ground;
Then thus.---" I ſee thy vaſt gigantic Pain,
" To bring me down thy Victim on the Plain;
" Now in return, accept what I repay,
" To ſhow my Thanks, and take it as it may!"

So

So ſaid, around the Champion's bulky Waſte,
His ſlender Arms the vigorous Stripling plac'd;
Artful, unſeen, his Foot was plac'd behind,
Where to the left the ſtruggling Cheif inclin'd;
Turn'd from its Poize, his Body whelms the Ground,
A loud Applauſe the joyful Circle crown'd!
So once, if rightly ſacred Stories tell,
Jeſſides conquer'd, and *Goliab* fell!
Revers'd, confounded the Inſulterlay,
His Viſage rent with Pain and deep Diſmay!
Three Ribs diſtorted with the fatal Stroke,
And his left Arm the cumbrous Downfal broke;
To whom the Youth in terms exulting ſpoke.
Say art thou foil'd, Sir Champion, doſt thou own,
This Caſt for good? or ſhall it paſs for none?
To whom the *Fleming*—Whether ſo it be,
" Ill chance the Man, who taught this Caſt to thee!
" Who from thy Youth expects to raiſe his Boaſt,
" Shall, by Saint, *Swithin*, find his Labour loſt".

But ſtronger Joy that fill'd the Farmer's Mind,
The full Completion of his Hope to find;
Exulting in his alter'd Viſage ſpoke,
And from his Tongue in haſty Tranſports broke.
" Delightful Youth! ſole Prop of my Deſires,
" Bleſs'd be the Day that warm'd thy vital Fires;
" Bleſs'd be the Morn that ſent thee to my Aid,
" Bleſs'd be thy Arm that thus my Vengeance paid;
" Now to this proſtrate Miſcreant can I ſay,
" Here ſtands the Youth, that foil'd thee at the Play.
To whom againſt the ſuffering Champion cry'd,
" Rough is his Play, as ſorely have I try'd;
" Full thirty Years, a Wreſtler have I been,
" Inur'd to Toils, and practis'd on the Green;
" But by the Maſs, of all I ever met,
" None ever dealt ſo rudely with me yet".
Firm in the Place the ſmiling Victor ſtood,
In hopes to ſee the pleaſing Strife renew'd;
" And is there none, he ſaid, amongſt you all,
" Will venture on the Green to try a Fall"?

In

In vain he call'd, in vain he look'd around,
Nor Combatant beheld nor Answer found;
From the assur'd Defiance all withdraw,
The *Fleming*'s Downfal kept the Field in Awe.
Then from their Place the reverend Umpires came,
While all the Crow'd repeats the Victor's Name!
" Distinguish'd Youth, they cry'd, whoe'er thou be,
" Thy Valour speaks thee of no low Degree;
" Retire content—the further Fight decline,
" All own the Glories of the Field are thine;
" But Honour first that led thy Footsteps here,
" Commends thy Safety to our faithful Care;
" Cautions thy Health the Midnight Damp to shun,
" Be ours to give the Prize thy Arm has won!
" Then let the Herald tell the Sports are o're,
" And let Repose thy short Fatigue restore.
" I came, the Youth replies, to try your Fair,
" Nor have I yet unfolded half my Ware;
To whom the *Fleming* " Fool, I ween, is he,
" Who meddles with thy Merchandise, or thee!

" For

" For me, by good Saint *Gregory* I ſwear,
" I'll buy no more—thou ſell'ſt it all too dear,
The Farmer then, whoſe Joy could find no Vent,
Said, Foreign Boaſter! reſt thee well content,
" By bleſs'd Saint *James* of holy Pilgrims ſought,
" A penny worth haſt thou of what thou bought!
" For had my Wiſhes but obtain'd the Pow'r,
" Thou never ſhould have try'd this Traffick more.
They ceas'd—for now the appointed Judges bring
Thro' the admiring Crow'd the Ram and Ring;
The pleaſing Charge young *Gamelyn's* Servant takes,
While thus th' aſſembled Throng his Lord beſpeaks,
" In the grey Sky you eaſtern ſtreaks of Light,
" Proclaim the waning Empire of the Night!
" Let your Attendance than my Wiſhes grace,
" My Father's Hall lies hence a little Space;
" Thither your Company does Kindneſs pray,
" Nor ſlight the ſlender Welcome Love would pay;
" Such Cheer as our Domeſtic Vaults ſupply,
" Shall ſpeak my Thanks and crown our mutual Joy!

Applauſe

Applauſe thro' the conſenting Ring reſounds,
The Stripling mounts, the joyful Train ſurrounds;
The Minſtrelſie attends, 'tis Frolick all!
And the wild Triumph haſtens to the Hall!

The Knight in different Guiſe the Night had ſpent,
Perplext with Envy, torn with Diſcontent;
Till chearful Morning glitt'ring in the Eaſt,
Diſpell'd all Gloom, but that within his Breaſt.
Then ſtarting Eager from his reſtleſs Bed,
The wayward *Caitiff* ſhook his guileful Head;
Earneſt to learn the hated *Gamelyn*'s Fate,
He bent his Footſteps to the outer Gate:
O'er the ſtill Road he caſt his baleful Eyes,
Surpriz'd as ſoon the Duſty Vapour ſpies;
A fainter Clamour next his Ears invades,
And Men and Horſe ſeem pictur'd in the Shades!
But oh what Tumults in his Boſom riſe,
What cruel Envy darkens in his Eyes!
When the known Youth he ſees with conqueſt crown'd,
Whom Muſic waits, and joyful Crowds ſurround;

Pale

Pale grew his Cheek, to find his Purpoſe croſt,
And every cruel Expectation loſt;
With falt'ring Voice the Porter down he calls
Summons his Servants to defend the Walls;
Secures each Avenue with fearful Haſte,
And makes himſelf the ſlender Wicket faſt;
A wooden Bolt ſecur'd that Paſs alone,
For Theft and Fraud were then but little known.
Now to the Tow'rs the jovial Train inclin'd,
But look in vain Admittance there to find;
From his fair Steed, diſmounts our *Gamelyn* ſtrait,
Aſcends the Steps, and thunders at the Gate.
" Porter, I charge thee by my Father's Name,
" Undo the Doors and let me Entry claim;
" Spread every Paſſage to my Wiſhes wide;
" For many a good Man's Son is at my Side;
" Shame to our Houſe, ſhould I thus bring them [here,
" To ſend them back without a Neighbour's [Cheer."
To whom the Porter, trembling as he eyed
The laughing Rout, with feeble Voice reply'd,

" De-

" Depart, young Squire, nor vainly idle ſtand,
" Thou com'ſt not here, ſo gave my Lord Command;
" Thou com'ſt not here, by good Saint *Giles*, I ſay,
" Thy Royſters to ſome other Inn convey!
" Depart, nor bring a Miſchief on us both,
" I know my Charge, and will not break my Oath.
" So Heav'n ſtill ſheild me from all deadly Sin,
Return'd the Squire ---as mean I to get in.
Nor more he ſaid, but once his Foot apply'd,
And the obedient Wicket open'd wide:
At Sight of that the Keeper ſhook his Head,
And truſting to his Feet, the Varlet fled.
" Is that thy Shift? ſaid *Gamelyn*, I trow,
" I am of Foot as well expert as thou!
As cuts the fearful Dove her airy Way,
As ſtoops the tow'ring Falcon on his Prey;
So by the Neck the Fugitive he took,
And with one Graſp the yielding Texture broke.
Down ſunk the Wretch, a Well preſented nigh
A Depth, ſcarce fathom'd by the ſhrinking Eye!

In this he headlong plung'd the wayward Slave,
And ſunk him breathleſs in the liquid Grave;
Then to the Gate with Joy returning paſs'd,
Wide to the Wall the ſpreading Portals caſt;
The ſhouting Train into the Circle broke,
While thus with pleaſing Air, the Victor ſpoke.
" A hearty Welcome here, my Friends, receive,
" Here will we dine nor ask the Maſter's Leave;
" But Yeſterday, if right I can divine,
" I left our Cellars well purvey'd in Wine;
" Four Tuns of Claret, one of Malmſley good,
" Rich to the Taſte, and friendly to the Blood!
" While one remaining Drop can chear the Heart,
" Right loth I were, that you and I ſhould part;
" And if my ſurly Brother grudge th' Expence
(" For well the ſelfiſh Niggard loves his Pence)
" Ill let him fare the while and fret him worſe,
" Paid for his Envy with Saint *Mary's* Curſe!
" If Any quarrel elſe, why here we dwell,
" Let the Fool ſeek his Anſwer in the Well!

The

The glad Aſſembly eccho'd their Conſent,
And in the Multitude tumultuous went;
The Squire commands, the fair Proviſion looks,
And ſome the Butlers names, and ſome the Cooks:
While others round the wide Pavilions ſtray,
And all the Beauties of the Place ſurvey;
At length the breakfaſt Bell is heard to ſound,
The Cloath is ſpread, the ſocial Bowl is crown'd!
A ſplendid Dinner next adorns the Board,
With all the Pomp of *Engliſh* Plenty ſtor'd;
Not the luxurious Whims of modern Date,
The Bane of Health, the Poiſon of the Great!
By whoſe Effects Nobility we trace,
The dwindling Product of a wanton Race;
But manly Food that hardy Warriors bred,
Who greatly triumph'd, or who nobly bled!
So well the Maſter had diſpos'd the Feaſt,
The Company to part ſeem'd not in haſte;
At Ev'n the ſparkling Cup allur'd the Eye,
The Joke was rais'd—and rural Wit ran high.

Seven Days had *Ceres* chear'd the jolly Band!
Seven Nights had *Bacchus* wav'd his ruddy Brand!
As season'd with Delight the Moments flew,
And still the Entertainment seem'd as new.
Up in a little Turret lay the Knight,
Devoid of Service and consum'd with Spite!
Nor durst he say that ought he saw was wrong,
For Fear, his master Passion, ty'd his Tongue.
But Pleasure will not in its Nature last,
And Joy repeated dies upon the Taste.
Now orient *Phœbus* shed his golden Flame,
And the eighth Morning of the Banquet came;
When came the grateful Strangers to the Squire,
And beg'd his kind Permission to retire;
For all his Bounties humble Thanks they pay,
But Business must be serv'd, and call'd away!
Some to their Trades, and to their Labours some.
Each long'd impatient for his dearer Home;
The gen'rous Youth in vain their March delay'd,
The more persisted they, the more he pray'd.

In vain he courted, and in vain he ſhow'd,
The Shame of leaving Liquor while 'twas good;
To his Requeſt, they all as firm deny'd,
To theirs, he as reluctantly comply'd;
To Heav'ns Protection they the Squire commend,
And full of *Gamelyn*'s Praiſes homeward bend.
Yet of the Body cluſtring that came in,
The Shadow in the laſt Retreater's ſeen;
As melts the Snow-Ball by degrees away,
So drop'd the looſe Deſerters of each Day!
Now comes the General *Thaw*--and leaves no Trace
Of all the buſy Crowd that fill'd the Place!
The Triumph ended ---every Gueſt was gone,
And *Gamelyn* left to meditate alone;
No Friend to counſel--in the dubious Caſe,
To fly with Safety, or to ſtay with Grace?
How for the beſt his Conduct to deviſe,
To keep his Pow'r, or ſeek to compromiſe?
Nor thought he long, for from his airy Void,
Where he ſo long had ſeen his Stores deſtroy'd;

Now finding the all dreaded Locuſts gone,
The angry Knight encourag'd ventur'd down;
Advancing to the Youth with ſullen Air,
" So Brother mine, he ſaid, I ſee your Fare!
" You and your Revelry have rul'd the Roaſt,
" My Goods abus'd, and my Proviſions loſt;
" My Cellars drain'd of all my choiceſt Wine,
" Who gave thee thus to ſquander what is mine?
" Once, well I think, thou prated'ſt much of Might,
" How lawleſs Force oppreſſes weaker Right;
" But by Saint *Martin*, make the Caſe your own,
" You juſt can do, as other Folks have done!
" Brother, the Youth replys, your Wrath forbear,
" What I have ſpent of yours has coſt me dear;
" Now o'er my Head have ſixteen Summers paſs'd,
" Since thou my diſtin'd Heritage poſſeſs'd;
" Of all the Profits of the fair Amount,
" Nor haſt thou giv'n or Reaſon, or Account;
" For what thou loſeſt by my friendly Band,
" Let the large Intereſt anſwer thy Demand;

" Omit

" Omit no Article, enlarge the leaſt,
" Be to the Height thy Damage thus replac'd:
" To this, a Trifle all our Mirth has ſpent,
" Nor ſcarce the Value of thy monthly Rent.
To whom the Knight--with ſecret Guile replete:
" Good Brother ceaſe, I matter not the Treat:
" Nor grudge thy Train my Victuals or my Wine,
" Welcome art thou to any thing is mine;
" Thou know'ſt in Wife or Child am I unbleſt,
" To whom I may bequeath my Lands poſſeſs'd:
" 'Tis thine to diſſipate or thine to ſpare,
" For, by Saint *Martin*, I deſign thee Heir!
To whom the Squire-"Canſt thou ſo friendly be,
" If with thy Tongue thy Heart ſincere agree,
" So help me Heaven as ſtill I honour thee!
For *Gamelyn*'s Soul, to Falſeſhood unally'd,
Was ſtill deluded with the fairer Side;
His Brother then-" One thing I left to ſay,
" Raſh was the Vow my Paſſion made the Day,

" When by thy fatal Arm my Porter fell,
" Slain in the Court, and bury'd in the Well;
" For then my Anger ſwore thy Limbs to bind,
" Nor can I from my Oath Evaſion find;
" Could thou a Moment's Space the Durance bear,
" My Love ſhould make thy Fetters light as Air!
" The ſhort Conſent would quit my harſh Decree,
" More would I do, I think for Sake of thee."
To whom the Youth-"The pleaſing Bonds I take,
" Thou never ſhalt be perjur'd for my Sake.
By Flattery thus the Knight his Purpoſe gains;
The Servants call'd bring out the deſtin'd Chains;
The Youth ſits down, the Fetters on they brace,
And deadly Ruin wears a ſmiling Face!
But when the Caitiff ſaw each Lock ſecure,
And that the cheated Youth was pris'ned ſure;
Then from its Covert dark Reſentment burſt,
And with imbitter'd Rage he doubly curs'd!
Fire darted from his Eyes and ſwell'd his Breaſt;
While thus the Wretch his cruel Thought expreſs'd.

Go

" Go take this Royſter hence, this graceleſs Boy,
" Who nurs'd in Eaſe takes Pleaſure to deſtroy;
" Had he the Rule of our paternal Hall,
" Soon by his Waſte our Opulence would fall:
" What Wealth could his Extravagance ſupply?
" Dogs would devour, and Beaſts would drink him dry!
" A Pillar ſtands amidſt the Lobby plac'd,
" Thither convey the Fool, and bind him faſt;
" There let him dream of Tournaments and Fights,
" Of his late Riots, and his waſſell Nights!
" Nor Meat nor Drink his Viſion ſhall ſuſtain,
" Faſting will help the Frenzy of his Brain;
" Who dares within our Roof his Wants ſupply,
" Shall with Diſgrace expell'd our Service fly.
" And acts thou ſo? the generous Youth reply'd,
" Fool that I was to truſt a Traytor try'd!
" Too weak indeed! who knew thy Faith before,
" Again to put my Safety in thy Pow'r;
" But Monſter go! thy helliſh Conqueſt boaſt,
" Thy Brother fetter'd, and thy Honour loſt!

" Happy

" Happy for thee, I knew not thy Deſign,
" Elſe had I paid thy Guile in better Coin;
" But fate thy Malice, ſend me to my Grave,
" My Heart diſdains thee, like thy meaneſt Slave.
Their Lord's Command the ſervile Train obey,
And to his Poſt the captive Youth convey;
There in Confinement ſtrict the Priſoner ſtands,
Inchain'd his Feet, and manacled his Hands;
Yet in his noble Air and Look ſerene,
The dauntleſs Temper of his Mind was ſeen;
There to the dewy Marble fetter'd faſt,
Two tedious Days and Nights of Want he paſs'd;
The Jeſt or Pity of the paſſing Crowd,
Who ey'd him often, ſilent as he ſtood;
Some with a tender Look his Fate beheld,
But Fear of Blame the falling Drop conceal'd.
Others of baſer Stamp, the Worms of Pow'r,
Who take their motly Hire from Fortune's hour:
To pay their Court, employ their ſcurril Store,
And wound the generous Victim o'er and o'er.

With

With Famine waſted, feeble with Reſtraint,
Gamelyn began to feel his Vigour faint;
Now the third Morn had *Sol* his Lamp renew'd,
Since no Supply had fed the Vital Flood;
Slow from his Heart heav'd the exhauſted Tide,
O'er his dim Eyes the miſty Vapours glide:
When firſt the Youth on *Adam* fix'd his Sight,
Who ſaw with much Concern his heavy Plight;
He in his Father's Service ſpent his Youth,
Known was his Honeſty, approv'd his Truth.
Oft had his Arms the ſmiling Infant preſs'd,
His Care attended, and his Faith careſs'd;
To him the Youth, for his Deliverance ſeeks,
And thus the antient Servant mild beſpeaks.
" *Adam!* my Father to thy Youth was kind,
" Nor do I think his Favours out of Mind.
" What need to tell my Caſe, or ſhew my Wrong?
" Theſe Walls, if they could ſpeak, would ſave my [Tongue;
" Didſt thou from Infancy good *Bondi* ſerve,
" And canſt thou ſee his Favourite chain'd to ſtarve?

" Periſh I muſt, if you Relief deny,
" This Lent was never made for you or I.
" Then prithee, honeſt Butler, look the Keys,
" And bring my wearied Limbs ſome little Eaſe;
" As freely thou the juſt Reward demand,
" And take the Half of my paternal Land.
To whom the Butler--(half to yield inclin'd,
Yet fearful as he felt his dubious Mind)
" Thy Father, *Gamelyn*, I dearly knew,
" Nor want to learn the Love he bore to you!
" Thy Brother have I ſerv'd now Years ſixteen
" And with domeſtick Cares have truſted been;
" Shall I, when Age has made my Temples grey,
" Abuſe my Place, what would my Maſter ſay?
" *Adam*, reply'd the Youth, to me be juſt,
" Nor ſhall you thence betray your antient Truſt;
" Thou ſeeſt my Brother's Falſhood ſhown to me,
" How canſt thou hope he will be true to thee;
" Alas! the Wretch is by no Ties confin'd,
" 'Tis Intereſt only rules his ſordid Mind;

" 'Tis

" Tis that alone does all his Actions guide,
" *Treaſon* to *Traytors*, ne'er can be apply'd;
" For me, I yield thee all my Lands to ſhare,
" Thou knowſt my Word, accept it if thou dare!
Adam was honeſt——but like all the Tribe,
He had a ſecret Biaſs to the Bribe:
Soon he conſented to the Squire's Requeſt,
And promis'd for his Sake to try his beſt;
So parted they on mutual Terms agreed.
The Tale, perhaps, grows long, kind Muſe, proceed!

Now drowſy *Morpheus* with his leaden Rod,
Had ſhed his Influance o'er the ſtill Abode;
When *Adam* to his Maſter's Chamber crept,
And ſtole the Keys as ſilently he ſlept;
Then haſten'd *Gamelyn*, his Charge, to find,
For ſtill, the promis'd Land was in his Mind.

The Chains were loos'd——the Youth new Spirits found,
Beſtir'd his Arms, and mov'd along the Ground.
" To Heav'n I yield the Thanks, and next to Thee,
" He cry'd, Good *Adam*, thus to find me free:

Wouldſt

" Wouldſt thou but in thy Pantry ſpread the Board,
" And give me what thy Cellars can afford;
" For once refreſh'd, if I miſtake not quite,
" Not all the Houſe ſhould fetter me To-night.

So ſaying, thro' the ſpacious Hall they paſs'd,
Led by the Light the diſtant Taper caſt;
Together to the lighted Pantry come,
Where *Gamelyn* finds prepared a little Room;
The ready Cloath purvey'd was ſet in View,
And *Adam* bid him welcome, and fall to!
Nor needed he the Invitation twice,
But heard the Call, his Stomach was not nice!
Next *Adam* fills with Wine the ſilver Cup,
And drinks his Health, the hearty Brimmer up!
Renew'd, the Youth the ſmiling Cordial took,
And gave him back his Pledge with friendly Look;
Returning Vigour mantles in his Breaſt,
His ſparkling Eyes returning Life confeſs'd!
To *Adam* then —— " I give thee to divine
" What is the preſent Shape of my Deſign;

I mea

" I mean to ſeek my Brother in his Bed,
" And with one Stroke to doom the Traitor dead.
" Not ſo, ſaid *Adam*, Heav'n thy Arm reſtrain,
" Nor ſoil your Honour with ſo foul a Stain.
" My preſent Views to ſafer Counſels bend,
" Which Prudence guides, and with Succeſs ſhall end;
" To-morrow holds Sir *John* his *Sunday*'s Feaſt,
" With all our neighb'ring Eccleſiaſtics grac'd;
" From the huge Abbot, and the jolly Prior,
" To the ſly Monk, and gormandizing Friar!
" The Knight, tho' otherwiſe inclin'd to ſpare,
" Yet loves to get our Mother-Church's Pray'r;
" And nothing buys it ſooner than a Treat,
" For well theſe holy Locuſts love to eat!
" Now to thy former Poſt ſhall thou repair,
" Thy Fetters ſeeming faſten'd as they were;
" While thus the motly Tribe paſs on your Way,
" The ſpeckled Brotherhood, black, brown, or grey!
" Prefer your Suit, implore the Church's Aid,
" To move your Brothers Pity on your Head:

" Tel

" Tell them from Faith that Hope at firſt begins,
" And Charity can hide a Heap of Sins:
" If they compaſſionate, thy Cauſe maintain,
" Then art thou free, and blameleſs I remain;
" But if, as from their Stamp, I better gueſs,
" Thy juſt Petition meet with no Succeſs;
" If they, diſdainfull, thy Demand refuſe,
" Thou need'ſt no more but ſhake thy Fetters looſe;
" Two truſty Staves ſhall lie prepar'd at Hand,
" One ſhall I take, and one ſhall thou command;
" Nor grudge the Diſcipline we give each Brother;
" Ill thrive the firſt, I ſay, that fails the other.

Gamelyn the while, with laughing like to die,
Scarce cou'd recover Breath to form Reply.

" By good Saint *Martyn*, worſhip thee I ought,
" *Adam*, he cry'd, it was a glorious Thought,
" So may I drink my Wine, and tell my Tale,
" As on my Side will the Adventure fail!
" Right well ſhall I abſolve them of their Sin,
" Give but the Signal, when we ſhall begin.

" That

"That ſhall I do, the Butler blythe reply'd,
"Mark when I wink, then caſt thy Bonds aſide;
"Secure thy Staff, be ready at my Hand,
"And we ſhall count at large the Holy Band.
To whom the Youth, full *Adam* may thou ſpeed,
"For better Counſel never came at need;
"If theſe good Folks deny for me to pray,
"I truſt, they ſhall not ſcape without their Pay.
The Bottle ended,—*Adam Gamelyn* preſs'd,
To ſnatch an Hour, of neceſſary Reſt;
Then e're the early Porter left his Bed,
Back to his Poſt, the joyful Youth he led;
Impatient there to wait approaching Noon,
When the intended Farce ſhould be begun.
Now Morning dawns, the Servants riſe with Care,
And for the Buſineſs of the Day prepare;
The Knight to Maſs rides out with Pride elate,
At noon returning, brings his Gueſts in State;
Cloſe by his Side, a mitred *Abbot* rode,
Three *Priors* follow'd, each a Horſes Load!

Canons and *Monks* well mounted next appear,
The barefoot *Mendicants* bring up the Rear;
The puffing Drones from every Quarter pour,
Bred, not to make the Honey, but devour!
All as they enter fair Attendance find,
And large Reſpect, well ſuited to their Mind;
While ſcornful at the Door each paſſing by,
On fetter'd *Gamelyn* caſt a ſullen Eye.
Whoſe Sufferings ſtill his Brother's Paſtime made,
While of the Youth a thouſand Lyes he ſaid;
Told how the Boy, had loſt his Wits with Pride,
And thence in that Confinement ſo was ty'd;
The ſordid Crowd the Puniſhment commend,
Not one appears to be Misfortune's Friend;
Each in Invective labour'd to excel,
And *Gamelyn* ſaw that *Adam* knew them well!

But now the Bell ſalutes their longing Ears,
The Dinner, ſpendid to their Wiſh, appears;
Each to their fav'rite Diſh inſtructed drew,
For Feaſting was a Province well they knew!

Now had they ſeen ſome Courſes two or three,
When *Gamelyn* ſaid, "Pray Friends how ſerve ye me?
" Not equitable quite its ſeems at leaſt,
" The Son ſhould periſh, while the Strangers feaſt:
Sir *John* replies,--" This Babler mind no more,
" The Boy is wild, I told ye ſo before!
" And yet, methinks, his Voice is pretty ſtrong,
" For one that has been dinnerleſs ſo long.
But *Gamelyn* now intent, what *Adam* ſaid,
Obſerving, thus his low Addreſſes made,
" From Greatneſs Sorrow ſtill Relief ſhou'd find,
" And gen'rous Pity ſhows a noble Mind.
" To ling'ring Death appointed here I ſtand,
" O ſhame to Nature, by a Brother's Hand!
" Then by his Paſſion, who for Sinners bled,
" Ye Rev'rend Prelates, for my Freedom plead!
" Let my ſlight Fault your Interceſſion crave,
" Your Goodneſs from devoted Ruin ſave!
" So may each *Saint* your juſt Petitions own;
" And on your Heads ſend num'rous Bleſſings down"!

To whom an *Abbot* with diſtemper'd Cheek:
" Who for thy graceleſs Head preſumes to ſpeak,
" Deſerves himſelf to be corrected worſe;
" For me, I give him holy Church's Curſe!
" But bleſt the Man, who thus ordains thy Fate,
" And puniſhes a Wretch that all ſhou'd hate!
He ceas'd; and thus a *Canon* next begun:
" Wert Thou, ungracious Youth, my only Son;
" To Death deſerv'd my Voice ſhou'd bid thee go!
" My Eye, like *Brutus*, tearleſs ſee the Blow".
All at the *Canon's* wond'rous Learning gaze,
And All agree to give his Judgement Praiſe.
But moſt a pamper'd *Monk*; who thought it wrong,
" That ſuch a wicked Lad had liv'd ſo long!
But ſtrong Reſentment *Gamelyn's* Boſom fir'd,
Flaſh'd from his Eye, and all his Arm inſpir'd;
" Go on, he cries, to pay your wretched Court,
" Make Pow'r your Idol, Innocence your Sport!
" I ſee the Fate, Misfortune ſtill attends,
" I find the Truth; *The wretched have no Friends!*

" Go

" Go on, your murderous Miſchiefs to deviſe,
" Ye ravenous Wolves, tho' dreſs'd in Lambs diſguiſe!
" Curſs'd for my Sake, be he in Fleſh and Blood,
" That ever does to Church, or Churchmen Good!

This while on *Adam* well he fix'd his Look,
Who juſt the Covering from the Table took;
With Pleaſure *Adam* mark'd his Paſſion riſe,
And to the Door directed with his Eyes;
Where *Gamelyn* ſaw the Staves were ready plac'd,
Then view'd the Wink;--and off his Fetters caſt;
As ſoon he to the truſty Weapon flew,
And roun'd the Hall, his angry Aſpect threw.

" *Adam*, he cry'd, do thou the Paſs ſecure,
" Nor let a Cowl uncuſtom'd paſs the Door.
" Mien while ſhall I examine all within,
" And help to ſhrive them from their deadly Sin!
" Methinks they keep not Vigils as they ought,
" They look as better fed, by far, than taught;
" They want ſome Diſcipline to cool the Blood,
" Perhaps this wholſome Staff may do ſome good;

" But to the Cloth due Reverence let me ſhow,
" And take them in their Order as they go".
Then on the *Abbot's* lordly Flank he laid,
Such Pennance as before was never made;
The *Cannon* next a-long his browny Side,
Felt the unuſual Remedy apply'd,
Half dead with Pain beneath the Table fell;
Follow'd a Monk, who ſcap'd not quite ſo well!
Thick as the Hail-ſtones form the wintry Show'r,
So thick the Strokes amongſt the Synod pour;
Chairs overturn'd with Hoods, confuſe the Hall,
And the unſparing Cudgel levels all!

But in a Corner ſafe, the Laymen ſtood,
And unconcern'd the Church's Danger view'd;
With ſecret Signs, they prais'd the friendly Hand,
That dealt ſuch Intereſt to the ſelfiſh Band;
Nor had they Pity on the haughty Drones,
Who dignify themſelves,--The Church's Sons.

To *Gamelyn* then delighted *Adam* cry'd,
" Pay well the Wages due to every Hide,

" Here

" Here ſhall I ſtand, nor one ſhall paſs unſeen,
" Who cannot ſhow thy Livery on his Skin!
" That ſhall I do, ſaid *Gamelyn*, by my Troth,
" To cheat the Church, I ſhould be ſadly loth;
" Not here a Man ſhall miſs his ample Pay,
" From his firſt Clerkſhip, to this preſent Day;
" Then keep thy Poſt, paſs none without a blow;
" And we ſhall mark the Sheep before they go.
" Dear Youth ſays *Adam*, do them all but good,
" But take good Heed, thy weapon draw no Blood;
" Save well the Tonſure, and avoid the Head,
" But beat and bruiſe them, till they lie for Dead,
" Spare neither Back, nor Leg, nor Thigh, nor Arm,
" I ſhou'd not care to do them greater Harm!
So *Gamelyn* and *Adam* foil'd their Foes
So met the diſappointed Prieſts with Blows;
They to the Dinner rode, with joyful Haſte,
But ill they lik'd the ending of the Feaſt;
Forc'd, maim'd and ſore, unpity'd to depart,
The Load of many a Wain, and many a Cart;

A *Frier*, whoſe Bones the Diſcipline had try'd,
As the fat *Abbot* preſs'd his aking Side:
Cry'd, " Good my Lord, what Planet rul'd to Day,
" And led our luckleſs Steps, this curſed Way;
" Better at home, our Vigils had we kept,
" Taken a cordial Doſe, and wiſely ſlept:
" By good Saint *Mary*, but the Boy was warm,
" And laid it on with a remorſeleſs Arm;
" But ſoon the Church's Vengeance ſhall be paid,
" And all our fearful Thunder blaſt his Head.
While *Gamelyn* pleas'd to ſee the Work go on,
Had laid his Hands o'er many a ſhaven Crown;
His Brother ſhrinking in a Corner lay,
Dreading the Cloſe of this ill-omen'd Fray;
Him *Gamelyn* ſpy'd, and where th'embracing Blade
Suſtains entwining the ſupported Head;
Strong fell his Arm, the yielding Sinues break,
And the diſtorted Muſcles mark his Back!
Then by the Arm, he leads him to the Place,
So late the Scene of his reveng'd Diſgrace;

" Now

" Now Knight, he cries, by good St. *James* I ſwear,
" I mean to make you try a Brother's Fare,
" Your Paſſions oft are apt to grow too loud,
" But Faſting qualifies the Heat of Blood;
" You have enjoy'd your Pleaſure as you may,
" My turn is next,--each Man muſt have his Day.
To *Adam* turning,--then the Youth went on,
" I hold it right we waſh, our Taſk is done:
" If foil'd perhaps our Hands with mortal Sin,
" Let Silver *Medway*'s Current make us clean;
" Then ſit we down,--my Stomach calls to Eat;
" Maſs never was deſign'd to hinder Meat.
So to the ready Board, with chearful Air,
The honeſt Butler and the Squire repair:
While oft the genial Bowl is ſent around,
And oft to mutual Faith the Brimmer crown'd;
Adam with Humour paints, the Church's Flight,
And *Gamelyn* drinks, Deliverance to the Knight;
The duteous Servants wait the Youth's Commands,
Rejoyc'd to ſee him ſaved from deadly Bands.

So

So paſs their Hours, while Fortune's Hand pre-
[pares,
Severer Trials and ſucceeding Cares;
Not five Mile diſtant lay the Sheriff's Court,
Thither in Crowds the noiſy Monks reſort;
The Sacriledge diſplay with venom'd Tongues,
And call the civil Arm to aid their Wrongs;
From Drone to Drone the loud Invective flies,
For touch one Waſp, and all the Neſt will riſe.
Incens'd the Sheriff heard the large Complaint,
But ſeeks his Vengeance from a ſecret Feint;
Twice ten he chuſes of his wonted Band,
Full reſolute to act his cloſe Command;
Whoſe vig'rous Nerves unwaſted Youth ſupply'd,
In Order faithful, and in Conteſt try'd!
To them unfolds the Manner of the Deed,
And promiſes large Gifts if they ſucceed.
As bold they anſwer -- to the neighb'ring Sign,
He ſends them firſt, where at his Coſt they dine;
The Bowl ſucceeds, till Day withdraws its Light,
And *Heſper* gilds the gloomy Brow of Night.

To Buſineſs then they bid their Pleaſure yield,
And out they march appointed for the Field.
And now along the ſilent Way they trod,
Still was the Night, and Darkneſs reign'd abroad.
The Birds were huſh'd within their peaceful Neſts,
And Trouble wak'd alone in human Breaſts;
O'er the known Heath, acroſs the dewy Graſs,
And thro' the quiet Village on they paſs;
Where as the Centinel their Motion hears,
He often barks, and often pricks his Ears!
So deep a Sable now uſurp'd the Skies,
They hope to win the Caſtle by Surprize;
When from afar, to damp the recent Joy,
The glimmering Taper's Beam confus'd they ſpy.
Short at the Sight their preſent Courſe they break,
And halt to form what Meaſures now to take.
A Copſe beneath the Caſtle's Summit lay,
Thither their new Reſolve directs the Way;
There they intend approaching Morn to wait,
And try by Stratagem to gain the Gate.

Aurora

Aurora ſmil'd --and from the ruſſet Lawn,
Up ſprung the chearful Lark to hail the Dawn!
When void of Weapons and in Clowns diſguiſe,
Knock at the Gate the two ſelected Spies;
With harmleſs Guiſe their fatal Purpoſe dreſs,
And call the Porter and demand Acceſs.

The watchful Porter from his Lodge unſeen,
Had view'd their March and mark'd their dubious [Mien;
Who lov'd the noble Youth and fear'd Deceit,
Requires their Meſſage -- nor unbarrs the Gate.

To whom, we come with no unfriendly Mind,
" To warn the gentle Squire of Harm deſign'd, ;
" This Morning, as to woodland Work we went,
" Some Strangers we obſerv'd of ill Intent;
" Hither we heyed us by our Duty preſt,
" Pray let us in, your Lord ſhall know the reſt.
" Not ſo -- reply'd the Servant --ſtand ye ſtill,
" And I ſhall let you know our maſter's Will;
Then in to *Gamelyn*'s Hall as faſt he goes,
" Make ready, Lord, for here arrive your Foes;

" Two

" Two of the Sheriff's Villains watch the Gate;
" And ſeek your Ear -- but there I bad them wait.
" Thanks truſty Friend, the dauntleſs Youth re-
[reply'd,
" Back to the Gate and ſee what may betide;
" You ſoon ſhall find if Foes ſo near there be,
" They ſhall not meet an eaſy Prize in me.
To *Adam* then --" For Conteſt now prepare,
" The pleaſing Toils of honourable War!
" Pow'r threatens loud, and Prudence bids retreat;
" Yet muſt I try theſe Heroes at the Gate:
" If thou aſſiſt as on a former Day,
" They ſhall not go from hence without their Pay.
To whom the Butler--" So may Heaven befriend,
" One Conſe ſhall guide us, and one Fate attend;
" Do thou perform thy Part, as with the Friers.
" Some of theſe Knaves ſhall bed among'ſt the Briers.
Then on their truſty Staves at once they ſeize,
And at the poſtern Gate purſue their Ways;
As once conjoin'd the *Grecian* Chiefs of old,
Ulyſſes ſage, and *Diomede* the Bold,

So

So silent by the winding Moat they paſs'd,
Till on their Foes a nearer View they caſt:
For now aſſembling the collected Band
In the King's Name an Entry loud demand;
Nor longer Semblance or Diſguiſe put on,
But ſeek with Force to break the Barrier down.
As when the Bird of *Jove* amid'ſt the Skies,
With piercing Eye the diſtant Quarry ſpys:
Collects his Fire -- intrepid darts his Way,
And falls reſiſtleſs on the yielding Prey!
So at the Sight young *Gamelyn*'s Breaſt grew warm,
He flew -- and three were loſt beneath his Arm.
One *Adam* following fell'd -- nor needed more
To diſſipate the rude ungovern'd Pow'r.
Fear lent them Wings, and well thoſe Wings they [try'd,
To ſeek their Safety- Nature was their Guide.
" What ho! cry'd *Adam*, Friends! why ſo much [Haſte,
" Will you not ſtay and take a ſhort Repaſt?
" No, by the Maſs (ſaid one) your Sample's bad;
" I like not where ſuch Dainties may be had.

With

With that away the fearful Caitiff flew,
And in the neighb'ring Shades eſcap'd the View.
The Scuffle ended *Gamelyn* look'd around,
And at the wide Horizon's diſtant Bound,
Far as the Sight its Progreſs could extend,
He ſaw a gathering Cloud of Duſt aſcend;
" *Adam*, he cry'd, or I miſtake me quite,
" But here the Sheriff comes with all his Might.
" Wiſdom forbids us longer to remain,
" Haſte let us go and ſeek the *Sylvan* Scene!
" Better to wander in theſe Shades alone,
" For what is Life, when Liberty is gone?
Agreed, ſaid *Adam*. Sir, I keep my Vow,
I call you mine, nor Fate ſhall part us now!
But e'er we go indulge one ſocial Glaſs,
'Twill chear us for the Lot we muſt embrace.
The Squire aſſents, the ſparkling Cup goes round,
And quick they leave the ſhortly dangerous Ground;
Purſue the Margin of the *Medway* Flood,
And gain by Noon the Shelter of the Wood.

And now advance the *Posse*'s wide Array,
And meet their first Detachment on the Way.
Enrag'd the Shetiff urges on his Course,
The Castle opens to the Sov'reign's Force;
But more incens'd to find the Guilty fled,
He vows Destruction on the Rebel's Head;
Then hastes to bring the captive Knight Release,
Who long had sat confin'd in doleful Case;
And for a skilful Leech as soon they seek,
To heal the wayward Wight's distorted Neck.
So leave we them a while --- with Care renew'd
To wait our gentle Exiles in the Wood;
Long march'd they on, and took but little Rest,
The Shadows lengthen'd, and the Day decreas'd;
The Path grew narrow, and the dubious Way
Was often stopp'd by the entwining Spray;
Adam, whose Pantry still ran in his Mind,
Reliss'd but ill his living on the Wind;
" By good Saint *Kit*, said he, my loving Squire,
" A Butler's Life was ever my Desire.

" Right

" Right well I like the keeping of the Keys:
" Faith, I was never made for Toils like theſe:
" Better at home in Plenty paſs the Day,
" Than in theſe empty Foreſts pine away.
" Repine not, Friend, the noble Youth reply'd;
" Heav'n owns our Cauſe, and Fortune be our.
" Nor judge of Happineſs by preſent Reſt; [Guide
" Hardſhips are oft the Fortune of the Beſt!

Thus, as in Talk the tedious Way they cheer,
Heav'n drew her ſable Stole along the Sphere,
When ſudden *Adam* gave ſurpriz'd a Start,
And felt a ſudden Fear aſſault his Heart.
He ſtopt to liſten, thro' the quiv'ring Shade;
The broken Sounds anew his Ears invade.
On *Gamelyn* he looks, who heard the ſame,
Nor knew as yet from whence the Accents came;
Till gently bending thro' the op'ning Trees,
A large Aſſembly banquetting he ſees,
As oft, ſo legendary Fables feign,
The little Elves beſtrew the Midnight-Plain.

From Eyes profane their myſtick Revels keep,
And ſport unſeen, when wretched Mortals ſleep:
So thro' the Gloom, diſtinct with ſpangled Light,
An hundred Archers roſe to *Gamelyn*'s Sight;
Stretch'd at their Eaſe, the Ground with Viands [ſpread,
And many a Cup was fix'd to many a Head!
" Now, *Adam* (ſoft he cry'd) retract your Fault;
" Heav'n now, you ſee, is kinder than you thought.
" You ſee, from black Deſpair it can reſtore,
" And bring Relief, when Hope can do no more!
" So now it ſeems -- For, *Adam*, well, I think,
" I ſee the ſight of Victu'ls and of Drink.
" But, leſt I err ---aſſiſt me with thy View,
" And tell me, if my Eyes inform me true?
Then *Adam* ſtooping well perceiv'd the Feaſt,
And only wiſh'd for leave to be a Gueſt.
" Good Squire, he cries, I ſee right plenteous Fare;
" Heav'n ſend I only knew to get my Share!
He ſpoke; the Words too vehemently ſaid,
The haſty Speaker, and his Friend betray'd.

The

The Maſter Outlaw ſtarted from the Shade,
And to his Train, with ſome Emotion, ſaid,
" To Arms, my Lads: For by the holy Rood,
" I fear ſome near, who mean us little good.
" Perhaps, as Spies, to uſher more behind:
" Go Ten of you! and ſee how blows the Wind?
Quick riſe the Band, the neighb'ring Gloom ex-
[plore,
And find the Vagrants of the darkſome Hour!
Yet gently, for the Buſ'neſs they profeſt,
The Outlaw Train the Strangers thus addreſt;
" Young Men, your Weapons to our hands conſign,
" And truſt our Faith, and tell us your Deſign.
Then *Gamelyn* anſwer'd — " Ill you judge the
[Field,
" If you imagine, I was born to yield.
" Ten are you now; let Ten be added more;
" Nor ſhall I fly you, tho' you were Threeſcore,
Surpriz'd they heard the Words the Stripling ſaid,
And charm'd, his manly Air and Face ſurvey'd.
Then one return'd— " Preſerve your Weapons ſtill,
" But come with us, and know our Maſter's Will.

" Be it our Care, as was our Charge to bring
" You ſtraitways to the Preſence of our King,
To whom the gen'rous *Gamelyn*, pleas'd, reply'd,
" I go content; be you our friendly Guide!
" But, on your Faith, the Honour of your Sword,
" Who is your King? What mean you by the Word!
To whom return'd the Spokeſman of the Train,
" We live the free-born Natives of the Plain:
" No formal Tie, nor nobler Union binds,
" But Friendſhip firm, the Sympathy of Minds!
" From hence, in common our Enjoyment ſprings,
" We boaſt a Privilege as great as Kings!
" Conqueſt gives them a Right; why not the ſame
" To us? The diff'rence only lies in Name.
" Yet Silk and Ermine veil thoſe haughty Elves;
" The Great can bear no Robbers but themſelves.
" With us our own Election bears the ſway;
" We prove our Chief, then chuſe, and then obey!
" Such is our King; I wait you to his Sight;
" He Merit loves, and will receive you right.

Adam

" *Adam* (ſaid *Gamelyn*) let us then proceed
" If courteous be this Captain, as I read;
" He will receive us civilly at leaſt,
" And let us nobly of his Bounty taſte;
" Go on, cry'd *Adam*, wait us Ill or Good,
" I'll venture every Chance in hopes of Food."
So dubious they attend the Greenwood Band,
And in the Leader's Preſence quickly ſtand.
Beneath the Covert of an ample Shade,
The Sylvan Monarch's moſſy Throne was ſpread;
In Dreſs a Forreſter array'd in Green,
Hung o'er his Side his glittering Horn was ſeen:
With which full oft he made the Woods reſound,
When at the Call his Archers flock'd around!
His nervous Arm ſuſtain'd the weighty Bow,
Fierce was his Port, and ſullen was his Brow,
When thus—" Whence come you Strangers, what [you are
" Your Names, your Dwelling and Intent declare,
" If artful Spies of cruel Pow'r you come,
" Ill was the Hour, or dread ſhall be your Doom;
" But

" But if by Men, and ſocial Ills betray'd,
" You ſeek the Covert of the friendly Shade;
" Diſmiſs your Fears, to our Protection truſt,
" And learn that Outlaws are to Honour juſt."

To whom the dauntleſs Youth with decent Pride
And all the Dignity of Truth reply'd:
" When Malice triumphs, Innocence muſt yield,
" When Towns grow dangerous, Men muſt walk [the Field,
" Better with Freedom range the Woodland Scene,
" Than bear the Tyranny of worthleſs Men:
" Such is our Caſe---no baſe born Spies you ſee,
" But honeſt Exiles preſs'd with Miſery;
" Who wander devious thro' the Foreſt-Lawn,
" In hopes to ſhoot ſome Deer or tender Fawn!

Compaſſion ſeiz'd the rugged Leader's Breaſt,
" Diſmiſs your Fears, I take you for my Gueſt;
" Sit welcome here, and ſhare our coarſe Repaſt,
" Want knows no Forms, 'tis time to break your [Faſt.

Right glad was *Adam* of the kind Requeſt,
Nor needed Invitation to the Feaſt.

The

The Strangers ſit—while all on *Gamelyn* gaze,
And ſilently admiring, ſilent praiſe;
Till one who formerly had preſent been
When the defeated *Flemming* preſs'd the Green,
In Whiſpers to his Fellow told his Name,
Till circling reach'd the Leader's Ear his Fame!
Thence with new Confidence the Youth was grac'd,
And next their Chief in Power and Honour plac'd
Such the Reward unſhelter'd Merit finds,
So Valour triumphs ev'n o'er ſavage Minds!

Not long they had the Sylvan Life purſu'd,
And rang'd with Outlaws the remoteſt Wood,
When to the Chief the pleaſing News were ſent,
Of offer'd Grace and ended Baniſhment;
With riſing Joy he view'd the opening Scene,
For ſtill the ſocial Tye is felt within;
Yet half reluctant to deſert his Sway,
And leave the faithful Train his Call obey:
He ſummons round his bold obedient Hearts,
And thus the Purpoſe of his Soul imparts!

" Ye

" Ye noble Spirits, ye aſſociate Minds!
" Whom Griefs aſſemble, and whom Honour binds,
" Ye Sons of Want, in ſharpeſt Honours try'd,
" Whoſe Truſt has choſe this Arm to be your Guide,
" Tydings I bring---uncertain how they pleaſe,
" Pardon recalls me to domeſtick Eaſe;
" Yet vain the Offer---had I ſtill been young,
" Had not advancing Years my Nerves unſtrung!
" But Nature yielding courts the Hope of Reſt,
" And Time has damp'd the Fever in my Breaſt!
" Your martial Toils a nobler Chief demand,
" Your Dangers ask a more determin'd Hand.
" And ſee in *Gamelyn*, all your Wiſhes bent,
" Behold a Leader Heav'n it ſelf has ſent,
" To him contented I the Rule reſign,
" Whoſe Conduct well ſhall pay the Loſs of mine!
He ſpoke---his Archers anſwer'd with a Cry,
And wide the Voice of Eccho wafts the Joy!
Round *Gamelyn*'s Head the Regal Mark is ty'd,
The glittering Horn ſuſpended by his Side;

With

With gallant Air he greets the cheerful Band,
And takes each faithful Archer by the Hand;
While ſome the abdicating Chief convey,
Safe in his Paſſage to the publick Way.

Now *Gamelyn* rul'd, and led the outlaw Train
In all their wide Excurſions o'er the Plain;
No Blood he ſhed, ſtill gentle to the Poor,
He only tax'd the Overgrowth of Store:
But chief to Monks and Prieſts was he ſevere;
He knew the Church had Wealth enough to ſpare;
And well he paid their Charity in kind,
For deep it lay remember'd in his Mind.

Soon to his envious Brother reach'd the Tale
That *Gamelyn* rul'd the Outlaws in the Dale;
A ſudden Joy, malicious, ſeiz'd his Breaſt,
And fed the Vengeance long his Mind poſſeſs'd;
Late had the Royal Mandate to his Claim,
Aſſign'd the Honours of the Sheriff's Name;
The Scheme he plans, the ſtrong Indictment draws,
In all the aggravated Strain of Laws.

And

And Truth and Nature to his Rage ſubdu'd,
Fixes the Value of fraternal Blood;
Then caſts about his ſecret Haunts to know,
And aim with Certainty the fatal Blow!
Far different Thoughts his Brother's Vaſſals had,
Their Lord's impending Ruin made them ſad;
They knew his Goodneſs, wiſh'd for his Command,
And hop'd to thrive beneath his milder Hand.
With Zeal inſpir'd, the noted Wood they tread,
And find their Lord amidſt the friendly Shade.

To whom the Forms of Duty firſt expreſs'd,
They tell the Cauſe which has their March addreſs'd.
" Forgive us, noble Youth, nor diſapprove
" This rude Intruſion of officious Love.
" Ill News we bring; but for your Safety brought
" To ſhun the Danger, of the Danger taught:
" The Sheriff's Pow'r now fills your Brother's [Hands,
" And ample *Kent* obeys his wide Commands;
" Late has his Wrath the cruel Doom proclaim'd,
" Thy Life is purchas'd, and the Price is nam'd.

" Warn'd

" Warn'd by our Counſel chuſe ſome ſafe Retreat,
" And keep thy Virtues for a happier Fate.
" Fool that I was, the generous Youth reply'd,
" To ſpare his Neck, when I deform'd his Side:
" But you, return! my Friends with Kindneſs greet,
" And tell them *Gamelyn* Danger loves to meet;
" So Heav'n my Fortunes and my Life defend,
" As I this Brother-Sheriff ſhall attend;
Nor leſs indeed, I ween, was his Intent,
For *Gamelyn* never ſpoke but what he meant.

The Day arriv'd, the crowded Court was held,
The wayward Sheriff all his Pomp reveal'd,
When boldly to the high Surprize of all,
The hardy Youth appear'd before the Hall;
Firſt, to his Country paid the Honours due,
Then on his Brother caſt a ſcornful View;
When thus, " Degenerate both in Form and Heart,
" Thou Foe to Truth, and Stranger to Deſert!
" Say, thou inhumane Tyrant! Name the Cauſe,
" Why thus I ſtand, the Outcaſt of the Laws?

" Why

" Why with inveterate Rage my Life purſued,
" And thirſts thy Malice for a Brother's Blood?"
" Well art thou found, the Knight returns with [haſte;
" Dear ſhall thou pay this Boldneſs, and the paſt;
" The Righteous Law already dooms thee dead;
" And Juſtice hovers round thy hot-brain'd Head!
" Go ſeize the Boy, — to Priſon ſafe convey,
" There let him wait till Juſtice comes her Way!"
In Durance now behold the Youth immur'd,
With Want attended, and in Bolts ſecur'd:
But ſtill ſuperior to Affliction's State,
He views the threat'ning Precipice of Fate.
One Beam appear'd — a truſty Hand he gains,
With ample Promiſe buys his ſecret Pains;
To him his Purpoſe careful he commends,
And to his Brother *Otto*, faithful, ſends;
Otto, who prov'd retir'd from Cares and Toil,
The grateful Leiſure of the plenteous Soil!
With Grief his kindly Brother hears the News,
Reſolv'd to ſave, — and not a Moment loſe;

His

His fleeteſt Steed awaits his inſtant Call,
And ſwift he ſeeks his old paternal Hall.
Friendſhip is ſtill the Teſt of noble Minds,
He gains the Caſtle, and the Knight he finds.
" Brother, abrupt he ſays, when Pow'r's miſplac'd,
" Oft Virtue bleeds, and Merit is diſgrac'd;
" Yet ſtranger Cruelty infects your Mind,
" A Brother to a Brother ſhould be kind;
" Three were we left in one kind Parent bleſt,
" And Love and Union was his laſt Requeſt;
" Committed to thy Faith and Guardian care,
" He left this fav'rite Child, his youngeſt Heir;
" And will thy Heart inhumane doom the Boy,
" A Brother's Hand, a Brother's Life deſtroy?
" To wretched *Cain* ſo guiltleſs *Abel* fell,
" Go thou, and copy the firſt Son of Hell.
" Forbear thy railing, anſwer'd ſhort the Knight,
" Nor blaſt my Juſtice with the Name of Spite;
" Her Scale I ballance, and her Sword I wield,
" To her I bid each Tie inferior yield;

" Nor

" Nor Blood I value, nor Relation know,
" When the Law points my Brother as a Foe;
" Thy Interceſſion makes his Caſe the worſe,
" There let him lie--till Juſtice takes her Courſe."
" Not ſo, by Heav'n, incens'd Sir *Otto* ſaid,
" Nor ſhall thy Malice hurt our Brother's Head;
' Thou talk'ſt of Law, by that I make Demand;
" I bail the injur'd Stripling from thy Hand,
" I take the Charge,--and here engage my Word,
" To bring him, at thy legal Call reſtor'd.
To whom, enrag'd the ſwelling Knight replies,
" Go, take thy Bail,--but mark what I adviſe;
" By that good Father's Soul from whom we came,
" And by the Body of our honour'd Dame;
" If *Gamelyn* comes not at th' appointed Day,
" Thy Head the Forfeit of the Law ſhall pay."
Agreed, return'd Sir *Otto*, Knight, agreed,
" I take thy Gage, be then our Brother freed!
The Knight reluctant ſigns the Order due,
The Brother haſtens to his *Gamelyn*'s View;

Bears

Bears the glad Youth with fond Affection home,
And chears him for the Dangers yet to come.
Now Supper ended, o'er the genial Glaſs,
As in Diſcourſe the happy Hour they paſs,
Young *Gamelyn* thought on Empire left behind,
And all the Picture glow'd within his Mind!
" Brother, he ſaid, the grateful Thanks I owe
" Words faintly ſpeak, but future Time ſhall ſhow:
" But needs I muſt with the returning Dawn
" Viſit my Men that range the flow'ry Lawn,
" To ſee what good or ill my Friends betide,
" Who ſav'd my Life and choſe me for their Guide.
To whom, appall'd, return'd the honeſt Knight,
" I like not, *Gamelyn*, this Deſign ſo right;
" Thou know'ſt my Honour fetter'd in thy Cauſe,
" Thou know'ſt the Ills on me thy Abſence draws;
" More generous then, for my Affection ſhown,
" To leave me for thy Sake to be undone!"
To whom the Youth, — " Sir *Otto* keep your [Heart,
" Nor yet diſtruſt me, tho' I mean to part.
" By

" By conſcious Heav'n, by Friendſhip here I ſwear,
" Juſt to thy Promiſe ſhall I re-appear;
" So Heav'n my Liberty and Life defend,
" As never meant I to deſert my Friend!"
" Enough, I take thy Word, Sir *Otto* ſaid,
" Go ſee thy Forreſters beneath the Glade;
" Heaven ſhield thy Life from ev'ry threatned Ill,
" And think on one whoſe Love attends you ſtill.

The orient Sun now ſhed his ruddy Ray,
And Nature waken'd at the Sight of Day;
When lonely to the well frequented Wood,
The ſteady Youth his purpos'd Way purſu'd,
And ſoon his ſtragling Forreſters he ſpies,
Who glad ſalute him with redoubled Cries;
Soon thro' the Wilds the cheerful Notes are borne,
And Crowds aſſemble to the regal Horn.
Around their much lov'd Chief with Zeal they throng,
And catch the Accents falling from his Tongue.
Much of his Dangers, and Eſcape enquire,
Lament his Abſence, his Return admire.

Show

Show by their whole Deportment, how they love,
And feaſt them with the Bounties of the Grove.

Mean while the Knight, with a malicious Care,
Studies the future Inqueſt to prepare:
Some he ſecures with Gold, with Threat'nings ſome,
And plans with Certainty a Brother's Doom.

Nor *Gamelyn* thoughtleſs, in the ſecret Shade,
Review'd the Danger threaten'd to his Head;
He weighs the bold Deſign with mental Poize,
His Men he hardens, and his Spies employs:
Inform'd by them, he hears the Trial ſet,
And vows to ſee the Court as ſoon as met,
Determin'd, with returning Day to wait
The Pow'r of Law, and throw the Dice of Fate.

Now, Night advancing far her Influence ſhed,
And the broad Moon illumin'd all the Glade;
When to their Rendevouze the Archers come,
And ſafe recline beneath the *Sylvan* Dome;
When thus the Youth—"Ye Friends, inur'd to Arms,
"Whom Friendſhip bends, and ſocial Courage warms,
"This

"This Night your Arrows and your Bows prepare:
"To morrow, nobler Toils demand your Care.
"You know, my Honour is engag'd away:
"You know, my Brother forfeits if I ſtay:
"For Freedom, boldly let us draw the Sword,
"Preſerve my Friend, and juſtify my Word.
With one Acclaim the Summons they return;
All promiſe Faith, and for the Conteſt burn!
Now thro' the Foliage pierc'd the Eye of Day,
And dewy Di'monds ſpangl'd ev'ry Spray!
The Monarch calls--- his Subjects at the Sound,
Ariſe and with uncommon Zeal ſurround.
With careful Eye he marks the ardent Train;
Then heads the March, and iſſues to the Plain.
Full Six ſcore Foreſters attend behind,
While the green Banner wantons in the Wind:
Adam, with cautious Eye, the Rear intends,
And to the Town the bold Proceſſion bends.
Full time it was: For, heavy now with Care,
Sir *Otto* waited, fetter'd at the Bar,

The wayward Knight, who found that *Gamelyn* [fled,
Reſolv'd to take the Forfeit of his Head:
For now the manag'd Inqueſt was enclos'd,
To give the fatal Sentence he propos'd.

Where *Maidſtone* ſmiles in chryſtal *Medway's* [Tide,
Arriv'd the Archer-Band, and noble Guide;
Who, ſudden halts, and from the circling Rear
On *Adam* throws the Signal to appear.
" From hence, he cries, I ſee the Sheriff's State;
" E'en now, perhaps, my Brother tempts his Fate.
" Do thou proceed, inform how matters ſtand;
" Cloſe ſhall I follow with my truſty Band.

Obſervant *Adam* to the Hall repairs,
Notes well the Scene, and back theſe Tidings bears,
That on the Bench the envious Knight was plac'd,
And at the Bar his Brother ſtood diſgrac'd.
" By Heav'n, inflam'd, the gen'rous Youth reply'd,
" Well ſhall the Sheriff pay his new-blown Pride.
To whom, ſaid *Adam*, " If I counſel right
" (So much thy Brother's Wrongs my Rage excite)

" With Freedom ſhould the Sword of Vengeance go,
" Nor one, except Sir *Otto*, 'ſcape the Blow!
" No, *Adam*, no, the gen'rous Youth reply'd,
" Let Juſtice draw the Sword, but Reaſon guide.
" Secure the Doors; let me ſurvey the Hall,
" And mark the Guilty, I have fix'd to fall.
" I ſit as Judge and Sheriff for this Day;
" Be thou my Clerk—— Good *Adam*, haſte away!
His Men determin'd ſeize on ev'ry Gate,
While thro' the Crowd he bears his Brother's Fate,
Views his deliver'd Friend with joyful Eyes,
And from his Arms the ſhameful Bands unties.
To whom Sir *Otto*, half with Tranſport dumb,
Said, " Brother,—— in a happy Hour you come;
" Ev'n now the Inqueſt ſit upon my Head,
" And the perverted Law has doom'd me dead.
" Not ſo, ſaid *Gamelyn*, Brother, e're we dine,
" Theirs be the Fate, which they intended thine!
" Some others too, the Hand of Pow'r ſhall feel,
" But foremoſt, he, from whom aroſe this Ill!

Then

Then to the Judge, — " Thou Pageant-Form, [come down,
" Juſtice by me diſclaims thee for her Son:
" For once I venture to uſurp thy Place,
" And ſave thy Sentence from its due Diſgrace.
The haughty Magiſtrate with Anger burn'd,
Still kept his Seat, nor Anſwer leaſt return'd;
When *Gamelyn's* Arm, aſcending to his Head,
Beneath his Feet the frighten'd Victim laid:
The Rooks of Pow'r, the ſervile Slaves of Law,
Confus'd, the Inſult on their Leader ſaw:
But durſt not move; for round the Archers ſtood,
And each his Weapon held, prepar'd for Blood.
Then riſing to the miniſterial Throne,
His Hopes had compaſs'd, and his Valour won!
Sir *Otto* by his ſide diſtinguiſh'd ſet,
And *Adam* plac'd as Clerk, beneath his Feet.
He calls his hardy Band with Voice ſevere,
To bring the Judge and Sheriff to the Bar:
Strait for th' impanell'd Queſt he ſends away,
To join the Iſſue of the alter'd Day!

Then from his Train he forms a new Aſſize,
And tells them Juſtice on their Verdict lies.
Their Verdict they return with equal Breath,
And deem the Sheriff, Inqueſt, Judge to Death.

Then round the Hall, confus'd Diſorder ſpred,
And all the Inſolence of Pow'r was fled,
As Vipers, claſp'd within the circling Cage,
Between themſelves exert their fruitleſs Rage;
So pierc'd the Judge the Sheriff fetter'd views,
The fearful Jury join in the Abuſe.
Their different Looks beſpeak alternate Wrongs,
And Eyes ſupply th' invective Wrath of Tongues.
The Sheriff low for *Gamelyn*'s Mercy cries,
All Mercy the victorious Youth denies;
" Twice have I prov'd, Sir *John*, your wretched [Faith,
" Twice haſt thou doom'd me to inglorious Death;
" But now I truſt the preſent Hour my own,
" Go thou, and count the Sands thy Glaſs muſt run!

A new-made Gibbet had the Knight prepar'd,
Nor gueſs'd, the Tree would be his own Reward.

Forth lead the Archers the allotted Crew,
While gathring Numbers flock the Scene to view.
Then to the Stake the trembling Wretches bind,
And leave their Forms to mingle with the Wind.

So ended this malicious Knight his Days,
In Falſhood practis'd, and too proud with Eaſe,
So Juſtice paid the long Arrears ſhe caſt,
So fell a Father's Curſe ſevere at laſt.
So roſe the Brave, the Innocent was freed,
And dark Oppreſſion met the Fate decreed.

By Friends attended with diſcloſing Day,
To Court the Victor Brothers ſhape their Way;
By potent Friends was there Sir *Otto* lov'd,
Theſe he employs till *Edward*'s Ear was mov'd.
Pleas'd with the Tale (ſo Heav'n defends the brave)
The generous Prince his gracious Pardon gave.
The South of *Trent*, of all his Foreſt Land,
Gave to the noble Youth the wide Command,
And to his Service took his ſocial Train,
To guard his Conqueſts on the *Gallick* Main.

So the brave Youth by prudent Valour led,
His Lands recover'd and his Fortunes made;
Thro' ev'ry Hardſhip ſtill ſuperior roſe,
True to his Friends, but fatal to his Foes!
Preſerv'd a faithful Brother's Span of Life,
And doom'd to Death the Author of the Strife;
'Till Eaſe domeſtick ſofter Thoughts inſpir'd,
And Love aſſum'd the Breaſt Ambition fir'd;
Then felt his yielding Heart the nobleſt Wound,
Then *Venus* firſt the captive Warrior bound,
From virtuous Eyes the Goddeſs threw the Dart,
While equal Boſoms felt the pleaſing Smart.
By *Hymen* join'd they prov'd the gentle Flame;
Their Joys, their Wiſhes, and their Souls the ſame,
In honour'd Affluence they cloſe their Days;
Vice lords its Hour, -- but Virtue lives on Praiſe.

End of GAMELYN, *or the* Cook's Tale.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE

MAN *of* LAW's TALE.

By Mr. *OGLE*.

OUR Hoſt, who view'd the Progreſs of the [Sun,
Judg'd to a Point how far he had to run;
Found, they had us'd, to light them on their Way
A Fourth and more of his Diurnal Ray:
Whence, tho' not deep expert in learned Lore,
No ſage Aſtronomer cou'd gather more.
Of *April* this he knew the eighteenth Day,
April, the ſhow'ry Meſſenger of *May!*
And well he mark'd, that ev'ry Tree diſplay'd,
Proportion'd to it's Riſe, a Fall of Shade;
Whoſe Length was juſt in Quantity the ſame,
As was erect the Body, whence it came.

Hence

Hence cou'd he count, (nor vainly I admit,
Tho' from a Shadow he aſſum'd his Wit)
That now the Sun, who ſhone ſo clear and bright,
Had reach'd his forty-fifth Degree of Height;
And that the Hour was Ten, cou'd plain deſcry,
No Aſtrolabe conſulting, but his Eye.
So ſuddenly, about he turns his Steed;
" Proceed, he cries, for ſake of Heav'n, proceed!
" I warn you all, by *Chriſt* and by Saint *John*,
" A Fourth already of the Day is gone.
" It pains me to obſerve the Time you waſte;
" The Time, that flies away with winged Haſte;
" Can ought retard her, or in Durance keep?
" She paſſes, tho' we wake, or tho' we ſleep.
" Swift as the Stream, that ne'er returns again,
" Deſcending from the Mountain to the Plain.
" 'Tis wiſe, what one, call'd *Seneca*, has told;
"That Loſs of Time is worſe than Loſs of Gold!
" Your Steed, tho' ſtole, again you may re-ſee!
" The Day, that *was*, clos'd never more to *Be!*

" No more to *Be!* than *Malkin*'s Virgin Flow'r!
" Shou'd *Malkin* loſe it in a careleſs Hour.
" Then let us uſe Diſpatch. *Sir Man of Law*,
" Give us a Tale, a Tale without a Flaw!
" Acquit you of your Word, to join our Sport,
" And think my Sentence, a Decree of Court.
" You promis'd by my Judgment to abide."
' Brother, agreed! the *Sergeant* ſtrait reply'd.
' To break the Rule, I never once inclin'd;
' A Word is binding, as a Parchment ſign'd!
' A Promiſe is an Obligation ſtrong,
' And may be term'd a Debt; a Debt of Tongue!
' Beſides ſuch Law for others as we make
' In Equity, from others we ſhou'd take.
' This is my full Opinion on the Caſe;
' This! tho' the Proof may bring me to Diſgrace.
' For not in Company to ſeem preciſe,
' What pleaſing Tale of Love ſhould I deviſe?
' Full, in my Way, our *Chaucer* ſtands alone,
' All *Ovid*'s Heroins has he made his own.

' And

'And if you miſs them, I affirm it, Brother,
'In one Book, you will find them in another.
'Nay, many a Dame he adds to *Ovid*'s Store,
'Full many a gentle Dame that ſigh'd of Yore!
'New is the Language, tho' the Story old;
'Nor will I tell again, what he has told.
'*Alcyone*, in Youth, he made his Theme,
'Warn'd of the Fate of *Ceyx* in a Dream.
'And, grown to Age, he drew with bolder Pen,
'The Praiſe of Women, wrong'd by faithleſs Men.
'A large Collection, if you chuſe to read!
'Of injur'd Females, that lament, or bleed.
'There may you ſee, how chaſte *Lucretia* died,
'The deadly Dagger plunging in her Side!
'How *Thisbe* breath'd her Paſſion thro' the Wall,
'And fell, ſince *Pyramus* was doom'd to fall!
'How *Dido* rag'd, when falſe *Æneas* fled,
'His Sword the ſad Companion of her Bed!
'Her Plaint how *Phillis* to *Demophoon* ſends,
'And high in Air her beauteous Form ſuſpends!

'The

‘ The poiſon'd Gift how *Deianira* blam'd,
‘ Nor wou'd have kill'd *Alcides*, but reclaim'd!
‘ How wail'd *Hermione* her luckleſs Fates,
‘ Forc'd, from the Man ſhe loves, by him ſhe hates.
‘ Her golden Locks how *Ariadne* tore,
‘ By *Theſeus* left, on *Naxos'* deſert Shore!
‘ How *Helen* own'd a Pain, that damp'd her Joy,
‘ The double Ill ſhe brought to *Greece* and *Troy*!
‘ Her Lord, how meek, *Briſeis* to reprove,
‘ For that his Wrath was ſtronger than his Love!
‘ How great *Hypſipile* makes humble Moan,
‘ By *Jaſon* ſcorn'd, for all her *Lemnian* Throne;
‘ Whoſe Heart *Medea* failing to retain,
‘ She left him to deplore their Children ſlain.
‘ How *Hero* plac'd the Love-alluring Light,
‘ Thy Guide, *Leander*, thro' the ſtormy Night;
‘ But when ſhe ſpy'd thee, breathleſs on the Wave,
‘ Down from her Tow'r ſhe ſought one wat'ry Grave!
‘ How *Laodamia* urg'd her forceful Plea,
‘ Care of thy ſelf, oh! take, 'tis Care of me!

‘ How

' How *Hypermneſtra* ſpar'd her Husband's Life,
' And nobly loſt the Daughter in the Wife!
' How ſage *Penelope* her Spouſe incites,
' He comes, who loves; *Ulyſſes* comes, not writes!
' And how her Life *Alceſtes* greatly ends,
' To ſave her Lord, deſerted by his Friends!
' For virtuous Wives, as all the Fair atteſt,
' Our Bard diſplays, and praiſes with the Beſt.
' Yet never wou'd he write, nor cou'd approve,
' How *Canace* indulg'd fraternal Love!
' How *Tereus* rob'd a Siſter of her Tongue;
' Well by his Wife diſmember'd for the Wrong.
' How his own *Tyro* curſt *Salmoneus* try'd;
' How *Byblis Caunus* woe'd, too-near ally'd!
' By Stealth how *Myrrha* with her Father lay,
' But ſcarce eſcap'd his Rage at Dawn of Day!
' How from *Antiochus* his Daughter fled,
' Drag'd by the Hair to his inceſtuous Bed!
Theſe he omits, as Loves unworthy Praiſe;
' Abominations foul of ancient Days!

What

'What, from the Pen of eaſy *Ovid*, ſcapes,
'Where, various Bodies change, to various Shapes;
'Where ev'ry Age, is ſearch'd, and ev'ry Clime,
'To bring Creation down to *Cæſar*'s Time.
'Nor mean I here ſuch Scandal to reherſe,
'Nor ſtain with ſuch Impurity my Verſe.
'Verſe, did I ſay, unpractis'd to compoſe!
'My Proſe accept, or Verſe ally'd to Proſe!
'A Man of Law with Eaſe you will excuſe,
'If rude his Rhyme; *Aſtræa*, is his Muſe.
'Little, ſhe knows, to Periods what belongs,
'Nor aims at Strains as ſoft as *Ovid*'s Songs.
'Yet ſhall ſhe try, no Matter tho' ſhe fail,
'To tell of Love, a not diſhoneſt Tale;
'So, as when *Philomela* leaves to ſing,
'The *Thruſh* preſumes to hail the common Spring!'
Then ſmiling on our Hoſt, with ſober Cheer,
He thus began, as you ſhall after hear.

End of the PROLOGUE.

CONSTANTIA:

OR,

The MAN *of* LAW's TALE.

By Mr. BROOKE.

HENCE, *Want*, ungrateful Viſitant, adieu,
Pale Empreſs hence, with all thy meager Crew,
Sour Diſcontent, and mortify'd Chagrin;
Lean hollow Care, and ſelf-corroding Spleen,
Diſtreſs and Woe, ſad Parents of Deſpair,
With wringing Hands, and ever rueful Air;
The Tread of Dun, and Bum's alarming Hand,
Dire as the Touch of *Circe*'s circling Wand,
Keen Hunger with his ſharp, but famiſh'd Eye,
And duſky Theft, a deſp'rate Prompter nigh,
While Agues ſhudder to the whiſt'ling Gale,
And jointly, Law and Infamy aſſail.

But

But worſe, oh worſe, than all the hideous Train,
Hot-mouth'd Reproach, and ſaucy writh'd Diſdain;
Theſe in the Rear of thy Aſſembly wait,
Still point the Anguiſh, and augment the Weight.

The worſt Oppreſſion, who, ah who, could bear,
If Virtue, hov'ring Angel, was not there?
Where Poverty her blaſting Progreſs bends,
The Goddeſs with ſuperior Wing attends.
Around the Fair her bleſt Aſſociates play,
Bask in her Eye, and whiten in her Ray.
Bright Purity, with firm unalter'd Cheek,
The Mild, the Kind, the Gentle, and the Meek,
Humility's benignly placid Grace,
And Innocence with ſweet ſeraphic Face;
Calm Piety, that ſmiles amidſt the Storm,
And Charity with boundleſs Wiſhes warm.

Bold in the Front to guard the heav'nly Band,
Behold the maſculine Adherents ſtand!
Patience with *Atlantean* Shoulders ſpred,
Hail Temperance on thrifty Viands fed;

Firm Fortitude, unknowing how to yield,
And Perſeverance with his batter'd Shield,
And honeſt Induſtry, whoſe early Toil
Wins Health and Plenty from the labour'd Soil.
The genuine Arts behind the Goddeſs wait,
Her Reign illuſtrate, and improve her State;
With Eye elate here Contemplation ſoars,
And Learning piles his intellectual Stores;
Here mental Sciences arranging ſhine,
Here manual Crafts the various Task deſign;
While Diligence the buſy Finger plies,
And wing'd, from Rank to Rank, Invention flies;
Such wide Extremes on Indigence attend,
There Vice aſſails, the Virtues here defend;
Below -- the Gloom of ev'ry Paſſion ſtorms;
Above -- calm Virtue mod'rates and reforms,
Here, highly elevate --- there deep depreſs,
And give or Bliſs, --- or Anguiſh in Exceſs.
Hail Virtue! chaſte eternal Beauty, hail!
Still on the Foe, O Goddeſs, ſtill prevail;

The World, e're fram'd, lay open to thy View;
You form'd the Whole, and ſhall again renew:
E're I thy arduous pleaſing Toils decline,
Be Want, ah, ſtill be each Diſaſter mine,
Till ev'n Oppreſſion be it ſelf ſubdu'd,
Nor yet a Wiſh for Wealth, or Pow'r intrude.

Nor be the Poor alone thy fav'rite Care;
Fly, fly to Courts, and let the Mighty ſhare:
The Silken Lethargy at once awake,
Debauch from his intemp'rate Opiate ſhake,
Thence ev'ry Vice, and ev'ry Folly drive,
That ſting, or glitter round the *gorgeous Hive*;
Before thy Touch let Inſolence retire,
And Vanity, an empty Breath, expire;
Hipocriſy caſt off the fair Diſguiſe,
And ſtarting, in his native Gloom ariſe.
Now, Goddeſs, entring, view the Dome of State,
Do thou inform, and give me to relate;
Let Demons obvious to my Eye appear,
(Which known, could ſure find no Admittance here)

Amid the buzzing, buſy, idle Croud,
The mix'd Aſſembly of the Mean and Proud,
See, Treaſon ſmiles, a Suitor to his King;
See, Promiſe flutters on a Cypreſs Wing,
Her Pinion like autumnal Foliage falls,
And on the Pavement Diſappointment crawls;
A friendly Aſpect Enmity aſſumes,
Beneath Applauſe, deep lurking Envy glooms.
The tempting Mammon Subornation ſhows,
And in the Patriot's Zeal Diſſention glows.
Oppreſſion there with gently winning Grace,
And Ignorance with ſolemn thinking Face,
And Pride with mortify'd and Chriſtian Guiſe,
And Infidelity with Saintly Eyes,
Four Rival-Candidates, their Monarch ſue;
Two for the Bench, and for the Mitre Two.
Lo there Ambition, from his Height elate!
And Pleaſure lolling on a Couch of State!
On Theſe the Pageantry of Pomp attends;
To theſe the idolizing Tumult bends;

The Poor, the Rich, the Peaſant, and the Peer,
And all Religions join in Worſhip here.
Ambition reaching from his airy Stand,
Graſps at a Globe that ſhuns his deſp'rate Hand;
Around the glitt'ring Sphere, confus'dly gay,
Crowns, Truncheons, Gems, and trophy'd Radiance play;
But changing with alternate Light and Shade,
The Lures appear, and vaniſh, ſhine, and fade;
Vain as the cloudy Meteor of the Morn,
Which Fancy forms, and tranſient Rays adorn.

The prime Rewards four ſuppliant Sons of Fame,
Luſt, Rapine, Violence, and Slaughter claim;
And tho' eſſential Happineſs is due,
For Toys the Wiſe, for Toys the Virtuous ſue.
Deluded Men, The ready Ambuſh fly!
Dire lurking Deaths behind Ambition lye!
The mourning Block, keen Axe, and racking Wheel,
The poiſon'd Goblet, and the boſom'd Steel.

Here Pleaſure on her Velvet-Couch reclines,
Smiles to undo, and in Deſtruction ſhines;

With ſeeming Negligence diſplays her Charms;
The Strong ſhe withers, and the Steel'd diſarms:
Imagination, ſpecious Handmaid, waits,
And ſerves a Pomp of viſionary Cates:
The Sorc'reſs ſtill eſſays the freſh Repaſts;
But mock'd eternally, ſhe feeds, and faſts.
Around her Couch unnumber'd Vot'ries meet,
And wiſh to ſhare th' imaginary Treat;
Devour each Morſel with deſiring Eye,
And for large Draughts of fancy'd Nectar ſigh;
A thouſand Nymphs of wanton ſprightly Mien,
Trip round the Sofa, and amuſe their Queen;
With Tranſports ſhe ſurveys the darling Train,
All Daughters of her light fermenting Brain:
Here Laughter, Mirth, and Dalliance unite,
Illuſive Joy, and volatile Delight,
Conceits, Sports, Gambols, Titillations gay,
Hopes that allure, and Projects that betray;
Prime Siſter of the ineſſential Bands,
Erect, perſuaſive Expectation ſtands;

On each Purſuit ſhe flouriſhes with Grace,
And gives a Butterfly to lead the Chace;
Or wafts a Bubble on the parting Gale,
And bids ſurrounding Multitudes aſſail;
With Sweets the fond Purſuit alone is fraught,
The Game ſtill vaniſhes, when once it's caught:
Vain is the Joy, but not the Anguiſh vain,
And empty Pleaſure gives eſſential Pain.
Couch'd as a Tyger, watchful to ſurprize,
Grim Death beneath the falſe Enchantreſs lies;
The Fiends around inviſibly engage,
Guilt ſtings, Pains rack, and Diſappointments rage;
Aches, Aſthma's, Cholicks, Gouts, Convulſions,
Remorſe that gnaws, and Languor that conſumes. [Rheums,

Far other Train apparent Queen! you lead,
True Bliſs attends, tho' arduous Toils precede;
Serene thy Boſom, tho' thy Brow ſevere,
Pain points thy Path, but Heav'n is in thy Rear;
Wondrous the Influence thy Pow'r ſupplies,
Where Triumphs only from Oppreſſion riſe;

Peace ſprings from Paſſion, and from Weakneſs [Might;
Calm Eaſe from Travel, and from Pain, Delight;
No Sweets that vaniſh, and no Guſts that cloy,
Clear is the Rapture, and ſerene the Joy;
Reflection culls from ev'ry Labour paſt,
And gives the ſame eternal Bliſs to laſt.
Thus by long Trial, and ſevere Diſtreſs,
You Virtue truely, tho' ſeverely, bleſs;
Thro' each Tradition, each recording Page,
Thro' ev'ry Nation, and thro' ev'ry Age;
From purpled Monarchs, to the rural Hind,
By Pain you purify'd, by Toil refin'd;
The mightier Weight thy fav'rite Heroes bore,
Chief you depreſs'd, whom chief you meant ſhould [ſoar,
Still with the Foe, gave Forces to prevail,
And with this *Moral* form'd the following *Tale*.

While yet the *Turk* his early Claim avow'd,
And rul'd, beneath his Scepter *Judah* bow'd;
A Set of worthy, wealthy Merchants choſe
The World for Trade, and *Sion* for Repoſe.

'Tis

Here they ſelect the Gems of brighteſt Rays,
Rich Stuffs, wrought Silks, and Golden Tiſſues blaze;
Thro' ev'ry Climate, and to ev'ry Gale,
They launch the Cargo, and expand the Sail;
Wide, with their Name, their Reputation grew,
And to their Mart concurring Chapmen drew.

The Lure of Novelty, and Thirſt of Gain,
Now points their Paſſage o'er the *Midland* Main:
The *Tiber* now their ſpumy Keels divide,
And ſtem the Flow of his deſcending Tide.
To *Rome*, imperial *Rome*, the Traders came;
Rome heard the Voice of their preceding Fame:
Free Mart, and ſplendid Manſion ſhe affords;
Joy crown'd their Nights, and Elegance their Boards.

With mutual Chat they gratify Deſire;
What's curious now relate, and now enquire;
Alike for Knowledge, and for Wealth they trade,
And are with Uſury in both repaid.
But Fame ſurpriz'd them with a Wonder new,
Beyond what Times of brighteſt Record drew,

The

The Poet's Fancy, or the Lover's Tongue;
And thus the darling Excellence ſhe ſung.

To crown our Monarch's Age with fond Delight,
His Cares alleviate, and his Toils requite,
Beyond whate'er paternal Wiſh could crave,
Indulgent Heav'n a peerleſs Infant gave:
The ſofter Sex her beauteous Body forms,
But her bright Soul each manly Virtue warms;
Youth without Folly, Greatneſs without Pride,
And all that's firm, to all that's ſweet ally'd.
Rich as the Land by ſacred Promiſe bleſs'd,
Lies the fair Vale of her expanded Breaſt;
Mild on a *Parian* Pillar turns her Head,
Her Front, like *Lebanon*, divinely ſpred;
There ſit the Chaſte, the Placid, and the Meek,
And Morn ſmiles freſh upon her open Cheek.
Babes learn Diſtinction at *Conſtantia*'s Sight,
And wither'd Age revives to ſtrange Delight;
Tumultuous Wiſhes breath along her Way,
Hands riſe, Tongues bleſs, and centring Eyes ſurvey!

All

All run to bend the voluntary Knee,
The Blind to hear her, and the Deaf to ſee.
Ah! were ſhe born to univerſal Sway,
How gladly would the willing World obey?
And now with wealthy Manufacture ſtow'd,
Launch'd on the Tide their freighted Veſſels rode,
The Pendants vainly point the fav'ring Gale,
Court the weigh'd Anchor, and the op'ning Sail.
Till firſt the fair Perfection they beheld,
Who all Report (in fatal Hour) excell'd:
For *Syria* then they ply the lab'ring Oar,
And the crook'd Keels divide their native Shore.
Exulting now they touch the fav'rite Land,
Unlade, and moor along the yielding Strand,
Now duteous, on their youthful *Sultan* wait,
Unfold new Treaſures, and new Tales relate.
With uſual Grace, and curious Ear he hears,
With uſual Courteſy, and Bounty cheers;
The ſtrange, the wondrous Narratives admires,
And all that's foreign, all that's new requires.

Ah,

Ah, hapleſs Prince! thy farther Search reſtrain,
Couch'd in the Tale, Death lurks to entertain;
Conſtantia's Charms their raptur'd Tongues diſcloſe,
In ev'ry Word ſome kindling Beauty glows;
Her Form, her Features, Mien, and Soul they breathe;
Unpraiſe all Praiſe, and leave all Terms beneath.

Strong Eloquence can picture to the Blind,
Create new Forms, and people all the Mind;
Can pain, or mitigate, can heal, or wound,
Enchant with Sentences, and kill with Sound.
The fancy'd Sweets his Ear impatient, drinks;
Deep on his Soul the imag'd Beauty ſinks;
Thro' all his Thoughts, his Pow'rs, ſhe lives, ſhe reigns,
Pants in each Pulſe, and thrills along his Veins.

Sure thro' the Tracts of yon' celeſtial *Maze*,
Where *myſtic* Planets dance, and Glories blaze;
More *Wonders typical* impreſs the Sky,
Than e'er was trac'd with *Aſtrologic* Eye:
There, haply, e're his natal Hour expreſs'd,
Firſt burn'd the Flame that glow'd within his Breaſt.

There

There might the Nymph with previous Beauty bloom,
With previous Languiſhment the Youth conſume,
Expire the Victim of ſucceſsleſs Care,
Die e're he liv'd, and e're he lov'd, deſpair.
There the dear friendly Stream e're *Julius* bled,
Great *Brutus* to his dearer Country ſhed;
With deſtin'd Tyranny there Pride enſlaves,
With deſtin'd Virtue there the Patriot ſaves;
There *Pompey* glow'd for Freedom and for Fame,
There *Socrates*, of *Greece* the Pride and Shame:
Alcides there each horrid Monſter ſlew;
There triumph'd *Sampſon*, the heroic *Jew*;
There All, or doom'd to ſave, or to deſtroy
The Chiefs who fought at *Thebes*, or fought at *Troy*.
Long mourn'd the Youth, with ſecret Woe oppreſt,
The latent Vulture prey'd within his Breaſt;
Conſtrain'd at length, nor able to ſuſtain
The waſting Malady, and mental Pain;
The Sage, the bearded Pillars of his State,
He calls, and privily unfolds his Fate;

No

No Mean, he cries, my cruel Stars assign,
Swift Death, or else *Constantia* must be mine.
Alternate, each their Hopes, or Fears disclose,
Invent, reject, and now again propose;
While some with mystic Rites of wondrous Art,
Engage to gain the sympathetic Heart;
By philter'd Science, and infernal Charms,
To win the bright Perfection to his Arms:
Th' abhorrent Scheme his gen'rous Thoughts dis-
[dain,
Resolv'd to die, or justly to obtain;
And all their Arguments, howe'er renew'd,
In Rites of Nuptial Sanctitude conclude.
But here again new Obstacles appear'd,
And much for this their latest Hope they fear'd;
Fear'd, that Diversity of Faith, might prove
Alike Diversity, and Breach in Love;
Nor the fair Christian e'er consent to wed
A Prince in *Macon*'s sacred Precepts bred.
" The Monarch then, ah! wherefore doubt my
[Friends,
" Why yet dispute where Love and Life depends?

Tha

" That Faith must sure, have most prevailing [Charms,
" That gives *Constantia* to my circling Arms;
" No Obstacles shall bar, no Doubts deterr;
" Nor will I think, that she was form'd to err."

The Voice determin'd, and imperial Eye,
Leave no Pretence for Courtiers to reply:
With the fond Speed of *Love*'s Impatience warm'd,
Now Embassies are sent, and Treaties form'd;
All zealous to promote the Cause divine,
The Pope, the Church, and Christian Pow'rs com- [bine;
The Royal, long-reluctant Parents yield,
And Contracts are by mutual Proxy seal'd.

High was the Trust the Regal Writings bore,
And solemn the attesting Parties swore,
That the young *Syrian*, and his Barons bold,
Each Sex, and State, the Infant, and the Old,
Should all *Messiah*'s hallow'd Faith embrace,
And bright *Constantia* be the Bond of Grace.

We list not here of pompous Phrase to say,
What order'd Equipage prepares the Day;

Grooms,

Grooms, Prelates, Peers, and Nymphs, a shining [Train,
To wait the lovely *Victim* o'er the Main:
All *Rome* attend in Wish the lovely Maid,
And Heav'n, their universal Vows invade.

At length the Day, the woful Day arrives,
Aud ev'ry Face of wonted Cheer deprives;
The fatal Hour admits no fond Delay,
That shall the Joy from ev'ry Heart convey.
Ye Men of *Rome!* your parting Glory mourn;
Far from your Sight your Darling shall be torn:
No more the Morn with usual Smiles arise,
Or with *Constantia* bless your longing Eyes;
Of ev'ry Tongue, of ev'ry Pen the Theme,
The daily Subject, and the nightly Dream.
But oh, *Constantia!* Say, thou fair Distress'd,
What Woes that Hour thy lovely Soul possess'd?
Its native Cheek the bright Carnation fled,
And charg'd with Grief, reclin'd thy beauteous Head;
To Lands unknown those Limbs must now repair,
Nurs'd in the Down of fond paternal Care;

Peace

Peace ſpread thy nightly Couch to ſweet Repoſe,
Delight around thy ſmiling Form aroſe,
Each Scene familiar to thy Eye appear'd,
And Cuſtom long thy native Soil endear'd;
Eas'd by thy Bounty, at thy Sight exil'd,
Grief was no more, or in thy Preſence ſmil'd,
Each riſing Wiſh, thy glad Attendants ſeiz'd,
To give thee Pleaſure, every Heart was pleas'd;
But now to ſtrange, to foreign Climes convey'd,
Strange Objects muſt thy loathing Senſe invade,
Strange Features, to thy weeping Eyes appear,
Strange Accents pierce thy undelighted Ear,
In diſtant unacquainted Bondage tied,
The gilded Slave of Inſolence, and Pride,
Perhaps of Form uncouth, and Temper baſe,
Thy Lord ſhall claſp thee with abhorr'd Embrace.
Thus ſad the Fair revolv'd, ſoft Sorrows flow,
And all her ſighing Soul was loos'd to Woe,
'Father! She cried, your fond, your wretched Child,
'And You my Mother! You my Mother mild!

My Parents dear, beneath whoſe kindly View,
Bleſs'd by whoſe Looks, your cheriſh'd Infant grew,
When far, O far, from your Embraces torn,
Will you then think a Wretch like me was born?
Shall then your Child ſome ſad Remembrance claim?
And ſome dear Drops embalm *Conſtantia*'s Name?
Your Face, (ah cruel Fortune can it be!)
Theſe Eyes ſhall never, never, never ſee;
For ever parted by the rolling Main,
I now muſt feel a lordly Husband's Chain;
From ev'ry Friend, from every Joy remove,
And the rough Yoke of rude Barbarians prove:
But ſo may Heav'n the precious Iſſue bleſs,
And all find Happineſs through my Diſtreſs;
Woman was doom'd ere yet the World began,
The Prey of Sorrow, and the Slave of Man.

She could no more, her Voice by Sobs ſuppreſt,
And Tears pour'd forth in Anguiſh told the reſt.
Wide through the Croud the ſad Contagion flew,
Each hoary Beard is drench'd with mournful Dew,

In ſhort'ning Throbs ten thouſand Boſoms riſe,
Grief ſhow'rs its Tempeſt from ten thouſand Eyes,
Along the Shore the deep'ning Groans extend,
And louder Shrieks the cloudy Concave rend;
Not through old *Rome* when Deſolation reign'd,
And bleeding Senators her *Forum* ſtain'd,
Not in the Wreck of that all diſmal Night,
When *Ilion* tumbled from her tow'ry height,
Such utt'ring Plaints the deep Deſpair betray'd,
As now attend the dear departing Maid.
To the tall Ship with ſlow deſponding Tread,
All drown'd in Grief the beauteous Victim's led,
She turn'd, and with an aching wiſtful Look,
A long Farewel of every Field ſhe took,
Adieu! to all the melting Croud ſhe cry'd;
Adieu! Adieu! the melting Croud replied:
Her launching Bark, the mournful Notes purſue,
And ecchoing Hills return, Adieu! Adieu!
Here let us leave the Virgin on the Main,
With all her Peerage, and her pompous Train;

To *Syria* let the ſwifter Muſe repair,
And ſay what Cheer prepares her Welcome there.
The Dame, from whom his Birth the Prince de-
[riv'd,
Imperial Dowager, had yet ſurvived,
Ambitious, greedy of ſupreme Controul,
And born with all the Tyrant in her Soul,
At filial Government ſhe long repin'd,
Nor yet the Reins of ſecret Rule reſign'd.
Her ſavage Sentiments her Sex belie'd,
And vers'd in Wiles with deepeſt Stateſmen vied;
Yet o'er her ſoftning Tongue, and ſoothing Face,
The ſubtle Varniſh ſpread with eaſy Grace;
The Sage diſcern'd, but ſtill confeſs'd her Sway,
And whom their Hearts deteſt, their Fears obey.
Tenacious Zeal her Prophet's Lore revered,
The Practice ſcorn'd, but to the Text adhered,
And far as Faith with Fury could inflame,
She was indeed a moſt religious Dame.
When ſhe her Son's determin'd Bent perceiv'd,
Her Breaſts with cruel Agitation heav'd,

Her

Her Call, each hoary, each experienc'd Friend,
In Haſte, and midnight Privacy attend;
When dire, amid the dusky Throng ſhe roſe,
And from her Tongue contagious Poiſon flows.
" Ye Peers! ye Pillars of our falling State!
" Too faithful Subjects of a Prince ingrate,
" A Son, whom theſe deteſting Breaſts have fed,
" A Serpent grown; to your Deſtruction bred;
" Say, ſhall a ſingle Hand ſuch Patriots awe?
" Inſult your Prophet, and ſupplant your Law?
Firſt Heav'n! be all the Bonds of Nature broke,
" E'er I aſſume the curs'd the Chriſtian Yoke;
" For, what import theſe innovating Rites,
" But here a living Death of all Delights?
" Such Threats, as Penitence can ne'er appeaſe,
" The Body's Penance, and the Mind's Diſeaſe?
" Yet, were I of ſome faithful Hearts ſecure,
" Not ſuch the Malady, but we can cure,"
She ſpoke, and all with ſwift Compliance ſwear,
The glorious Deed with all their Powers to dare,

Her Charge though ne'er ſo bloody to fulfill,
Though ne'er ſo dang'rous to effect her Will.

" Doubt not a Birth, ſhe cry'd, ſo well conceiv'd,
" Great Acts are more by Fraud, than Force atchiev'd;
" To gain the Conqueſt we muſt ſeem to yield,
" And feign to fly, that we may win the Field;
" Let each in publick wear a Chriſtian Face,
" And counterfeit the ſaintly Signs of Grace,
" What though our Skin the ſprinkling Prieſt bap-
[tize,
" Our Skin's unſullied, while our Hearts deſpiſe,
" Not ſuch the Tricks our bolder Hands ſhall play,
" When Revels end the unſuſpecting Day,
" Nor ſuch the Stream our purpling Points ſhall ſhed,
" When we ſhall, in our Turn, baptize with Red.

Ah Sex! ſtill ſweet, or bitter to Extreme,
Gloomy as Night, or bright as Morning Beam,
No Fiend may with a Female's Fraud compare,
No Angel's Purity, like Woman's Fair,
To ſave, or damn, for Bliſs, or Ruin giv'n,
Who has thee feels a Hell, or finds a Heav'n.

Smooth as the Surface of the dimpled Main,
While brooding Storms the gath'ring Ruin rein,
Her Son, with dire diſſembling Leer ſhe ſeeks,
And in the Depth of ſmiling Malice ſpeaks.

" My Child! tho' froward Age is over wiſe,
" Let no Offence againſt a Parent riſe,
" Long Habits gain a Privilege from Time,
" And frequent Cuſtom mellows ev'ry Crime;
" Repugnant hence I dar'd to thwart your Will,
" I fear'd the Novelty, I fear'd the Ill;
" But now convinc'd by Chriſt's ſuperior Grace,
" His Law I rev'rence, and his Faith embrace.
" Bleſs'd be thyBed! thy Bridal Tranſports bleſs'd!
" Nor you refuſe a Mother's fond Requeſt,
" Mine be the Joy to entertain the Fair,
" To form the Feſtival be mine the Care,
" To ſhow the Peers who on thy Bride attend,
" As ſhe in Beauty, we in Love tranſcend."

The Royal Youth ſuſpenſe in Wonder ſtood,
Joy held his Voice, and Rapture thrill'd his Blood,

Around her Knees his proſtrate Arms he threw,
And duteous Tears diſtill'd the grateful Dew;
Her Son ſhe rais'd, all innocent of Ill,
And ſmiling kiſs'd, whom ſoon ſhe meant to kill.

At length the Bride and all her ſolemn Train,
Paſs'd o'er the Danger of the *Midland-Main*;
The *Main* is paſs'd, but not the Danger o'er,
The Sea leſs cruel than the *Syrian* Shore.
Applauding Crouds the landed Beauty greet,
And *Judah*'s Peers in rich Proceſſion meet,
Great was the Throng, and ſplendid the Array,
And Guards arranging lined the glitt'ring Way.
Such were the Triumphs of Imperial *Rome*,
When Conqueſt led ſome darling Victor home,
While meeting Millions his Approach withſtand,
And Walls, and Trees, and clamber'd Roofs are [mann'd.

All gem'd in Ornaments of curious Mode,
Gay in the Van, the falſe *Sultana* rode;
Oft to her Breaſt ſhe clasp'd the heav'nly Maid.
And wond'ring oft with cruel Gaze ſurvey'd.

Laſt came the *Sultan*, royal, hapleſs Youth,
Grace in his Form, and in his Boſom Truth,
The laſt he came, for tim'rous Love controllid,
He fear'd, and long'd, and trembled to behold;
A faint Salute his fault'ring Voice ſupply'd,
Scarce, welcome! O! divinely Fair, he cry'd;
He bluſh'd, and ſigh'd, and gaz'd with wav'ring View,
Nor dares to hope the bliſsful Viſion true.

Thus onward to a neighb'ring Town they far'd,
In purpos'd Pomp, and regal State prepar'd;
And here the old maternal Fiend invites,
To order'd Feaſts, and dearly bought Delights.
Down ſit the Gueſts, triumphing Clarions blow,
Drums beat, Mirth ſings, and brimming Goblets flow,
In boundleſs Revel ev'ry Care is drown'd,
And Clamour ſhouts, and Freedom laughs around.

Ah hapleſs State! of ev'ry human Mind,
Wrapt in the preſent, to the future blind;
In the gay Vapour of a lucky Hour,
Light Folly mounts, and looks with Scorn on Power.

Nor

Nor ſees how ſwift the Tides of Fortune flow,
The ſwelling Happineſs, and ebbing Woe;
That Man, ſhould ne'er indulge, or Bliſs, or Care,
The Proſp'rous triumph, or the Wretch deſpair,
So cloſe, ſo ſudden each Reverſe ſucceeds,
And Miſchief treads where-e'er Succeſs preceeds.

And now the Night with brooding Horrors ſtill,
Gloom'd from the Brow of each adjacent Hill,
Slow heav'd her Boſom with diſtemper'd Breath,
And o'er her Forehead hung the Weights of Death.
Oppreſt with Sleep, and drown'd in fumy Wine,
The proſtrate Guards their regale Charge reſign,
But far within, ſtill wakeful to Delight
The Prince and Peers protract the feſtal Night;
When from the Portal, lo! a ſudden Gloom,
Projects its Horrors through the ſpacious Room,
Fearful and dark the ruffian Bands appear,
The dire *Sultana* ſtorming in the Rear.
The bloody Task invading Treaſon plies,
Quick, and at once alarm'd the Nobles riſe,

But

But Theſe, as Faith or Faction led, divide,
And Traitors moſt, with entring Trayters ſide;
Boards, Bowls and Seats o'erturn'd the Pavement ſtrow,
Of Blood, with Wine the mingling Currents flow;
Vain is the Fear that wings their Feet for Flight,
They fall who baſely fly or bravely fight,
With Screams and Groans the ecchoing Courts re-ſound,
And gaſping *Romans* bite the trait'rous Ground.

Say, Royal *Syrian!* in that Hour of Death,
Say, didſt thou tamely then reſign thy Breath?
Surprize and Shame, and Love and boundleſs Rage,
Flaſh from his Eyes and in his Breaſt engage;
Threatning aloft, his flaming Steel he drew,
And ſwift to ſave his lov'd *Conſtantia* flew,
Before his Bride a beauteous Bulwark ſtands,
Now preſſes on, and backwards bears the Bands;
Bold to his Aid ſurviving *Romans* ſpring,
Some *Syrians* too could dare to join their King,
Invaded late, they in their Turn invade,
And Traitors are with mutual Death repaid.

But

But what may Courage, what may Strength avail,
Where ſtill o'erpow'ring Multitudes aſſail?
Where Number with encreaſing Number grows,
And ev'ry Sword muſt match a thouſand Foes?
As melting Snows with gradual Waſte ſubſide,
So ſink the Warriors from their Hero's Side;
Thin'd are the Remnants of his bleeding Train,
And ſcarce, but ſcarce th' unequal Strife ſuſtain,
Their Veins exhauſted, and o'ertoil'd their Might,
And ſtruggling, but to fall the laſt, they fight.
The Monarch thus on ev'ry ſide diſtreſs'd,
And Hope extinguiſh'd in his valiant Breaſt,
Turn'd to his Queen, he ſent the parting Look,
And brief th' eternal, laſt Adieu he took.
" Since here, he cry'd, our hapleſs Loves muſt end,
" Where this Arm fails, may mightier Heav'n de-
[fend:
" This is my laſt, my only, fond Deſire,
" Too bleſs'd am I, who in thy Cauſe expire.
So ſaying, with recruited Pow'rs he glows,
Exalted, treads, and overlooks his Foes:

Of

Of more than mortal Size the Warrior ſeems,
And Terror from his Eye imperial, ſtreams.
The circling Hoſt his ſingle Voice defies,
Amid the Throng, with Fury wing'd, he flies;
Deep bites his Sword, in Heaps on Heaps they fall,
Hands, Arms, and Heads beſpread the ſanguin'd Hall,
Untir'd with Toil, reſiſtleſs in his Courſe,
Diſdain gave Fury, and Deſpair gave Force:
As here, and there, his conqu'ring Steps he bends,
Down his fair Form the purpling Stream deſcends,
Exhauſted Nature wou'd perſuade to yield;
But Courage ſtill tenacious, holds the Field.
As when the Lamp its wav'ring Light eſſays,
The Source conſum'd, that fed the vital Blaze,
Extinguiſh'd now its kindly Flame appears,
And now aloft a livelier Radiance rears;
Subſides by Fits, by Fits again aſpires,
And bright, but doubtful, burn its fainting Fires,
Till recollected to one Force of Light,
Sudden ſhe flaſhes into endleſs Night.

So

So the brave Youth the Blaze of Life renews,
Reels, ſtands, defends, attacks, and ſtill ſubdues;
Till ev'ry Vein, and ev'ry Channel drain'd,
One laſt Effort his valiant Arm ſuſtain'd:
As Light'ning ſwift, he ſpied the lateſt Blow,
And greatly fell, expiring on his Foe.
As ſhou'd an Oak within ſome Village ſtand,
Young, tall, and ſtrait, the Fav'rite of the Land,
Beneath the Dews of Heav'n ſublime he grows
Beneath his Shade, the Weary'd find Repoſe;
To deck his Boughs, each Morn the Maidens riſe,
And Youths around his Form conteſt the Prize;
Yet haply if a ſudden Storm deſcend,
Sway'd by the Blaſt, his beauteous Branches bend;
But vig'rous, to their tow'ring Height recoil,
Maintain the Combat, and outbrave the Toil;
Till the red Bolt with level'd Ruin ſhoots,
And rends the pillar'd Fabrick from the Roots;
Swift falls the Beauty o'er a Length of Ground,
The Nymphs and Swains inceſſant mourn around.

So

So did the Youth with living Form excell,
So fair, so tall, and so lamented, fell;
Relenting Traytors would revive the Dead,
And weep the Blood their ruthleſs Weapons ſhed:
One tender Pang the dire *Sultana* felt,
And Nature, ſpite of Hell, compels to melt.
While ſudden thus each bloody Arm ſuſpends,
And round their Prince the ſatiate Tumult bends,
Regardleſs of her Fate, *Conſtantia* goes
Thro' pointed Javelins, and a Hoſt of Foes;
Amaze before the daring Virgin yields,
And Innocence from ev'ry Weapon ſhields;
Till mourning by the great Remains ſhe ſtood,
And o'er her Lover pour'd the copious Flood.
" Ah, valiant Arm! a Waſte of Worth in vain!
" Ah, Royal Youth, ſhe cry'd, untimely ſlain!
" Oh! had I periſh'd, e're I reach'd thy Shore,
" The Surge devour'd, or watry Monſters tore,
" To bleſs the World your Worth had yet ſurviv'd,
" Nor I, too fatally belov'd, arriv'd.

'Tis

" Tis I, who have this dear Effusion shed;
" For Me, for Me, a luckless Bride, you bled.
So saying — furious, the *Sultana* cries:
Strike; strike; the Source of all our Mischief dies;"
Yes, strike, the bright, th' intrepid Maid replies.
But vainly This consents, or That commands:
Heav'n check'd their Hearts, and Pity bound their [Hands;
At once a thousand Javelins rise in Air;
A thousand Wishes whisper, — ah, forbear;
Receiling Arms the bloody Task refuse,
And Beauty with resistless Charm subdues.
Alone, relentless, the *Sultana* cries,
" 'Tis well, the Death she wish'd, may still suffice:
" Hence with that Form, that knows so well to reign,
" Hence with the Witch, and plunge her in the [Main;
" Her Passage thence to *Rome* she may explore,
" And tell her Welcome on the *Syrian* Shore.
So saying, quick to a selected Band
She gave to execute the dire Command;

Reluctant

Reluctant to the Charge, they yet obey,
And to the Shore the mourning Fair convey;
Slow as ſhe mov'd, ſoft Sorrows bathe the Ground,
Her Guards too melt, and pitying weep around,
Tho' vers'd in Blood, deteſt the ſtern Commands,
And feel their Hearts rebellious to their Hands.
When now upon th' appointed Beach they ſtood,
That look'd with Horror o'er the deep'ning Flood.
Each eyed his Fellow, with relenting Look,
And Each to Each the cruel Task forſook;
With diſtant Awe the heav'nly Maid ſurvey,
Nor once her Harm in Act or Thought eſſay.
The ſtill Suſpence at length their Leader broke,
And bow'd before the trembling Beauty, ſpoke.
" O thou! endow'd with more than mortal Charms,
" Who ev'ry Foe of all his Force diſarms,
" Say, how ſhall we our Pow'r or Will employ;
" Where both are weak, to ſpare thee, or deſtroy?
" Both impotent alike, our Pow'r and Will,
" The Means to ſave Thee, or the Thoughts to kill?

" Yet one Extreme may cruelly remain,
" To yield Thee haply to the pitying Main,
" And Heav'n, who form'd thee ſo divinely fair,
" If Heav'n has Pow'r, will ſure have Will to ſpare.
He ſaid; the reſt aſſent, and to the Bay
With ſecret Step the Virgin-Bride convey.
Convenient here a *Roman* Bark they find,
They hoiſt the haſty Canvas to the Wind:
The Bark with *Roman* Wealth and Plenty ſtow'd,
Now launching with the lonely Sailor rode;
The Gale from Shore with ready Rapture blew,
And to her Veſſel bore the laſt Adieu.

Now, ſtain'd with Blood, the ſelf-convicted Night
Fled from the Face of all-enquiring Light;
And Morn, unconſcious of the murd'rous Scene,
O'er *Syria*, guilty *Syria*, roſe ſerene.
The Mountains ſink before *Conſtantia*'s Eyes,
Wing'd o'er the Surge, her bounding Gally flies;
From Sight of Land, and human Face conveys,
The Skies alone above, and all around the Seas.

" Go, lovely Mariner! Imperial Fair!
" The warring Winds, and angry Ocean dare;
" Strange Climes and Spheres (a lone Adventrer)
" New to the Main, and to Misfortune new; [view,
" Without the Chart, or Polar Compaſs ſteer,
" Nor Storms, in which the ſtouteſt tremble, fear.
" But ill, thoſe Limbs for gentle Office form'd,
" And in the Down of nightly Softneſs warm'd,
" Shall now, obſequious to the ruder Gale,
" Command the frozen Cord, and pond'rous Sail;
" Shall now, beneath the watry Sky obſcure,
" The nightly Damp, and piercing Blaſt endure.
Thus all diſconſolate, and ſore diſtreſs'd,
And Sorrow heaving in her beauteous Breaſt,
Down ſinks the Fair, her Hands in Anguiſh riſe,
And up to Heav'n ſhe lifts her ſtreaming Eyes.
" O, Thou! ſhe ſaid, whence ev'ry Being roſe,
" In whom they ſafe exiſt, and ſoft repoſe;
" Fix'd in whoſe Pow'r, and patent to whoſe Eye,
" Immenſe, thoſe copious Worlds of Wonders lye;

" To me, the meaneſt of thy Works deſcend;
" To me, the laſt of ev'ry Being, bend;
" Since not exempt, in thy Paternal Care,
" The loweſt triumph, and minuteſt ſhare.
" Thy Subjects all, and all their Sov'reign know,
" The Seas that eddy, and the Winds that blow;
" The Winds thy ruling Inſpiration tell;
" The Seas, exulting in thy Preſence ſwell:
" O'er theſe, o'er thoſe (Supreme) do thou preſide;
" For I deſire no other Star to guide:
" In Want, and Weakneſs, be thy Pow'r diſplay'd,
" And thou aſſiſt, where elſe no Arm can aid.
" But if (as ſurely ev'ry Mortal muſt,)
" If now I haſten to my native Duſt,
" From the dread Hour, and this devouring Deep,
" The Spark of Deathleſs Animation keep,
" Then may my Soul as bright inſtinctive Flame,
" Aſpiring then, thy kindred Radiance claim;
" Or to ſome humbler Heav'n the Trembler raiſe,
" Tho' there the laſt, the firſt to ſing thy Praiſe;

" Some

" Some lowly, vacant Seat (Eternal) deign,
" Nor be Creation, and Redemption vain.

So pray'd the Maid, and Peace, a wonted Gueſt,
Sought the known Manſion of her ſpotleſs Breaſt;
To ev'ry Peril arm'd, and Pain reſign'd,
Cheer in her Looks, and Patience in her Mind.

The Wind freſh blowing from the *Syrian* Shore,
Swift thro' the Floods her ſpooming Veſſel bore;
Long breath'd the Current of the Eaſtern Gale,
And ſwell'd th' Expanſe of each diſtended Sail;
And now the Hills of *Candia* riſe to View,
As Ev'ning Clouds and ſettled Vapours blew;
And now (ſtill driv'n before the Orient Blaſt)
Morea, and her length'ning Capes are paſs'd:
Now Land again her wiſtful Proſpect flies,
And gives th' unvarying Ocean to her Eyes;
Till *Malta*'s Rocks, emerging from the Main,
The circling War of Earth and Sea maintain;
Alike unknown, each varying Clime appear'd,
The Land and Main alike the Virgin fear'd;

While ev'ry Coaſt her wand'ring Eyes explore,
Reminds her Soul of *Syria*'s hoſtile Shore,
And more than ev'ry Monſter Seas can yield,
From Man, from Man, ſhe begs that Heav'n would ſhield,
Full many a Day, and many a Night, forlorn,
Thro' Shelves, and Rocks, and eddying Tempeſt born,
Thro' drizling Sky, and nightly Damp ſevere,
No Fire to warm, no ſocial Face to cheer;
On many a Meal of tainted Viands fed,
The chill Blaſt whiſtling round her beauteous Head;
The penſive Innocence attends her Fate,
Amidſt ſurrounding Deaths, and Storms, ſedate.
Ye ſilken Sons of Affluence and Pride!
Whoſe Fortunes roll a ſoft ſuperfluous Tide,
Who yet on viſionary Wants refine,
And rack'd with falſe, fantaſtic Woes, repine;
And Ye, whom Penury and ſharp Diſtreſs,
With bitter, but ſalubrious Med'cine bleſs;
Behold that Sex, whoſe Softneſs Men deſpiſe;
Behold a Maid! who might inſtruct the Wiſe.

Give Patience Precedent, fierce Frenzy ſwage,
And with Philoſophy new-form the Sage.
For her the Tides of Regal Fulneſs flow'd;
For her Oppreſſion heap'd the cumbrous Load;
In Affluence humble, in Misfortune great,
She ſtands the worſt Alternatives of Fate.
At length, her Galley wing'd before the Blaſt,
Swift launching, thro' the Straits of *Ceuta* paſs'd;
And winding now before the varying Gale,
Tempeſtuous *Auſter* rends her lab'ring Sail;
Hiſpania's Realm th' obſequious Veſſel coaſts,
Now *Gallia*'s Surge the beauteous Burthen boaſts;
Till laſt, *Britannia*'s Wave the Charge receives,
And from th' *Atlantic* Main, exalting, heaves,
The deſtin'd Freight with pleas'd Emotion bore,
And gently wafted to *Northumbria*'s Shore.
But haply now 'twere obvious to demand,
How borne from *Solyma*'s far-diſtant Land,
Thro' many a Clime, and Strait, that might reſtrain,
The Guſt of Winter, and the whelming Main.

Britannia's Coaſt ſhould fix the wandring Maid,
Thro' ſuch a Length of devious Tracts convey'd.
" Say firſt when Ships in dizzy Whirlwinds wheel,
" Who points the Fervour of the am'rous Steel?
" Wing'd by whoſe Breath the bidden Tempeſt [blow?
" Heav'd in whoſe Fulneſs mighty Oceans flow?
" Yet what are Winds that blow? or Seas that roll?
" The Globe ſtupendous? or the poiſing Pole?
" What the ſev'n Planets on their Axis ſpun?
" What the wide Syſtem of our cent'ring Sun?
" A Point, an Atom, to the ambient Space,
" Where Worlds on Worlds in circling Miriads race;
" Yet theſe th' inanimate Volution keep,
" And roll eliptic thro' the boundleſs Deep;
" While one Hand weighs the infinite Suſpence,
" Th' inſenſate loads and meaſures the Immenſe;
" Within, without, thro Heighth and Depth preſides,
" With equal Arm, the Bark, or Planet guides.
" By Thee, uplifted thro' the pathleſs Skies,
" With conſcious Plume, the Birds of Paſſage riſe;

" Thro'

" Thro' Thee their patent Longitude is known,
" The ſtated Climate, and the varying Zone.
" Thy Will informs the univerſal Plan,
" The Ways of Angels, and the Ways of Man;
" The moral and material World connects,
" Thro' Each (Supreme) both governs and inſpects;
" Conducts the Blood thro' each arterial Round,
" Conducts each Syſtem thro' the vaſt Profound;
" One Rule, the joint, the boundleſs Model, forms,
" And the ſmall Ant to love of Order warms;
" Alike, thro' High, and Low, and Great, and Small,
" Nor Aught's myſterious, or myſterious All.

What Time the wafting Tide, and fav'ring Blaſt
The Fair on *Britain*'s fated Region caſt;
Young *Alla* then *Northumbria*'s Sons obey'd,
Whoſe ſubſtituted Scepter *Offa* ſway'd.
Illuſtrious *Offa*, who in Worth excell'd,
Whate'er the Rolls of *Saxon* Heroes held;
Alone *Rodolphus*, to the Chief ally'd,
Excell'd in Arms, but much excell'd in Pride;

High

High on the Brow of a commanding Steep,
And full in Prospect of the Eastern Deep,
His Seat, address'd for War, as for Repose,
And fix'd with Elegance, brave *Offa* chose.
And now the Hero, at his wonted Hour,
Where Trees o'er-arching form'd the *Sylvan* Bow'r,
With *Hermigilda* sought the Evening-Air,
His Bride, the fairest of the *Saxon* Fair.
When from the Main, and obvious to the View,
Th' apparent Wreck their fix'd Attention drew,
And quickly by innate Compassion led,
Attended, to the neighb'ring Shore they sped:
Constantia here sole Mariner they found,
Admiring gaze, and silently surround:
Her Eyes to Heav'n the grateful Charmer rais'd,
And with mute Thanks of swift Acceptance prais'd;
Then turn'd, with suppliant Mien her Arms extends,
And lowly at their Feet for Mercy bends.
Tho' *Pagans*, yet with native Virtues bless'd,
The Sentiment humane inform'd their Breast:

They

They, her ſad Narrative of Woes enquire,
Prompt to redreſs, as courteous to deſire;
With moving Eloquence the Maid began,
And thro' a Length of ſtrange Diſaſters ran;
What Truth requir'd, with artleſs Grace reveal'd;
What Prudence check'd, with graceful Art conceal'd,
Pathetic gave her Suff'rings to the View;
But o'er her State a ſpecious Cov'ring threw.
Sweet flow'd the Accents of her gentle Tongue,
Attention on the mournful Muſic hung:
Each Heart a ſympathetic Anguiſh felt,
Who ſaw that Face, and could refuſe to melt?
Great *Offa*'s Bride with anſw'ring Woes diſtreſs'd,
With ſtreaming Eyes, and claſping Arms careſs'd;
Officious now, to pleaſe, and prompt to aid,
They to the Palace lead the peerleſs Maid;
With Feaſt, and Song, and ſocial Aſpect cheer,
And, as of more than mortal Mold revere.

Here, pleas'd with Privacy, and long Content,
Her Days the univerſal Charmer ſpent;

To

To Office apt, and each obliging Art,
She kindly ſtole the voluntary Heart;
Ador'd around, a mental Empire gain'd,
And ſtill a Queen thro' ev'ry Boſom reign'd.
What winning Pow'r on Beauty's Charm attends
The Rude it ſoftens, and the Bigot bends.
What Precept from *Conſtantia*'s Lips can fail?
What Truth ſo muſical, and not prevail?
Perſuaſive while ſhe pleads, the Prieſt might learn,
The Deaf find Ears, and ev'n the Blind diſcern;
Soon thro' the Houſe of gen'rous *Offa* ſpred,
Her pleaſing Tongue its ſacred Influence ſhed;
And all the cordial Proſelytes of Grace,
The Chriſtian Law, the Law of Love, embrace.
But ah, ſweet Maid! how ſhort is thy Repoſe!
Nor hope that here thy Scenes of Suff'ring cloſe;
Heav'n ſpeeds the Planet that o'erul'd thy Birth,
And haſtes to make one Angel, ev'n on Earth.
Rodolphus to the *Saxon* Chief ally'd,
Whoſe Strength of Limb with mightieſt Giants vy'd,

Of

Of Feature crude, and inſolent of Soul,
Whoſe Heart nor knew, or Mercy, or Controul,
He ſaw, and though to Deeds of Diſcord bred,
He ſaw, and on the lovely Viſion fed,
Swift through his Veins the ſulph'rous Poiſon run,
But Women ſeem'd all obvious to be won.
Malicious Fervour prompts him to enjoy,
Dire is the Love that's eager to deſtroy,
Vows, Pray'rs, and Oaths, and Menaces he try'd,
And priz'd alike the Proſtitute, or Bride;
But when repuls'd with merited Diſdain,
He found all Threats, as all Intreaties vain,
The Flame that gloomy in his Boſom burn'd,
To deadly Hate by ſwift Tranſition turn'd,
And nightly, in his dark deſigning Soul,
Dire future Scenes and Schemes infernal roll.

Mean time, the Sons of hoſtile *Scotia* arm,
And Fame through *Albion* gives the loud Alarm,
Young *Alla* at the warlike Call aroſe,
And ſpeeds with anſw'ring Boldneſs to oppoſe,

While

While *Offa* with glad Heart, and Honours due,
To welcome his approaching Sov'reign flew.
And now *Rodolphus* of whose baleful Breast
The Fiends and ev'ry Fury stood possess'd,
On Ills of cruellest Conception bent,
To perpetrate his deadly Purpose meant.
All wrapt in Clouds, from Heav'ns nocturnal Steep,
Mid Darkness hung, and weigh'd the World to sleep.
When *Offa*'s Consort, and the *Roman* Maid,
By unsuspecting Innocence betray'd,
Divinely pious, and divinely fair,
Tir'd with long Vigil and the nightly Pray'r,
Together lock'd in calm Oblivion lay,
Not both to rise and greet returning Day.
Rodolphus unperceiv'd, invades the Room,
His Bosom darker than the midnight Gloom,
Dire o'er the gentle Fair the *Felon* stands,
A Ponyard thirsting in his impious Hands.
As should some Cottager with hourly Care
Two Lambs, his sole Delight and Substance, rear,

With

With Fondneſs at his rural Table fed,
Beneath his Eye, and in his Boſom bred,
Till fierce for Blood, and watchful to devour,
Some prowling Wolf perceives the abſent Hour,
His nightly Tread through ſome ſly Poſtern bends,
And the meek Pair with ſavage Fury rends;
So ſweet, ſo innocent, the Fair Ones lay,
So ſtern, the human *Savage* views his Prey,
His Steel ſwift plung'd through *Hermigilda*'s Breaſt,
From the pure Form, diſmiſs'd the purer Gueſt;
Without one Sigh her gentle Soul expires,
And wak'd in Bliſs, the wond'rous Change admires,
Beyond, beyond what Utt'rance e'er can name,
Or Viſion of ecſtatic Fancy frame.
Not ſo, bright Maid! thy harder Fate intends,
A ſimple Death was only meant for Friends,
For thee, he hoards the Fund of future Ill,
And ſpares with tenfold Cruelty to kill.
Cloſe by *Conſtantia*, lovely ſleeping Maid,
His reeking Steel the murd'rous Ruffian laid,

Revolv'd

Revolv'd within his Breaſt new Miſchiefs brew,
And ſmiling horridly, the Fiend withdrew.

Thick Darkneſs yet withſtood approaching Day,
And camp'd upon the Weſtern Summits lay,
And ſcarce the ſtraggling Rays of orient Light,
Excurſive, pierc'd the paler Realms of Night,
Their Paſſage through *Conſtantia*'s Caſement won,
And view'd the brighteſt Form beneath the Sun,
When the firſt Glories of her op'ning Eyes
With prompt, with early Elevation riſe,
Its Wing tow'rds Heav'n her waking Soul extends,
And in a Rapſody of Praiſe aſcends.
But ah not long thoſe lively Tranſports burn,
Confus'd, alarm'd, her Thoughts to Earth return,
All chill, and in the vital Current drown'd,
Pale at her Side, her lovely Friend ſhe found,
A Cloud of Horror quick involv'd the Fair,
And utt'ring Shrieks expreſs'd the loud Deſpair,
Wak'd to her Griefs, the ſcar'd Domeſtics roſe,
In ruſh'd the Train, ſhrill echoing to her Woes,

O'er

O'er the pale Dame a mourning Torrent ſhed,
And with repeated Cries invoke the Dead;
Rodolphus too, with well-diſſembled Fears,
And Face of buſie, feign'd Concern, appears,
From Heav'n's high Wrath, with ſwift Perdition ſped,
He calls down Vengeance on the guilty Head;
Apparent Zeal his earneſt Viſage fires,
And (loud) the Murd'rer for himſelf enquires.
With bloody Marks of dire Conjecture ſtain'd,
Conſtantia, hapleſs Virgin, ſtands arraign'd:
The *Fair* with Fears her guiltleſs Cauſe eſſays;
But ah! each ſpecious Circumſtance betrays.
Rude Cords around her poliſh'd Arms they ſtrain,
Strong pleads the Innocent, but pleads in vain.
Far were thy Friends, *Conſtantia!* lovely Maid!
Far diſtant all, that had the Pow'r to aid;
From Guilt, from Death, from Infamy to ſave,
Or ſhed a Tear upon a Stranger's Grave.
And now the Tale, with deadly Tid'ngs fraught,
To *Offa*'s Ear a ſpeedy Courier brought.

Heart pierc'd with Anguiſh, ſtood the mourning [Chief,
No Plaints expreſs'd th' inutterable Grief;
No Sighs exhale, no ſtreaming Sorrows flow,
Fix'd and immoveable in ſpeechleſs Woe.
Compaſſion touch'd the gen'rous *Alla*'s Breaſt,
For his brave Subject, for his Friend diſtreſs'd;
Each Circumſtance the Royal Youth enquires,
And the dire Act his juſt Reſentment fires.
By ſpecious Proofs of falſe Suggeſtion led,
He vows full Vengeance on *Conſtantia*'s Head,
To doom the luckleſs Innocent he ſpeeds,
And in his Wrath the previous Victim bleeds.
Fame flies before with voluntary Wing,
A thouſand diſtant Shouts proclaim their King;
Pour'd from all Parts, the Populace unite,
And on his Form inſatiate feed their Sight:
For *Alla*, bright in each Perfection, ſhone,
That grac'd the Cottage, or enrich'd the Throne:
The Nerve-*Herculean* brac'd his youthful Arm,
His Cheek imbib'd the Virgin's ſofteſt Charm:

Mild

Mild was his Soul, all ſpotleſs as his Form,
His Virtues not ſevere, but chaſte and warm;
His Manners ſweet and ſprightly, yet ſincere;
His Judgment calm and deep, yet quick and clear:
Graceful his Speech, above the Flow'rs of Art;
Open his Hand, more bounteous yet his Heart;
As Mercy ſoft, kind, ſocial, and humane;
Vice felt alone, that *Alla* held the Rein.
To all the Pride of Courts, and Pomp of Show,
The brighteſt Ornament, yet greateſt Foe.

Within, without, thus rich in ev'ry Grace,
And all the Angel in his Soul, and Face,
Not form'd to feel Love's Paſſion, but impart,
No Charms were yet found equal to his Heart:
For him each Virgin ſigh'd, but ſigh'd in vain,
By him unpitied, ſince unknown the Pain.

Deteſting Flattery, yet fond of Fame,
Thro' deadly Fields, he ſought a deathleſs Name;
Still foremoſt there, he ſprung with youthful Heat,
And War, not Love, gave *Alla*'s Breaſt to beat;

Each Foe he conquer'd, and each Friend retain'd,
And ſcepter'd in his Subjects Boſoms, reign'd.
And now arriv'd -- ſevere in ſolemn State,
(Whence no Appeal) the grand Tribunal ſate;
Great *Alla*, thron'd conſpicuous to the View,
Attention, Love, and cent'ring Rev'rence drew;
In Form, the deadly Proceſs ſtrait began,
Wide thro' the Croud, a doubtful Murmur ran,
Rodolphus chief the friendleſs Pris'ner charg'd,
Enforc'd the Pain, and on the Guilt enlarg'd;
The Fair unknown to her Defence they cite,
Guarded ſhe comes, as pure, as Angels bright;
As tho' Delight and Grief at once combin'd,
And fled to her, diſpleas'd with all Mankind,
Or as Delight would Grief, in Grief, excell,
Or Grief could find Delight with her to dwell.
Penſive ſhe moves, majeſtically ſlow,
And with a Pomp of Beauty decks her Woe:
All Murmurs ſilenc'd by her Preſence, ceaſe,
And from her Eye the yielding Croud gives place;

Ev'n

Ev'n *Alla*'s Looks his ſoftning Soul confeſs'd,
And all Reſentment died within his Breaſt.
But ah! while Shame with injured Honour vies.
And yet her Tongue its fault'ring Task denies,
More than all Phraſe, or ſtudied quaint Addreſs,
Her down-caſt Eyes, and ſpeaking Looks expreſs.
At length pathetic, with a ſtarting Tear,
She thus to bow'd Attention charm'd the Ear.

" Where may the Wretched for Protection bend?
" Or when, ah when ſhall my Misfortunes end?
" Sure, Perſecution in the Grave will ceaſe,
" And Death beſtow, what Life denies me, Peace.
" Driv'n from before the Face of Humankind,
" Earth, Air, and Sea, with cruel Man combin'd:
" Each Hour, each Element prepar'd a Foe,
" And Nature ſeem'd exhauſted in my Woe:
" At length with ev'ry Grace and Virtue crown'd
" One Friend, one pitying faithful Friend I found,
" With her (retir'd) to paſs my Days I choſe,
" And here preſum'd to taſte a late Repoſe:

" But Peace to me, alike all Climes refuſe;
" And Miſchief to the fartheſt Pole purſues,
" 'Tis even a Crime to be *Conſtantia*'s Friend,
" Nor leſs than Death to thoſe who wou'd defend.
" Ah *Hermigilda!* cou'd my forfeit Life,
" To the fond Husband give the faithful Wife,
" From Death recall thy chaſtely featur'd Charms,
" And yield thee to the gen'rous *Offa*'s Arms,
" Ah! gladly wou'd I then reſign my Breath,
" If Life ſo dear cou'd be reviv'd by Death.
" But thus to die with foul Suſpicion ſtain'd,
" For Murder, Murder of my Friends arraign'd!
" Alas! unskill'd in ev'ry cruel Art,
" Had I the Power to hurt, I want the Heart;
" No Creature e'er *Conſtantia*'s Malice felt,
" Ev'n ſuff'ring Foes have taught my Heart to melt,
" My Heart, for Birds, for Inſects oft diſtreſs'd,
" And Pity is its known, its only Gueſt.
" O Youth! thy happy People's boaſted Theme,
" O *Alla*, ſacred to the Breath of Fame,

To

" To whom ſubjected Realms their Rights ſubmit,
" Who thron'd in Judgment like an Angel ſit,
" Still more extenſive be thy guardian Care,
" And let the Innocent, the Stranger ſhare."
Here rudely on her Plea *Rodolphus* broke,
And all inflam'd, and interrupting, ſpoke.
" Liſt not, O King, to that bewitching Tongue,
" So ſweetly falſe the tempting *Syrens* ſung,
" Her Words wou'd give the knotted Oak an Ear,
" And charm the Moon from her enchanted Sphere.
" That by her Hand our dear Relation bled,
" This Sword ſhall witneſs on her guilty Head,
" Whatever Champion, or bold Odds oppoſe,
" And, arm'd by Juſtice, dare a thouſand Foes,
" Then be her Purity by Combat try'd,
" And by the conquering Arm let Heav'n decide.
Alas! O *Alla*, (cry'd the trembling Maid)
" My Sex, not Arms but Innocence muſt aid,
" Helpleſs I ſtand, and diſtant ev'ry Friend,
" That has the Pow'r, or Courage to defend;

If

" If Juſtice is ordain'd to crown the Strong,
" Then the weak Arm is ever in the Wrong,
" The Hawk may triumph in his lawleſs Deeds,
" While doom'd beneath his Gripe the Turtle bleeds
" Yet that I'm guiltleſs ev'n my Charge admits,
" And Malice, meaning to arraign, acquits,
" What tho' the Sword lay treach'rous at my Side;
" Sure Guilt could never want the Craft to hide;
" The Spots of bloody Circumſtance explain,
" That inward Truth fears no exterior Stain;
" And laſt my Capture with the Slain implies,
" That Guilt, not Innocence from Vengeance flies.
" I fear not Death but that ſurviving Shame,
" Which muſt to Ages blaſt my ſpotleſs Name,
" Be that from Taint of guilty Cenſure freed,
" And all that Malice can inflict, decreed."

Thus while ſhe ſpake, with ſecret Paſſions toſs'd,
And in a World of new found Wonders, loſt,
Scarce *Alla* could his ſtruggling Heart controul;
Fix'd were his Eyes, but reſtleſs was his Soul,

His

His Breaſt with various Agitation burn'd,
Now pale, now red, his varying Aſpect turn'd,
Her Accents dwell upon his liſt'ning Ears,
When now ſhe ceas'd, delighted ſtill he hears,
Her Form with chang'd, with fev'riſh Look ſurveys,
And could for ever hear, for ever gaze.

At length collected, as from Bonds he broke,
And with cold Speech, and feign'd Indiff'rence, ſpoke.
" Thy Charge, (bright Maid) my ſecret Soul acquits,
" But publick Law no private Voice admits,
" Kings ſit not here, with arbitrary Senſe
" To form new Laws, or cavil, but diſpenſe;
" Though Law is fallible, yet Law ſhould ſway,
" And Kings more fallible than Law, obey.
" Say, gallant Warriors! who unmatch'd in Arms,
" May yield uncenſured to reſiſtleſs Charms,
" Say, is there one who ſingularly brave,
" At his own Peril greatly dares to ſave,
" From Pain, from Death, from Slander to defend,
" And give the Stranger, and the Fair, a Friend.

The

The Hero ſaid, but mute was ev'ry Tongue,
Blank ev'ry Face, and ev'ry Nerve unſtrung,
So much *Rodolphus*, never match'd in Arms,
Each weaker Hand, and conſcious Heart alarms;
So was the *Giant* fam'd for brutal Pow'r,
Strode like an Arch, and menac'd like a Tow'r.
Then *Alla* " Soon as *Phoſphor*'s dewy Ray
" Shall gild the Shade, bright Promiſer of Day,
" Prepar'd and meted with the Morning Light,
" Be the rail'd Barrier, and the Lifts of Fight,
" Then, e'er the Sun ſwift mounting up the Sky,
" Views the wide World with his Meridian Eye,
" While iſſuing from the Trumpets brazen Throat
" Defiance loudly breaths its martial Note,
" If haply Heav'n (not impotent to aid)
" With interpoſing Arm protect the Maid,
" Some Angel, or unlook'd for Champion ſend,
" And with prevailing Miniſtry defend,
" Freed be the Fair, and ſpotleſs be her Fame,
" E'er Evening elſe, ſhe feeds the hungry Flame."

So

So ſpake the Prince, deſcending from his Throne,
Sad through the Concourſe went the length'ning [Groan,
The Maid to Death inevitably doom'd
A guiltleſs Victim ev'ry Heart preſum'd,
To her they conſecrate the pitying Tear,
Nor e'er till then cou'd think their Prince ſevere.

Conſtantia (when with firm tho' hopeleſs Eye
She now perceiv'd the fatal Hour drew nigh)
In conſcious Innocence erects her Head,
With Doubt exiled, all Care and Terror fled,
Death ſtole from Triumph to adorn her State,
And gave a Smile beyond the Reach of Fate.
All Night in Pray'r and mental Song the Maid
(With Angels choir'd) her Soul for Heav'n array'd,
Light from her Heart as Summer's careleſs Robe,
Dropt each Affection of this Sin-worn Globe,
O'er Honour, late ſo lov'd, o'er brutal Foes,
And ev'ry Senſe of mortal Coil ſhe roſe,
Till tow'rd the Dawn ſhe gently ſunk to Reſt,
With all *Elyſium* open'd in her Breaſt.

Gray

Gray Morning now involv'd in riſing Dew,
Over the cap'd Hills her ſteaming Mantle threw,
While far beyond the Horizontal Sun,
With Beam of interſected Brightneſs ſhone,
Gold pav'd o'er Ocean ſtrech'd his glitt'ring Road,
And to the Shore the lengthning Radiance glow'd.
Full in his ſight, and open to the Main,
Concurring Squadrons throng'd *Northumbria's* [Plain,
To learn what Fate attends the foreign Fair,
Each Sex and Age in mingling Routs repair,
Whom pour'd by Millions to the liſted Field,
Diſpeopl'd Towns, and emptied Hamlets yield.
Within the Liſts, conſpicuous to the ſight,
Rode the proud Stature of the *Saxon* Knight,
His Mien, with Thirſt of Oppoſition fir'd,
Appear'd to menace what it moſt deſir'd,
Gave all to wiſh ſome Champion for the Fair,
Gave all to wiſh the Fight, but none to dare;
His bold Defiance o'er the meaſur'd Ground,
The braſen Blaſts of winding Clarions ſound,

While

While ſtrong lung'd *Heralds* challenge to the Fight,
And ſeem at once, to threaten, and invite.
And now, expectant of the murd'rous Flame,
In ſable Pomp the lovely *Victim* came,
On her, all Looks, and cent'ring Hearts were fix'd,
Love, Grief, and Awe, with ſoft Compaſſion mix'd,
To Heav'n, the Voice of wide Affliction cries,
Earth drinks the Tribute of ten thouſand Eyes,
Such Sighs as from the dying Breaſt expire,
And Tears, as meant to quench a World on Fire.
To the tall Pyre, in ſad Proceſſion led.
The Maid tranquil aſcends her Sylvan Bed,
And fearleſs on the Funeral Summit plac'd,
Her Seat, of fearful Preparation, grac'd.
Hence, with wide Gaze ſhe threw her Eyes around,
Nor *Alla*, cruel, lovely *Alla*, found;
" Ah (ſoft ſhe ſaid) where's this Heroic Youth?
" So fam'd for Clemency, ſo fam'd for Truth,
" So ſage, ſo cautious in the Caſuiſt's Chair,
" Too firm to deviate, and too juſt to ſpare,

To

'To Strangers cruel, tho' to Subjects kind,
'In Law diſcerning, yet to Mercy blind.
'Why comes not he to feaſt his ſavage Eyes?
'And view the Pains he can ſo well deviſe,
'Heav'n fram'd thee *Alla* with exterior Art,
'Soften'd thy Form, but left a ſtinty Heart,
'Too perfect elſe had been the beauteous Plan,
'And *Alla* had been ſomething more than Man.

Thus while ſhe ſpoke, a diſtant Murmur roſe,
As when the Wind thro' ruſtling Foreſt blows,
And gathering now ſtill louder and more near,
To mute Attention turn'd each liſt'ning Ear.
Diſtinctly heard along the liſted Ground,
To Trumpets, now ſhrill anſwering Trumpets ſound,
A clam'rous Cheer from Rank to Rank extends,
And ſudden ſhout the deafen'd Welkin rends.
Strait (uſher'd to the Field with loud Acclaim)
A Knight unknown, and unattended came,
No trophy'd Boaſt, no outward Shine of Arms,
Nor love Device, with quaint Attraction, charms;

Unplumd

Unplum'd the Motion of his ſable Creſt,
And black the guardian Corſelet on his Breaſt,
Black was the Steed that bore him to the Field,
And black the Terror of his ample Shield.
As when to Slake *Jernes'* fev'riſh Plain,
And check the *Dog-ſtar's* ſhort, but ſultry Reign,
A Cloud, full-freighted with the coming Storm,
Black-brow'd o'er Ocean lifts its cumb'rous Form,
Dread, to the Shore its gloomy Progreſs bends,
And charg'd with Heav'n's avenging Bolt ſuſpends.
So to the Field the gloomy Champion ſhow'd,
So charg'd with Mercy, as with Vengeance rode.
Where the bright Victim bleſs'd the circling View,
Cloſe to the Pyre the ſable Warrior drew,
Guilty aloud? Or Innocent? He cry'd,
Ah guiltleſs-ſo help Heav'n, the Maid reply'd,
So by this Arm (he ſaid) may Heav'n for thee de-
cide!
Surpriz'd *Rodolphus* ſtood, abaſh'd the bold,
And like a Torrent in mid Courſe controll'd,

Abaſh'd

Abaſh'd to find, that any mortal Wight,
Cou'd ſingly dare to match his matchleſs Might.
But ſoon, of conſcious Force, and Scorn, and Pride,
With two-fold Fury ſwell'd th' impetuous Tide,
Reſiſtleſs, dreadful, in his Wrath he roſe,
For Courage ſtill with Oppoſition grows.
Attending Heralds ſtrait divide the Field,
And the dire Interval for Combat yield.
To either Gole retir'd each threatful Knight,
Fierce thro' Reſtraint, and trembling for the Fight;
On each by Turns was ev'ry Look intent,
Now here, now there, with ſwift Emotion bent;
Perch'd on the Summit of the Stranger's Creſt,
Here Conqueſt ſeem'd to ev'ry Eye confeſt;
Not long confeſs'd, for from his Rival, there,
Again the varying Judgment learns Deſpair,
For ev'ry Wiſh aſſum'd the Stranger's Part,
And quick Expectance throb'd in ev'ry Heart.
Fix'd in his Seat, each waits the dread Career,
And in each Reſt firm fits the pond'rous Spear,

Each

Each conſcious Steed impatient beats the Ground,
Eager and wan was ev'ry Face around;
The Signal given, they vaniſh from the Goles,
Earth backward ſpurn'd from either Courſer rolls,
Space gathers quick beneath their nimble Feet,
And Horſe to Horſe, (tremendous Shock) they meet.
Nor yet blind Wrath, or head-long Valour rul'd,
More forceful was their Force, by Judgment cool'd,
The deadly Aim each hoſtile Eye ſelects,
Each Eye too marks where either Arm directs,
With Art they ward, and with dread Action wield,
Point with the Lance, and parry with the Shield.
Full at the Boſom of his active Foe
Rodolphus levell'd the reſiſtleſs Blow,
But from his oblique Buckler glanc'd the Spear
Which elſe, nor Targe, nor mortal Arm could bear.
Not ſo his Lance the ſable Champion ſped,
Feign'd at the Breaſt, then brandiſh'd at the Head,
Thro' his Foe's Shield the verging Weapon preſs'd,
And raz'd the Plume that wanton'd on his Creſt.

Together, with impetuous Onſet puſh'd,
Thus Horſe to Horſe, and Man to Man they ruſh'd;
Then backward, driv'n by mutual Shock they bound,
Beneath the Conflict ſhakes the ſuff'ring Ground.

So wing'd, in War, or Darkneſs, on the Deep,
Two Ships adverſe the mediate Ocean ſweep,
With horrid Brunt joins each encount'ring Prow,
Loud roars the rifled Surge, and foams below,
Sails, Shrowds, and Maſts all ſhiver in the Toil,
And backward to their Sterns the found'ring Keels [recoil.

But each well skill'd in ev'ry warlike Meed,
New to the Charge revives his ſinking Steed;
Swift from his Side his ſteely Terror drew,
And on his Foe with anſw'ring Fury flew.
The Sway long time intemp'rate Valour bore,
While artleſs Rage unlearn'd the Warrior's Lore;
On their hack'd Arms the reſtleſs Peal deſcends,
Targe, Plate, and Mail, and riven Corſelet, rends;
Struck from their Helms, the ſteely Sparks aſpire,
And from their Swords forth ſtreams the mingling [Fire.

As

As in the Glow of ſome *Vulcanian* Shed,
Two brawny Smiths heave high the pond'rous Sled,
Full Front to Front, a grieſly Pair, they ſtand,
Between their Arms extends the fiery Brand,
Huge Strokes from the tormented Anvil bound;
Thick flames the Air, and groans the lab'ring Ground.
So toil'd theſe Heroes with commutual Rage,
And ſuch reciprocated Combat wage.
Around them (trembling) Expectation waits,
With ſpeechleſs Horror ev'ry Boſom beats,
For either ſeem'd reſiſtleſs in the Fight,
But each too ſeem'd to match reſiſtleſs Might.
Surpriz'd at length the wary Warriors own
A Rival to their Arms till then unknown,
With mutual Wile defenſive, now they fought,
And mutual Wounds a mutual Caution taught.
All Dint of Force, and Stratagem, they try,
Reach with their Arms, and meaſure with their Eye,
They feint, they ward, ſtrike out, and now evade,
Foin with the Point, and parry with the Blade,

Probe each Defect, ſome purpos'd Limb expoſe,
Now grapling ſeize, and with dread Union cloſe,
Their Waiſtes with unenamour'd Graſp they wind,
Their Arms, like Cramps, and forceful Engines bind,
Each ſtrives to lift the other from his Seat,
Heav'd thick, and ſhort, their lab'ring Boſoms beat;
Struggling they gripe, they pull, they bend, they ſtrain,
But firm and ſtill unſway'd their Seats retain;
Till loos'd as by Conſent again they turn,
And with reviving Force and Fury burn.

Thus future Ages had this Fight beheld,
Where both all Might excelling, none excell'd.
Had not *Rodolphus* with impaſſion'd Pride,
High heav'd a Blow that ſhou'd at once decide,
(His utmoſt Pow'rs collected in the Stroke)
Like Thunder o'er the yielding Foe he broke;
(The Foe eluſive of the dire Intent)
His Force in Air the barraſs'd *Pagan* ſpent,
And by his Bulk of cumb'rous Poiſe o'erſway'd,
Full on his Helm receiv'd the adverſe Blade,

Prone

Prone fell the *Giant* o'er a Length of Ground,
With ceaſeleſs Shouts the echoing Heav'ns reſound.
As from the Brow of ſome impending Steep,
The ſportive Diver views the briny Deep,
From his high Stand with headlong Action flies,
And turns his Heels retorted to the Skies;
Inverted ſo the bulky *Chief* o'erturns,
And Heav'n, with Heel of quick Elation, ſpurns.
Light from his Steed the conqu'ring Hero ſprung,
And threatful o'er the proſtrate *Monſter* hung,
He, with feign'd Penitence, and humbled Breath,
Fond to evade the fear'd, th' impending Death,
(The inſtant Weapon glitt'ring at his Breaſt)
The murd'rous Scene and nightly Guilt confeſs'd.
Mean while, attended by the ſhouting Crew,
The Fair, now free'd, to greet her Champion flew;
For not of mortal Arm the Chief ſhe thought,
But Heav'n's own Delegate with Vengeance fraught.
When now, enchanting to the Warrior's Sight,
The Maid drew near, the Maid as Angels bright,

His Bever from his lovely Face he rais'd,
And All on *Alla*, conquering *Alla*, gaz'd.
Earth, Sea, and Air, with endleſs Triumph ring,
And ſhouting Thouſands hail their Victor *King*.
Not ſo *Conſtantia*, ſtruck with ſtrange Surprize,
Her great Deliverer in her Judge ſhe eyes,
Conqueſt and Love upon his Regal Brow,
A cruel Judge, but kind Deliv'rer now,
Soft Shame, and trembling Awe, her Step, repreſs'd,
And wond'rous Gratitude diſturb'd her Breaſt;
Joys, fainting Fears, quick thrill'd through ev'ry [Vein,
And ſcarce her Limbs their beauteous Charge ſuſtain.

How widely devious from the Ways of Man
Is the great Maze of providential Plan!
Vain Man, ſhort-ſighted Politician, dreams,
That Things ſhall move ſubſervient to his Schemes,
But Heav'n the fond Projector undermines,
And makes the Agent thwart his own Deſigns,
Againſt it ſelf the Inſtrument employs
And with the Means the End propos'd deſtroys.

What

What ſhall prevent OMNISCIENCE to direct?
And what, what can't OMNIPOTENCE effect?
HE to th' Event ſubdues th' oppoſing Cauſe,
And Light from Darkneſs, (wond'rous Influence)
Defeat from Conqueſt, Infamy from Fame, [draws,
And oft to Honour paves the Path of Shame.
Why then this Toil, and Coil, and anxious Care?
Why does Man triumph, why does Man deſpair?
Why does he chuſe by vicious Steps to ſcale,
Where Virtue may (at leaſt as well) prevail,
Since not in him his proper Fortune lies,
And Heav'n alone ordains his Fall, or Riſe;
Man may propoſe, but only Heav'n muſt ſpeed,
And tho' the Will is free, th' Event's decree'd.
Be then the Scope of ev'ry Act, and Thought,
To will, and do ſtill ſimply as we ought,
The leſs ſhall Diſappointment's Sting annoy,
And each Succeſs will bring a double Joy;
To boundleſs Pow'r and Preſcience leave the Reſt,
But Thou, enjoy the Province in thy Breaſt.

Lo! in one Hour, by Fortune unforeſeen,
The lowly Criminal becomes the Queen;
From Shame to Glory, Anguiſh to Repoſe,
From Death to Life, and Bonds to Freedom roſe.
In Love, as War, reſiſtleſs, *Alla* woo'd,
And whom he won by Arms, by Suit ſubdu'd,
Conſtantia with her ſecret Wiſh comply'd,
For *Alla* would not, could not be deny'd.

Nor liſt we here with Pomp of long Array
To blazon forth that chaſte connubial Day,
To tell what Numbers numberleſs, what Knights,
And glitt'ring Dames adorn'd the Feſtal Rites,
What Joys the Banquet or the Bowl could yield,
Or what the Trophies of the tilting Field.
Loud were the Revels, boundleſs was the mirth,
That hail'd the ſweeteſt brighteſt Pair on Earth,
Of Men, the wiſeſt, braveſt, faireſt, He;
Of all that's beautiful moſt beauteous, She,
Love, Nature, Harmony the Union claim'd,
And each for each, and both for one were fram'd.

But

But we of ſubſequent Adventure treat,
And haſten to unfold their future Fate.

Some Months young *Alla* and his peerleſs Bride,
In cordial Bond of dear Accordance tied,
Had look'd and ſmil'd the precious Hours away,
And fed on Bliſs that ne'er could know Decay;
He whoſe turn'd Ear on that enchanting Tongue
With Thirſt of fondeſt Inclination hung,
Won by a Preacher with ſo fair a Face,
Becomes the zealous Proſelyte of Grace,
And Subjects too their heath'niſh Rites forego,
For ſtill from Courts, or Vice, or Virtues, flow.
But ah! too ſoon, from Beauty's ſofter Charms,
War, rig'rous War, and *Scotia* call to Arms,
Conſtantia muſt her blooming Hero yield,
And Honour ſent him to th' embattell'd Field.

Mean while, the pregnant Fruit of chaſte Delight
With a Male Infant crown'd the nuptial Rite;
All ſweet and lovely as the ſmiling Morn,
Mauritius was to bleſs a Nation born;

Their

Their Pledge of future Bliſs, their princely Boy,
The *Britons* hail with univerſal Joy,
Their Fancy frames him what their Pray'rs require,
Sweet as their Queen, and valiant as his Sire,
Offa to whom the King's departing Care,
(Ineſtimable Charge) conſign'd the Fair,
Advice of loyal Gratulation ſent,
To glad his Sov'reign with the bleſt Event.
But *Donnegilda*, cruel, crafty Dame,
Great *Alla*'s Mother over-fond of Fame,
She, (as all antique Parents, wond'rous Sage!
For Youth project the Inappetence of Age,
Each Senſe endearing, and humane, deſpiſe,
And on the *Mammon* feaſt their down-caſt Eyes)
Malevolent beheld a Stranger led,
Unknown, unfriended to the regal Bed;
For in the ſecret Cloſet of her Breaſt,
Conſtantia her imperial Birth ſuppreſs'd,
Till Heav'n ſhou'd perfect the connubial Band,
And with her Royal Off-ſpring bleſs the Land.

Ah!

Ah! ill tim'd Caution! were this Truth declar'd,
What a vaſt Coſt of future Woe was ſpar'd,
But where Heav'ns Will th' unequal Cauſe ſupplies,
To ſet the World on Fire, a Spark may well ſuffice.

The ſubtile *Dame* who now the Occaſion ſpy'd,
To tear *Conſtantia* from her *Alla*'s Side,
Debauch'd the Meſſenger, his Mandate ſtole,
And forg'd in *Offa*'s Name the crafty Scroll,
Wherein ſhe fram'd a Tale with wond'rous Art,
How the feign'd Fair by Witchcraft won his Heart,
Seduced his Senſes with infernal Lore,
And a dread Monſter (hideous Off-ſpring) bore.
But *Alla*, of whoſe fond, whoſe faithful Breaſt,
His Conſort was the dear eternal Gueſt,
Unmov'd, return'd his Bliſs was too refin'd,
Without the juſt Allay that Heav'n aſſign'd,
And what *Conſtantia* bore, or Heav'n decreed,
To be unwelcome, muſt be ſtrange indeed.

This Letter too the Courier, as before,
To *Britain*'s Dowager unweeting bore,

And

And in the Surfeit of oblivious Wine
Left her to perpetrate the black Deſign.
This too ſhe cancell'd, forg'd the regal Hand,
And pityleſs inſcribed the dire Command,
With Threats that *Offa* to the wonted Sea,
Shou'd the falſe *Queen* and hated *Imp* convey,
And there permit the now deteſted Dame
To ſeek the Shore from whence the *Sorcereſs* came.

When *Offa* had the barb'rous Mandate read,
To Heav'n his Eyes and lifted Hands he ſpred,
Like *Niobe* to Marble turn'd he ſtood,
Grief, Fear and Horror froze the gen'rous Blood,
Again he ſtir'd, as from ſome wiſtful Dream,
Again he read, alas! he read the ſame.

But (tho' in Terms of ſoothing Phraſe expreſs'd)
When now *Conſtantia* learn'd her Lord's Beheſt,
Keen Anguiſh, piercing to the Springs of Life,
At once arreſts the Mother and the Wife,
For not, to her alone confin'd, as late
When bold ſhe ſtood the weightieſt Stroke of Fate,

A thouſand Cares of ſoft endearing Kind,
Now ſhare with Heaven the Motions of her Mind,
And with fond Thoughts of ſweet Concern divide,
The melting Mother, and the claſping Bride,
And theſe alone her burſting Boſom rend,
And o'er the Couch her lifeleſs Limbs extend.

Fame pour'd the mourning Populace around,
In guſhing Anguiſh ev'ry Eye is drown'd,
Compaſſion ſet her Virtues full to View,
And with their Queen bid ev'ry Joy adieu,
Swift from his Throne they wiſh their *Alla* hurl'd,
And her, crown'd Empreſs of the peopled World.
But ah! in vain their Pray'rs and Tears delay,
Strict was the Charge, and *Offa* muſt obey,
With heavy Heart and faint reluctant Hand,
He led the Mourner to the neighb'ring Strand,
There to the heaving Whiteneſs of her Breaſt,
With melting Looks her helpleſs *Infant* preſt;
And thus, while Sobs her piteous Accent broke,
To her little inattentive Child beſpoke.

" Weep

" Weep not ſweet *Wretch!* tho' ſuch thy Fa-
[ther's Will,
" Yet haſt thou one, one hapleſs Parent ſtill,
" Peace, Peace, to thee thy Mother means no Harm,
" Nor let our Lot thy little Heart alarm,
" O'er Thee till Death, o'er Thee, my Cares ſhall
[wake,
" And love thee for thy cruel Father's ſake."

Had ev'ry Sire (as on the Banks of *Nile*,)
Loſt his firſt-born throughout *Britannia*'s Iſle,
Or Death with undiſtinguiſh'd Carnage ſwept
Wives, Sons, and Sires, by all the Living wept;
Such haply were the Woes that now deplore
Their Queen attended to the ecchoing Shore,
They tear their Locks, their rueful Boſoms ſmite,
And trace her Bark with long purſuing Sight.

Tedious it were, tho' wond'rous ſtrange to tell,
What new Adventures o'er the Main befel,
How fondly pratling, while her Infant ſmiled,
She the long Hours, and wint'ry Nights beguiled,
Till ſeiz'd by Pirates on th' *Atlantick* Wave,
A Prince of *Gallia* bought th' imperial Slave.

How in calm Peace, and Friendſhip long retain'd,
High Truſt and Grace her winning Sweetneſs gain'd,
Till ſhe to *Rome* (predeſtinate Event)
Aſſociate with her Lord and Miſtreſs went.
But now to *Britain* let the Muſe repair,
For there the valiant *Alla* claims her Care.
Triumphant ſoon from *Scotia* he return'd,
And to behold his lov'd *Conſtantia* burn'd:
This wings his Feet along the toilſome Way;
But Thoughts are ſwifter, ſwifter far than They;
Hope, elevate, the diſtant Journey metes,
And to his March his Heart the Meaſure beats.
But when o'er *Tweed* he led his conqu'ring Hoſt,
And trode the Verdure of *Northumbria*'s Coaſt,
While Laurels round their trophied Temples twin'd,
And Banners wanton'd in the curling Wind,
No wonted Crouds their once-lov'd *Alla* meet,
No proſtrate Knees, or hailing Voices greet;
Blank was his Paſſage o'er the penſive Ground,
And Silence caſt a mournful Gloom around;

His

Or if his Prince, ſome ſtraggling Peaſant ſpy'd,
As from a Baſilisk he ſlunk aſide.
What this might mean revolv'd within his Breaſt,
Conjecture dire, and whiſp'ring Doubts ſuggeſt,
More dread than Death, ſome hideous Ill impart,
(This the firſt Fear e'er ſeiz'd on *Alla*'s Heart)
But worſe, O worſe than Fancy yet could fear,
When now the killing Truth arreſts his Ear,
Athwart his Eyes and mantling round his Soul,
Thick Clouds of Grief and inky Darkneſs roll,
His Senſe, nor Tears, nor utt'ring Groans could tell,
But froze and lock'd in ſpeechleſs Woe he fell.
At length by Care, by cruel Kindneſs, brought,
To all the Anguiſh of returning Thought,
Swift from the Sheath he drew the deadly Gueſt,
And would have pierc'd this Vulture in his Breaſt,
Such was the Sting of agonizing Pain,
His Frenzy wou'd th' immortal Soul have ſlain.
But this prevented, round th' attending Crew;
With baleful Glance, his eager Eyes he threw,

Conſtantia he requires with frantic Tongue,
Conſtantia ſtill the reſtleſs Accents ſung;
To Her, as preſent, now his Fondneſs ſpeaks,
As abſent, into deſp'rate Action breaks;
" Oh never, never more, my Queen! he cries,
" Shall that known Form attract theſe dying Eyes;
" Never! — O, 'tis the worſt, the laſt Deſpair;
" Never is long, is wondrous long to bear.
" Down, down, ye Cloud-topt Hills, your Summits [ſtoop,
" With me, in Sign of endleſs Mourning droop:
" Snapt be the Spear, bright Armour groun'd to Duſt,
" Repoſe thou Corſlet in eternal Ruſt;
" Still'd be each Tube, the Trumpet's warlike Swell'
" Empire, and Fame, all, all, with Thee farewell:
" For Thee alone, thy conqu'ring Soldier arm'd,
" The Banner wav'd, and ſprightly Clangor charm'd
" But Arms and loath'd Deſire with Thee are dead,
" And Joy, No, never to return, is fled.
Thus rav'd the Youth, to wilful Woes reſign'd,
And, offer'd Aid was Sickneſs to his Mind.

To Frenzy by uxorious Tranſports rais'd,
His Vengeance on his aged Parent ſeiz'd;
Who doom'd to loſe that too deſigning Head,
A Victim to his lov'd *Conſtantia*, bled.

But Violence in Nature cannot laſt,
What Region's known to bear eternal Blaſt?
Time changes all; diſſolves the melting Rock,
And on fix'd Water turns the chriſtal Lock.
Time o'er his Anguiſh ſhed a ſilent Balm,
A Peace unſmiling, and a gloomy Calm;
By Ill untaught to mourn, by Joy to glow,
And ſtill inſenſible to Bliſs or Woe.

To Him, thus careleſs of the circling Year,
Five annual Suns had roll'd their bright Career;
To Heav'n alone, his earthly Ardors turn'd,
There, late to meet the dear *Conſtantia*, burn'd.
Still that fond Hope remain'd, -- his ſole Deſire,
And gave new Wings to the celeſtial Fire,
But yet -- Hereafter -- What might there betide
The Blood-ſtain'd Hand, by whom a Parent died!

This, this gave doubtful Thought, unhing'd his Reſt,
And ſhook the Region of his contrite Breaſt:
At length taught ſatiate Vengeance to relent,
And ſhip'd for *Rome*, the Royal Pilgrim ſent.

O'er *Tiber* ſoon the far-fraught Tidings ſped,
(For far beyond the Warrior's Fame had ſpread)
And *Gallia*'s *Hugo*, to whoſe gen'rous Care
Protecting Heav'n conſign'd the wandring Fair,
With Thoſe, whom virtuous Approbation fir'd
As ſtill the Brave are by the Brave admir'd;
To ſee, to touch, the gallant *Alla* glow'd,
And rank'd to meet the Regal *Pilgrim* rode.
With all due Rite and anſw'ring Grace humane,
The courteous *Prince* receiv'd the ſhining Train,
But *Hugo* chief, with Port of winning View,
The Hero's Eye, and prime Affection drew;
And him (with Note ſelected from the reſt)
The *Prince* ſollicits for a frequent Gueſt.

But ah! when now it reach'd *Conſtantia*'s Ear,
That *Alla*, lovely, barb'rous Man, was near,

Her Soul, a thouſand diff'rent Thoughts aſſail,
Expell'd by Turns, by Turns they all prevail;
With melting Joy, and burning Love ſhe glows,
With cooling Grief, and icy Hate ſhe froze,
Dear to her Heart, though horrid to her Will,
He was the lov'd, the charming *Alla* ſtill.

Nor *Hugo* now (in pompous Dreſs array'd)
To wait *Britannia*'s potent Lord delay'd,;
With Him *Mauritius* frequent Chat ſupply'd,
A little gay Companion at his Side,
He beams a *Ganymede*, in whoſe ſweet Face
The Sire and Mother liv'd with mingling Grace;
Here ſtill they met, in Beauty reconcil'd;
Here ſtill in ſoft delicious Union, ſmil'd;
So join'd, ſo blended, with divineſt Art,
As left it not in any Pow'r to part.

Upon the Pratler's Aſpect, with Surprize,
And charm'd Attention, *Alla* fix'd his Eyes,
Somewhat of wonted Semblance there he ſpy'd,
Dear to his Senſe, and to his Heart ally'd;

Somewhat that touch'd beyond all mortal View,
And inly with the Link of Nature, drew;
Diſturb'd he roſe, upon his ſecret Soul,
Unweeting Thaw, and cordial Earnings ſtole;
Big with the ſoft Diſtreſs, aſide he ſtept,
And much the Warrior wonder'd why he wept.
Compos'd, he claſp'd the Infant to his Breaſt,
And ask'd, what Sire with ſuch a Son was bleſt?
" That (*Hugo* cry'd) his Dame alone muſt ſhow;
" Sire hath he none, or none of Whom we know;
" But Mother, ſure, he hath, that's ſuch a Mate
" No Man can boaſt, nor boaſtful Tongue relate;
" Though Fancy, to give Semblance of her Face,
" From all her Sex ſhould call each ſep'rate Grace;
" To ſpeak her Soul ſhould rob from ev'ry Saint,
" Low yet were Phraſe, and all Deſcription faint.
Thus, while his Tongue with free Encomium
With ſtrange Emotion *Alla*'s Aſpect glow'd; [flow'd,
Full on his Heart the dear Idea ruſh'd,
His Cheek with Hope, and lively Ardor fluſh'd;

When ſtrait Deſpondence ſick'ning in his Soul,
From its known Seat the roſy Tincture ſtole:
" Once once he cry'd (the lab'ring Sigh ſuppreſs'd)
" Such Treaſure once theſe widow'd Arms poſ-
[ſeſs'd,
" Nature is rich,-- yet gladly ſhould I know,
" If the World's Round can ſuch Another ſhew.
" Be that (reply'd the *Gallic*-Chief) confeſs'd,
" Whene'er my Houſe boaſts *Alla* for a Gueſt.
They went --but when the long-diſſever'd Pair,
Her *Alla* here, and his *Conſtantia* there --
By Doubts, Loves, Fears, and ruſhing Joys diſ-
[may'd,
Unmov'd, each Face, with mutual Gaze ſurvey'd.
Such was the Scene, th' impaſſion'd Geſture ſuch,
As Phraſe can't reach, nor liveliеſt Pencil touch.
Three times the Fair One fought the Shades of Death,
Three times reviv'd by *Alla*'s balmy Breath;
And thrice his guiltleſs Plea he would eſſay,
And thrice ſhe turn'd, *Conſtantia* turn'd away.
" Now, by this Hand (*Britannia*'s Hero cry'd)
" This Hand, by whom a cruel Parent dy'd,

Long

" Long ſince for Thee, for Thee thou dear One, [bled,
" A Victim ſacred to that injur'd Head,
" Of all thy Wrongs thy *Alla* is as clear,
" As here my Son, thy other *Alla* here,
" Ah! could you know the Anguiſh, the Diſtreſs,
" (But who can know what Words can ne'er ex- [preſs?)
" What Racks, what Deaths, thy tort'ring Abſence [coſt,
" What reſtleſs Toil this ſuff'ring Boſom toſs'd,
" 'Twas ſuch a Ruin, ſuch a Breach of Care,
" As this and only this could e'er repair.

So ſaying, ſwift reſiſtleſs to his Breaſt,
The yielding Fair repeated Tranſport preſs'd;
But when all Doubt and cold Suſpicion clear'd,
Her Lord ſtill faithful as belov'd appear'd,
By her ſo oft, ſo cruelly accus'd,
Still kind and true, and as her ſelf abus'd,
She in his Boſom all with Joy o'erpowr'd,
Of Sobs and Tears the copious Tempeſt ſhowr'd,
All Eyes around the melting Meaſure kept,
And Pleaſure through contagious Tranſport wept.

For

For Heav'n alone can emulate the Sweet
Of one Hour's Bliſs when two ſuch Lovers meet.
Still had *Conſtantia*, lock'd within her Breaſt,
The Royal Secret of her Birth ſuppreſs'd.
When *Rome*'s imperial Monarch wide invites
To ſocial Cheer and feſtival Delights:
For now triumphant from the *Syrian* Coaſt,
Tho' long detain'd, return'd his vengeful Hoſt;
And to reward their Toils and drown their Cares
The Monarch on a ſolemn Day prepares.
With feſtal Robes adorn'd each Warrior came;
In glitt'ring Veſture many a *Roman* Dame;
And there amid the Peers, a peerleſs Gueſt,
There *Alla* came in regal Splendors dreſt;
All *India* beaming at the Hero's Side,
O'er beaming *India* ſhone his brighter Bride,
While the young Joy of each applauding Tongue,
Mauritius, on his ſmiling Parents hung,
As tho' a ſtripling Cherub ſhould attend,
Where two of prime angelick Rank deſcend.

Struck

Struck at the pleaſing Proſpect all admire,
But mute with Wonder ſtood th' imperial Sire;
For haply ſince our primal Parents fell
Ne'er met a Pair that could this Pair excel.

He at his left *Britannia*'s Monarch plac'd,
And his right Hand th' unknown *Conſtantia* grac'd:
When with a ſtarting Tear the rev'rend Man,
(To *Alla* turn'd) in placid Speech began;
" Young, tho' thou art, with earlieſt Vigour ſtrung,
" And the fond Theme of Fame's applauding [Tongue,
" 'Tis ſaid thou haſt the Stings of Fortune felt,
" And ſuch can learn from others Woes to melt:
" I had a Daughter, once my only Care,
" As virtuous as thy Conſort and as fair,
" But her (ſad Cauſe of Folly to repent)
" To *Syria* with a numerous Train I ſent,
" And there the Toil the treach'rous Toil was ſpred,
" And there *Conſtantia*, there my Child you bled!
" Around the Maid her brave Attendants fell,
" Nor one was left the fatal Tale to tell;

Hence

" Hence Age through Grief has doubly known
" And Care untimely turn'd my Locks to grey, [Decay,
" This Day ſelected from the circling Year,
" To her I conſecrate the annual Tear,
" And theſe the Chiefs, who in her Quarrel crown'd,
" Have late in Vengeance bath'd the hoſtile Ground.
" But vain is Vengeance where all Hope is fled,
" Nor Hoſts of Victims can revive the Dead,
" My Child! thou'ſt rob'd my Life of all Delight,
" But Death ſhall ſoon our happier Souls unite."
Nor yet he ended,--when with troubled Mein,
Quick at his Knees low bow'd *Britannia*'s Queen
" Not ſo, not ſo, my Father, (loud ſhe cry'd)
" See here thy Child, thy Daughter at thy Side;
" Why look you thus with wild and piercing Eye?
" Your Daughter here, your Daughter you deſcry!
" *Conſtantia*, who through many a Death ſurvives
" And yet to ſee her King and Sire, arrives."
" Yes, yes, you are my Child,--theſe Accents tell,--
He cou'd no more, but on her Neck he fell,

Down

Down her ſoft Cheek his mingling Tears o'erflow,
Joy, Joy too great, aſſum'd the Form of Woe;
The Roof, Surprize and ecchoing Tranſport tore,
And Eyes then wept, that never wept before.

Wing'd as an Arrow from ſome vig'rous Arm,
Through *Rome*'s wide City flew the glad Alarm,
Conſtantia's here,--ſhe lives,-ſhe lives,-they cry'd,
Conſtantia now the *Britiſh* Hero's Bride;
Around the Palace pour'd in wild Delight,
On Thouſands gath'ring Thouſands ſtrait unite;
With ceaſeleſs Clamours and extended Hands,
Conſtantia's Preſence ev'ry Voice demands,
Conſtantia, *Alla*, and their lovely Boy,
They claim, the blooming Pledge of future Joy.
Forth ſtrait they come, conſpicuous to the View,
And greet with graceful Mien, th' applauding Crew,
In Shouts to Heav'n their Exultations fly,
And univerſal Joy torments the Sky.

End of CONSTANTIA, *or the* MAN *of* LAW's TALE.

PROLOGUE

TO

The SQUIRE's TALE.

By Mr. OGLE.

AROund, on All, at the Narration gaz'd
Our *Hoſt*, now highly on his Stirrup rais'd.
" So may my Soul o'er the dire *Fiend* prevail,
" As this, (he cry'd) was a judicious Tale!
" Body of *Jeſus*, rouze, *Sir Pariſh Prieſt*,
" Our Ears with ſome delicious Story feaſt.
" *By Heav'ns*! I held, before this lucky Day,
" That Men of Learning had the leaſt to ſay.
" But ſince the Tales here told, as was agreed,
" *In Faith*, I worſhip all that write or read.
" Then up, *Sir Pariſh Prieſt*, at Sound of Bell,
" Fulfil your Promiſe in the Name of *Hell!*

The

The Parſon anſwer'd. ' Bleſs me, Son, forbear!
' What ails the Man ſo ſinfully to ſwear?
" Ho! *Jenkins*, are you there? (our *Hoſt* rejoin'd)
" My Friends, I ſmell a *Loller* in the Wind.
" Lo, one of *Wickliffe*'s Tribe, his Sermon hear!
" And purify your Heart, and cleanſe your Ear!
" Mild is his Aſpect, but his Sentence ſour,
" He'll pray it, and he'll preach it for an Hour.
' That ſhall he not, (reply'd the ſprightly *Squire*)
' Tho' to expound the Text, without the Hire,
' Not for this Hour, at leaſt, or pray or preach,
' New gloſs the Goſpel, or new Doctrine teach,
' Let Prieſts ſay what they pleaſe, repoſe in Heav'n,
' Truſt All in Him, by whom our All was giv'n.
' God gave us Being, and we live in God;
' Our Maſter he; revere his ſingle Rod:
' For many a Scruple ſprings from many a Clerk,
' Who ſtarts the Doubt, then leaves you in the dark.
' Attend his heavy Toil, to Night from Morn,
' 'Tis ſowing Tares amidſt your cleanly Corn:

And

'And therefore, *Hoſt*, my genuine Story take;
'Nor may it lull Attention, but awake.
'From *Phyſick* here, no ſage Remark I draw,
'Nor puzzle you with one quaint Term of *Law*,
'Nor from *Philoſophy*, high Matter ſeek,
'Nor lard my Tale with *Latin* or with *Greek*.
'Better be wiſely gay, than dully read;
'Small Store of learned Lumber fills my Head.

End of the PROLOGUE.

CAM-

CAMBUSCAN:

OR,

The SQUIRE's TALE,

By Mr. BOYSE.

I.

WHere peopled *Scythia*'s verdant Plain extend,
East in that Sea, in whose unfathom'd Flood,
Long-winding *Volga*'s rapid Streams descend,
On *Oxus*' Bank an ancient City stood;
Then *Sarra*, but to later Ages known,
By rising *Samarcand*'s imperial Name;
There, held a potent Prince his honour'd Throne,
And distant Nations own'd *Cambuscan*'s Fame:
So was the Sultan call'd, whose lengthen'd Sway,
Surrounding Realms revere, and pleas'd his own obey.

II.

II.

When nervous Youth had brac'd his valiant Breaſt,
Oft had the *Ruſſian* felt his dreadful Arm;
The *Perſian* oft his martial Pow'r carreſs'd,
And the wild *Coſſack* ſhrunk at his Alarm;
Strict to the Law th' *Arabian* Prophet taught,
Compaſſionately juſt, and greatly kind,
His Virtue ſcarce was ſhaded with a Fault,
True was his League and conſtant as his Mind:
Great Wealth he had, but well that Wealth enjoy'd,
And Pow'r, Heaven's nobleſt Gift, as nobly he em-
[ploy'd.

III.

To raiſe the Honours of his ſpotleſs State,
(A Joy too ſeldom known in regal Life!)
Fortune had bleſs'd him with an equal Mate,
And given the fair *Eltheta* to his Wife;
The graceful Queen, majeſtick to the View,
Whoſe blooming Youth had bleſs'd the Hero's
[Arms;
Her high Deſcent from great *Arſaces* drew,
And native Dignity adorn'd her Charms;

Two

Two manly Sons their faithful Union bound,
And one unblemiſh'd Maid with ev'ry Virtue [crown'd.

IV.

Algarſife firſt who grac'd his youthful Bed,
Breath'd all the Victor's irreſiſtleſs Flame;
In Camps beneath his Father's Conduct bred,
His Warrior Boſom ſwell'd for endleſs Fame;
Well practis'd he the daring Troops to head,
Bold to attack or ſtrike the ſteady Blow,
Or skill'd with Art the patient March to lead
O'er the long Deſart -- and ſurprize the Foe!
With miſſive Death to guard the wheeling Rear,
As darts the Bolt of *Jove*,--and ſhines to diſappear.

V.

But young *Camballo*'s more reflective Mind
From his great Sire's immediate Temper drew
A ſofter Turn, and ſtudiouſly inclin'd
To judge of Fame in a ſuperior View;
To mend the Genius of the barren Soil,
With prudent Laws the ſocial Ties to bind,

To cheriſh Commerce, and encourage Toil,
With Health the Youth to form, with Truth the Mind,
Arts, whence the publick Welfare takes its Riſe,
And Empire lifts her Head, exalted to the Skies!

VI.

Beneath ſome rooted *Oak*'s projected Shade,
Where twine the *Lawrel* and the *Olive* bloom;
In mildeſt Grace amidſt the ſhelter'd Bed,
The naſcent *Roſe* diſplays its ſoft Perfume:
Such *Canace* with all becoming State,
While Love inthron'd from her enchanting Brow,
Diſpers'd a thouſand Arrows wing'd with Fate,
And ſmil'd to rule th' admiring World below!
Her Form was Harmony,-- all Grace her Air,
As if Perfection, pleas'd, had plac'd its Centre there!

VII.

No Affectation ſully'd Beauty's Pride;
No Vanity beſpoke a wanton Fire;
In all her Action Virtue ſeem'd to guide,
Nor knew her chaſter Breaſt a looſe Deſire:

As

As thro' the lucid Diamonds poliſh'd Face,
Refulgent pierce the treaſur'd Rays of Light;
No Spot the native Luſtre can deface,
Which view'd in every Shape is always bright:
So thro' fair Beauty's Mirror undefil'd,
With ſtill-attractive Charms internal Wiſdom ſmil'd.

VIII.

Now twice ten Years had good *Cambuſcan* reign'd,
By early Wars ſecur'd in honour'd Eaſe,
And Peace at home, and Fame abroad maintain'd,
Mark'd the meridian Glory of his Days.
In thoſe bleſt Times, no labour'd Structures roſe,
Where Grandeur from the publick Ruin ſprings,
The ſplendid Trophies of a People's Woes!
The dearly purchas'd Palaces of Kings!
Far other State his Dignity ſupports,
Beyond the borrow'd Blaze of *Europe*'s gilded Courts.

IX.

Yet Goodneſs ſtill a nobler Show ſupply'd,
Then glittering Guards to awe the ſubject Eye,

The hoſpitable Gates were ever wide,
And ſafe the Wretched to their Prince drew nigh.
As the warm Sun diffuſes golden Day,
So ſmil'd the common Father of the Land.
As ſpreads o'er Earth the all-enlivening Ray,
So felt the Meaneſt his extenſive Hand.
Happy, where thus the Sovereign's Bounty warms,
And Goodneſs lends to Pow'r, a Plenitude of Charms.

X.

From *Aries* now approach'd the Solar Flame,
While wakeful Spring the wint'ry Chain unbinds.
Nature re-kindles to the amorous Beam,
And ſwells luxuriant in the Weſtern Winds;
At *Flora*'s Call a thouſand Beauties riſe,
To dreſs with Sweets the fair enamell'd Ground,
And to the happy Senſe and raviſh'd Eyes,
Waft new Delight and fragrant Pleaſure round.
Each Bird proclaims his Joy, and thro' the Grove
Reſounds the heavenly Song of Harmony and Love!

XI.

The Seaſon this, when (ſo their Prophet taught)
The joyful City kept the holy Feaſt,
Which the wild *Saracen* with ſecret Thought,
Reveres, the *Bairam* of the turban'd *Eaſt*:
On whoſe preceding Eve, with wonted State,
Thro' ev'ry Street the royal Herald's Sound
Proclaims *Cambuſcan*'s Feaſt to Crouds who wait,
With fond acclaiming Joy their Paſſage round:
Peace ſmiles on ev'ry Brow, -- and *Sarra* glad,
Prepares to keep the Day, in all her Pomp array'd.

XII.

Now roſe *Aurora*, robed in pleaſing grey,
Her ſober Mantle edg'd with beamy Gold!
The early Clarion hails the dawning Ray,
The Gates their Iron Portals wide unfold;
High on a Rock, encircled by the Flood,
Where ſilver Mazes oft deceiv'd the Eyes,
The Palace roſe: -- below the City ſtood,
In Circuit fair, and glitter'd to the Skies!

A gentle Riſing fill'd the Space between,
With *Sylvan* Pride adorn'd, and Banks of native [Green,

XIII.

Here, ſo the Sultan's honour'd Mandate bore,
Soon as the Sun diſclos'd his orient Pride;
Thro' the glad Multitude, that throng'd before,
The *Tartar* Lords conven'd on ev'ry Side:
Along the fair Aſcent, in ſhining Train,
Towards the Palace march the noble Band;
Pleas'd to renew their annual Vows again,
To ſee their King, and hail his juſt Command;
And wiſh to the paſt Years by Fate decreed,
In fair continued Courſe — the future may ſucceed.

XIV.

But wiſe *Cambuſcan*, who obſervant knew,
The Pow'r ſupreme from whom all Greatneſs [flows,
On this peculiar Day with Homage due
To Heaven returns the Service Grandeur owes.
No vain Idolatry his Heart deceiv'd,
No flattering Names of *Mighty*, *High* or *Great*;
Grateful

Grateful he offers ev'ry Praiſe received
From a glad People and a happy State:
And chiefly on this Morn his Heart prepares
To pay his humble Thanks in Sacrifice and Pray'rs.

XV.

The Pomp begins, the yielding Croud give Way;
A thouſand Horſe the bright Proceſſion lead;
A choſen Troop, with Bows and Quivers gay,
And bold *Algaſife* glitters at their Head!
Toil mark'd each Limb, and on their hardy Brow,
Sate dreadleſs Valour, mix'd with Awe ſevere;
Yet each ſeem'd pleas'd to grace the Triumph now,
And Peace had ſoften'd half the Victor's Air:
While as they paſs, redoubled Shouts ariſe,
And *Oxus'* hilly Banks the Eccho long ſupplies!

XVI.

The Pontiffs next, Adminiſters of Law,
The hoary *Molla*, and the *Cadi* ſage,
Whoſe venerable Looks impreſs'd an Awe;
For Wiſdom gives new Dignity to Age.

Not the ſour Aſpect, nor the formal Beard,
Nor Saint-like Viſage, nor dejected Air;
But Virtue dreſs'd in Cheerfulneſs appear'd,
And Health and Temperance were pictur'd there.
The joy'd Spectators much their Sight approve,
Whoſe Goodneſs careful gain'd the People's honeſt [Love.

XVII.

All in the midſt, with precious Care inroll'd
In tiſſued Bands bedrop'd with many a Gem;
A Camel proud, bedeck'd with Silk and Gold,
The *Koran* bore, which *Muſſulmen* eſteem!
Around the *Emirs*, whoſe illuſtrious Race
From the great Prophet claims its high Deſcent,
All robed in Green advanced, with gentle Pace
Beſtowing numerous Bleſſings as they went:
A Silence deep enſues,-- and ev'ry Look,
With conſcious Awe ſalutes the heaven deſcended [Book.

XVIII.

Then came the Merchants, an un-number'd Band,
With more familiar Mein, the Sons of Peace!

For

For Commerce now eſtabliſh'd thro' the Land,
Had ſhed its Sweets, and dwelt in ev'ry Face;
Plain was their Garb, and free from gaudy Pride;
For yet no baneful Luxury was known;
But Wealth domeſtick well that Show ſupplied,
And frugal Manners kept their Wealth their own,
Fond of the Arts he rais'd, with gentle Air,
Camballo graceful rode a *Poliſh* Courſer fair.

XIX.

Amidſt the Guar dianSages of the Throne,
Where prudent Counſels prop'd his ſettled State,
Diſtinguiſh'd far, the much-lov'd Monarch ſhone,
Leſs in Magnificence than Virtue great;
Not the rich Crimſon which his Perſon dreſt,
Nor *Indian* Diamond his *Tiara* crown'd;
Not the *Siberian* Fur nor *Perſian* Veſt,
Nor *Syrian* Sabre which his Veſture bound;
Such wide Reſpect produc'd, or fond Acclaim,
As join'd in friendly Bands the King's and Father's
[Name.

XX.

XX.

Here the enfeebled Sight its Force excell'd,
Eager its great Protector to ſurvey;
As fond the Eye of Infancy beheld,
Striving to bear ſome Feature fond away;
That Age the grateful Image might renew,
That Youth might ſtrong imprint *Cambuſcan's*
[Name,
While to the worthy Monarch's ſmiling View,
His People's Bliſs in preſent Proſpect came!
A Pleaſure this which Virtue only finds,
The Wreath which Truth confers, and Fame eter-
[nal binds!

XXI.

The Rites perform'd,-- and every Prayer addreſt,
Which Faith exacts, or Piety can pay;
The Day's fair Interval the People paſt,
In manly Exerciſe, and floral Play:
Algarſife pleas'd the active Youth regards,
Excites the Modeſt, and commends the Brave;
Aſſigns proportioned Merit its Rewards,
And teaches all with Vigour to behave:

In

In mimic Squadrons forms the flying Horſe,
And animates the Rage, and Order of the Courſe.

XXII.

Mean while *Cambuſcan*, with the elder Chiefs,
And young *Camballo* held the cool Debate;
With Care conſult to eaſe the Peoples Griefs,
The Means to ſtrengthen and improve the State.
From neighb'ring Tribes commiſſion'd Envoys preſs,
To court his Friendſhip, or his League renew;
From ſubject Provinces with glad Addreſs,
New Deputies ſalute their Monarch's View;
Who all with condeſcending Grace receives,
And tenderly to each his juſt Inſtructions gives.

XXIII.

Now from the Zenith flam'd the Orb of Day,
When to the Royal Square, ſelected Place,
The warlike Trumpet warns the Gueſts away,
Where the King's Banquet ſpreads its gladſome [Face,
Decent around the pleas'd Attendants ſmile,
Appointed to fulfil their Lord's Commands:

The

The meaneſt they ſalute with courteous Stile,
And not a Stranger unregarded ſtands.
Well from their Prince they learn the gentle Art
With fair Humanity to charm the honeſt Heart.

XXIV.

Near hand, allotted to the princely Train,
A ſpacious Hall receiv'd each nobler Gueſt;
Where to the dazzled Eye a brighter Scene
Diſplay'd the Treaſures of the downy Eaſt;
The Walls diſpread with *Perſia*'s Tap'ſtry, ſhine;
The azure Roof emboſs'd with figur'd Gold;
Of *Casbin*'s richeſt Loom the Carpets twine,
Where many a flow'ry Maze appear'd enroll'd;
And Golden Cenſers, plac'd in proper Room,
With all *Arabia*'s Sweets embalm'd the fragrant [Dome.

XXV.

Silent, around the Slaves attendant wait,
Silent, the watchful Grooms diſpoſe the Feaſt;
Silence and Order mark the *Aſian* State,
The Sign imperial, and ſubmiſſive Breaſt:

With

With *China*'s largeſt Bowls they ſpread the Board,
From ev'ry Element the Spoils they take
The richeſt Dainties *Sarra* can afford,
Fiſh from the Stream, and Fowls that haunt the [Lake.
The Fawn and Stag the ſpecious Foreſts yield,
And Herbs and various Fruits the cultivated Field.

XXVI.

Their Drinks, Sherbets attemper'd to the Taſte,
A thouſand diff'rent Ways with Eaſtern Art;
Where mingling Spices give a racy Zeſt,
And warm, like cordial Wine, the gladden'd Heart.
Mean time, the Commons, with inferior Fare,
Harſh, ſeeming to our nicer Eye, regale;
The Foreſt-Fruits, the curdled Milk of Mare,
Or Grain, the Product of the fertile Vale:
With pureſt Water from the chryſtal Stream,
That feeds with cool Supplies Life's quick conſuming [Flame!

XXVII.

Concludes the Feaſt, with ev'ry Service paid,
When from the publick Square's capacious Bound,
Appear

Appear full fifty Youths in White array'd,
Of comely Form, with rich *Tiaras* crown'd;
Each at his Side, with Care attendant leads
A ſhapely Courſer of *Tartarian* Breed;
Who neighing, ſeems to ſpurn the Ground he treads,
As conſcious of his Servitude decreed:
Marks of that Duty *Sarra* loyal owes,
For all the peaceful Sweets *Cambuſcan*'s Reign beſtows!

XXVIII.

An hundred Virgins, each of faireſt Hue,
In flowing Robes of brighteſt Azure dreſt,
Succeed in ſoft Proceſſion, two by two:
Their beauteous Brows with flow'ry Chaplets [grac'd,
Their lovely Hands a ſhining Treaſure bore,
Which new-eſtabliſh'd Commerce brought from [far;
The *Indian* Gem, the Pearl from *Ormus* Shore,
The *Tyrian* Purple, and the painted Jar;
Or the domeſtick Spoils of *Sarra*'s Field,
The coſtly-ermin'd Furs her ample Foreſts yield.

XXIX.

XXIX.

Theſe Preſents offer'd with reſpectful Care,
Rewarded by the gracious Monarch's Smile,
Amidſt the Dome, a ſecond Train appear
Of foreign Beauties from *Circaſſia*'s Soil:
From native Sweets the Infant-Captives brought
With melting Charms barbaric Hearts to move,
Early in ev'ry Art of Pleaſing taught
To ſing, to ſmile, to languiſh, and to love!
Magnificently gay, the Band advance,
And with harmonious Air begin the wanton Dance!

XXX.

At this -- a Sight too looſe for Wiſdom's Awe,
Whoſe Strictneſs views ſuch Mirth with Eye ſe-
[vere;
Prepare the King and Sages to withdraw,
That Youth its more appropriate Joys may ſhare;
When unforeſeen, as wak'ning Tempeſts riſe,
When troubl'd Ocean heaves with conſcious Fear;
Such, and ſo ſtrange the gath'ring Murmur flies,
Increaſing, till it gains the Royal Ear:

Sudden

Sudden the Muſic ſtops,-- the Dancers ceaſe,
And new-born Wonder ſits confeſs'd in ev'ry Face!

XXXI.

Soon ſhines the Cauſe -- for now the Crowd divides,
When nobly mounted, of diſtinguiſh'd Mien,
Entring, a graceful Stranger boldly rides;
His Helm unbrac'd, and in his Viſage ſeen
Valour, by long Experience made ſedate:--
His Courſer form'd of Braſs, whoſe burniſh'd
Reflected beamy Rays of mimic Heat; [Light
A moving Meteor to the dazzled Sight!
Proud of his Charge, he fiercely glanc'd Diſdain,
And bent his ſhapely Neck beneath the potent Rein!

XXXII.

The Knight's Right Hand the flaming Steed com-
With gentle Awe, and half his Rage repreſs'd; [pell'd,
His Left to View a poliſh'd *Mirror* held,
Of oval Form, in figur'd Gold enchas'd:
His Finger glitter'd with the radiant Pride,
An oriental *Saphyr* wide diſplay'd:

A

A naked Scymitar adorn'd his Side;
With *Torquoiſe*-Hilt, of damask'd Steel the Blade:
His comely Perſonage, and ſtrange Attire,
Cambuſcan ſtudious Eyes, and much the Court admire.

XXXIII.

Then mild advancing, where th' Imperial Throne
Erected, to the diſtant Sight aſcends;
Quick from his wondrous Steed alighting down,
Before the King the gentle Envoy bends!
Then to the throng'd Aſſembly turns his Eyes,
With due Obedience paid to all around;
While general Silence marks a pleas'd Surprize,
And not a Whiſper ſteals along the Ground:
Each Aſpect earneſt on the Iſſue hung,
When thus the Knight began, with no ungraceful Tongue!

XXXIV.

"To Thee, for Virtue as for Arms renown'd,
"WhoſeName to diſtant Lands extends itsRays;
"Whoſe Youth with Fame, whoſe Age with Honours crown'd,
"*Aſia* repeats! -- too narrow for thy Praiſe!

" Our holy *Califf*, whoſe all-righteous Sway,
" Thro' happy Nations ſpreads one common Smile;
" Northward from *Ormus* to the *Euxine Sea*,
" And Weſt from *Indus* to the Banks of *Nile*;
" To thee, *Al-raſchid*, round whoſe renown'd [Head
" May Heav'n its balmy Dew of conſtant Bleſſings [ſhed!

XXXV.

" To Thee, whoſe Piety, his Zeal befriends,
" Whoſe Arms have triumph'd in the Prophet's [Cauſe;
" Theſe Marks of Amity our *Califf* ſends,
" Proofs of his Eſtimation and Applauſe!
" Nor ſlight the Preſents, tho' no Form they wear,
" That ſeems attractive to a Monarch's Eye;
" More ſecret Worth they boaſt, and Virtues rare,
" Than all the Treaſures hid beneath the Sky,
" Which Heav'n-taught Science only can beſtow,
" And myſtic *Taliſmans*, that rule the World be- [low.

XXXVI.

" This Steed, which, mighty Prince, you now behold
" As motionleſs,-- tho' recent from the Reins,
" Form'd

" Form'd, tho' in ſemblance of metallic Mold,
" Yet in himſelf the Springs of Life retains;
" Leſs fleet the feather'd Arrow wings its Way,
" Borne on the Pinions of the breezy Wind,
" Leſs ſwift the canvaſs'd Veſſel skims the Sea,
" Then leave his Steps the leſſ'ning Space behind,
" Brave the ſurrounding Deep, where Oceans flow,
" Or mount the ſteep broad Rock, and loſe the Plain [below!

XXXVII.

" Or, would'ſt thou from the Sphere terreſtrial riſe,
" And learn the boundleſs Regions of the Air?
" Th' aerial Guide ſhall waft thee thro' the Skies
" To the remoteſt Star that glitters there!
" Firm ſhall he bear thy truſted Weight impreſs'd
" Thro' Floods that threaten, or thro' Fires that [glow!
" Or guard thee with impenetrable Breaſt,
" Thro' pointed Javelins o'er the proſtrate Foe!
" For the ſage Author form'd his juſt Deſign
" With Planetary Skill, and Artifice Divine!

XXXVIII.

" Yet rooted ſhall the beauteous Image ſtand,
" A lifeleſs Monument ſhall preſs the Place;
" Void of all Senſe, and deaf to all Command,
" Nor human Force diſturb it from its Baſe;
" Unleſs thy Thought the myſtic Words retain,
" That wake to Motion the inſenſate Maſs;
" That give Direction to the rapid Rein,
" Or ſtop the Springs of animated Braſs".
He paus'd:-- diffuſive as the Murmur ran,
When thus reſuming ſoon-- th' Embaſſador began.

XXXIX.

" This *Mirror* -- ſo our Empreſs fair commands,
" As Pledge of mutual Faith and Friendſhip meant;
" To thy Imperial Conſort's beauteous Hands,
" With grateful Joy, commiſſion'd, I preſent!
" No ſpecious Forms from hence reflected glare,
" No ſhadowy Objects of material kind;
" But mental Truths within diſclos'd appear,
" Fate's future Births Enquiry here ſhall find;

" And

" And in the optic Plane thy Thought ſhall trace
" The various Fortunes wait thy long deſcending [Race.

XL.

" Does War or Faction threat thy promis'd Reign?
" Here ſhalt thou ſee the Perils, and avert;
" Does Plague or Famine hover near thy Plain?
" A timely Caution ſhall ariſe from Art:
" If Falſhood lurks in Flatt'ry's fair Diſguiſe?
" Here Truth's fair Face ſhall point the Syren's [Face!
" If Vice, by Virtue's Ruin, aims to riſe?
" Here ſhall it meet thy Knowledge and Diſgrace:
" And thy obſervant Thought with Eaſe ſhall find
" The variegated Shapes that veil the human Mind.

XLI.

" Here pleas'd, thy gentle Sultaneſs ſhall prove,
" A thouſand Ways the ſportive *Mirror's* Skill;
" Survey the Crafts of Jealouſy and Love,
" The Stratagems that wait a Female Will:
" Thro' ev'ry Maze the ſhifting Heart purſue,
" From Fancy's Start, to Reaſon's cloſe Retreat;

" Obſerve Imagination's ſubtile Clue,
" And mark Ideas, how they riſe and ſet.
" Gain'd but the Key-- which to the Queen I bear,
" Long may her Virtues prove the Guardian Mir-
[ror's Care!

XLII.

So ſaid,-- the Preſent with complacent Air
To an Attendant near, the Envoy gave;
When thus proceeding -- " Further ſpeaks my Care,
" If Thou, all gracious Monarch, grant the Leave!
" For thus our Sov'reign Lady bade me ſay;
" Pleas'd, has ſhe heard a Northern Princeſs
[Fame:
" One Faith we keep, one Prophet we obey;
" Let cloſer Bands unite our Siſter's Name!
" The Roſe of *Tigris*, *Sarra*'s Violet woos,
" And with this myſtic Ring her valu'd Friendſhip
[ſues!

XLIII.

" When from the Earth the *King of Wiſdom* fled,
" Whoſe Science pierc'd thro' Matter's boundleſs
[Field;
" When mourn'd the Eaſt that *Solomon* was dead,
" To whom the Realms of Spirit ſtood reveal'd;

" The potent *Seal* incircling, grac'd his Hand,
" Whence all its Pow'r this *Gem*'s *Impreſſion* [takes,
" Obedient Nature feels its wide Command,
" And at its Call a new Creation breaks.
" Each vegetable Birth its Power reveals,
" The noxious Weed that kills, or Plant that whole- [ſome heals!

XLIV.

" Or, would the Princeſs, while with cheerful Eyes
" She views the Beauties of the op'ning Spring,
" Curious enquire the Language of the Skies,
" Or learn the Notes the feather'd Nations ſing?
" Hence ſhall the vocal Natives of the Groves,
" With well-known Hymns ſalute her early [Walk;
" Hence ſhall their Laws, their Manners, and their [Loves
" Become familiar Subjects of her Talk:
" And while the *Sylvan* World her Thoughts com- [mand,
" Her grateful Mind ſhall own a Princeſs' gen'rous [Hand.

XLV.

He ſaid, and bow'd, and Speech reſum'd once more,
While from his Side he drew the ſhining Blade,

" And laſt this Gift the *Califf*'s Order bore,
" Be to your princely Sons with Honour paid,
" Such is the Temper of the deadly Steel,
" Nor the firm Marble, nor the rooted Oak,
" Not Arms of Adamant its Touch can feel
" Unmov'd, or bear the Fury of its Stroke:
" No Earthly Wight its Conteſt may endure,
" No Skill of Pharmacy its leſt Eraſure cure.

XLVI.

" Yet ſtrange, tho' true, its double Charms prevail,
" With friendly Care to raiſe the vanquiſh'd Foe;
" The fatal Wound the Hilt alone can heal,
" And with immediate Eaſe relieve the Blow;
" From the deep Gaſh, tho' ſtream'd the vital Flood,
" And the wing'd Soul ſate ready to depart;
" Reſtrain'd, at once ſhall ſtop the iſſuing Blood,
" With cordial Life again to warm the Heart!
" Its Sov'reign Touch the Balm of Health reſtore,
" As Mercy's gentle Hand allays the Rage of Pow'r.

XLVII.

XLVII.

" Nor judge, great Prince, the Gifts as ill aſſign'd,
" Directed by our *Califf*'s holy Views;
" Safe is the *Steed*, in thy diſpoſing Mind,
" Whoſe Virtue never can his Pow'r abuſe;
" The *Mirror* well thy Conſort may behold,
" Reflecting all her Innocence ſincere;
" Well may the *Ring* the Daughter's Hand enfold,
" Whoſe Soul is like the ſpotleſs Perſon, fair:
" And aided by the *Sword* thy future Race,
' Shall to the Toils of War, unite the Arts of Peace!

XLVIII.

Submiſs he ceas'd:--when riſing from his Throne
The Monarch mild deſcending ſtretch'd his Hand,
Well pleas'd the grateful Embaſſy to own,
Borne by the Service of ſo wiſe a Hand:
When thus: -- " Kind Stranger! not the Voice of [Fame,
" That ſpreads its Sound diffus'd to either Poll;
" Can raiſe the Luſtre of our *Califf*'s Name,
" Or more endear his Virtues to my Soul:

In

" In whom the Prophet's Viceroy I revere,
" And with continued Joy, his daily Praiſes hear!

XLIX.

" His noble Gifts with Pleaſure I receive,
" Which ſecret Worth, and myſtic Value boaſt
" But more eſteem the Faith he yields to give,
" His Friendſhip ever wiſh'd and honour'd moſt;
" Yet rare thy Preſents and exceeding far,
" The various Gems our eaſtern World brings [forth.
" The Ruby rich, the Diamond's mimick Star,
" Or the unblemiſh'd Pearl of orient Worth,
" Greatly beyond what *Sarra*'s Regions lend,
" Or all the Sylvan Spoils, her ample Foreſts ſend!

L.

" Welcome thy Preſence on this feſtal Day,
" To grace the Honours of our Royal Feaſt,
" When Pleaſure ſits on ev'ry Aſpect gay,
" And in my People's Joy is mine confeſs'd:
" Tho' us'd to better Cheer, which Heav'n beſtows,
" On Lands in happier Climes their Lot aſſign'd;

Where

" Where *Bagdad* riſes, or where *Tygris* flows,
" And Earth untaught is ſtill benignly kind.
" Where the mild Sun declines in Beauty gay,
" Or Beams, with orient Charms to dreſs the Face
[of Day.

LI.

" Yet here till thy Return, the Greeting find,
" Our barren Country yields the Toiler's Uſe;
" Where Nature won, and by Compulſion kind,
" Conſents but coy to aid the ſlow Produce;
" Yet ſuch the Pow'r of the induſtrious Hand
" That Year by Year the Soil more kindly grows,
" Art pours new Beauties o'er the changing Land,
" And by Degrees increaſing Plenty flows,
" Our Foreſts ſhrink, as new Plantations riſe,
" And Culture ſpreads new Fields to the delighted
[Skies.

LII.

" Mean time, aſſociate at our Royal Board,
" Accept the Cares our Gratitude would pay;
" Freely command what *Sarra* can afford,
" To eaſe the Labours of the tedious Way."

He

He ceas'd,--and ſmiling with a gracious Hand
He plac'd the honour'd Stranger by his Side,
While round the nobleſt Chiefs, a ſhining Band,
Approach to welcome him with decent Pride.
His courteous Speech and Manner all admire,
And of the *Syrian* Court, the News they much [enquire.

LIII.

Now plenteous had the gentle Envoy din'd,
Pleas'd with the Treatment which the Monarch [gave,
When from the Zenith now the Sun declin'd,
To cool his Ardors in the *Caſpian* Wave;
When thus the King --"Not here we boaſt the [Means
"To give thy Character the Honours due;
"One eaſy Step to crown thy Toil remains,
"Eaſtward our regal Caſtle ſtands in View,
"There take thy Reſt moſt welcome, and receive
"That Friendſhip and Reſpect our Amity ſhall give.

LIV.

The Monarch roſe, -- th' officious Guard attend;
The Knight with graceful Air his Courſer leads,
On

On Horſeback, with the *Tartar* Prince aſcends,
And to the Palace all the Pomp proceeds:
But moſt his Steed from the admiring Croud
New Wonder drew, and much Enquiry rais'd:
So ſtately was his Port, ſo firm he trod,
That all his Geſture and Proportion prais'd;
And own'd, of foreign and domeſtick Breed,
Eye never yet had ſeen, a more majeſtick Steed.

LV.

Of due Dimenſions was his mediate Size,
While, looſly floating from his Swan-like Creſt,
Bright wav'd his Mane! -- deep piercing were his [Eyes,
Strong were his Limbs, and broad his burniſh'd [Breaſt;
Thick from his Noſtrils breath'd the fiery Steam;
His Tail behind a Length of Splendor flew;
He ſeem'd to move within an Orb of Flame!
So much appear'd the wondrous Object new,
That all intent, purſue th' amazing Sight,
So much does vulgar Minds all Novelty delight!

LVI.

LVI.

Now to the Palace reach'd the Cavalcade,
Where the ſtrange Warrior and the King alight,
And with his uſual Grace, *Cambuſcan* paid,
Repeated Welcome to the *Syrian* Knight;
Strict o'er his Horſe's Neck the paſſive Reins
With artificial Care the Envoy drew,
When lo! all motionleſs the Form remains,
Nor Life diſcover'd, nor Senſation knew:
Fix'd as the Baſis of the rocky Stone,
The dead inactive Braſs return'd a hollow Groan.

LVII.

They bear the *Califf*'s *Sword* before the King,
While to the Hall of State the Knight attends;
Inward the *Mirror* and the myſtick *Ring*
To the Imperial Fair the Sultan ſends;
Kindly requiring to the preſent Feaſt
The beauteous Queen and Princeſs may repair,
With Royal Kindneſs to regale their Gueſt,
And all the Rites of hoſpitable Care:

That

That *Syrian* Dames, from his Report may know,
That Gentleneſs can live amidſt a Land of Snow!

LVIII.

Mean time without, around the famous Horſe
In Crowds the *Usbeck* City ſeems to ſpread;
Much they ſurvey his Make. and much diſcourſe,
As varied Notions fill the vulgar Head:
To Magic ſome the ſtrange Effects impute,
Each to his Fancy forms a diff'rent Cauſe;
Little they reaſon, greatly they diſpute,
And ſtill the loudeſt moſt Attention draws:
As Ignorance to Knowledge pores its *Route*,
Never proceeds direct—but wanders ſtill about!

LIX.

Like as a Swarm of Bees new-gath'ring play,
Iſſuing advent'rous from their native Home;
They ſpread thick murm'ring to the Evening-Ray,
And yet of Habitation dubious roam;
Till the wiſe Husbandman with tuneful Sound,
Beneath the Shade the vagrant Tumult draws;

They

They wandring, ſtop, and view the Dome around,
And fix their Colony with loud Applauſe:
So circling round the Horſe, the *Tartars* croud,
And ſpeak their vaſt Surprize, with Acclamations [loud!

LX.

Return we now, invited to the Hall,
Where fairer Objects our Attendance claim;
Such as are envy'd and admir'd by all,
The graceful Courtier, and the beauteous Dame;
What, tho' no Dances fir'd the Virgin chaſte,
Leſs charming did the mild Engagers ſeem?
What, tho' no Smiles the Courtier's Brow defac'd,
Leſs worthy was his Honour of Eſteem?
To us, indeed, ſuch Manners wild may ſhow,
Where Dreſs creates a *Belle*, and Vanity a *Beau*!

LXI.

Yet as Reſtraint but fans the am'rous Fire,
And Nature's Laws can never be ſuppreſs'd;
So the ſoft Boſom heav'd with young Deſire,
And the fond Eye the tender Heart confeſs'd:

Venus

Venus who then in *Piſces* held her Court,
With friendly Rays beheld th' enamour'd Pair,
Approv'd the Intercourſe, and bleſs'd the Sport,
Beyond my faint Deſcription to declare:
Her Arts the *Roman* Muſe can better tell,
For none ſhould ſing of Love, but thoſe his Influ-
[ence feel.

LXII.

Nor wanted cordial Drinks, or Viands rare
To cheer the Soul and grace the Royal Feaſt;
The gentle Empreſs made that Task her Care,
With choiceſt Fare to treat the grateful Gueſt;
But more than all her matchleſs Converſe charm'd,
Where Wiſdom flow'd from the inſtructed Heart:
Where beam'd kind Gentleneſs, and beaming
[warm'd
With cunning Softneſs the attracted Heart.
Scarce could the raviſh'd Knight his Looks refrain;
Or if ſhe ceas'd, not wiſh the Joy commence again.

LXIII.

Oft to the King unſeen he turn'd his Eyes,
Or in the Sons remark'd their Father's Air,

Oft he beheld the Queen with new Surprize,
But moſt the Princeſs amiably fair!
The more he look'd he ſaw on each impreſt
The Marks of Majeſty that awe the Sight,
An Air of Greatneſs not to be expreſs'd,
Which calls for Homage, while it gives Delight;
Something that more of Dignity confers,
Then all the glittering Toys the ermin'd Monarch wears.

LXIV.

Hard to deſcribe, whence ſprings this Air aſſign'd
In Man and Brute to Excellence of Race;
This outward Mark of a ſuperior Mind,
That ſeems to claim Precedency of Place;
But that Experience ſhows by conſtant Courſe
The nobleſt Animals their like create;
From the ſelected Sire, the generous Horſe,
Derives his Fire, and ſprings from Earth elate!
Hears the glad Trumpet calling from afar,
And rapid pours his Flight amidſt the Rage of War!

LXV.

LXV.

In Man's imperial Race th' Effect's the ſame,
Whatever Cauſe the like Diſtinction breeds;
Whether from mutual Paſſion ſprings the Flame,
Or Minds congenial ſtamp the vital Seeds?
Elſe on extended *Guinea*'s torrid Coaſt,
Where the broad Mouth and Noſe depreſt pre-
[vail,
In thoſe who regal Blood and Lineage boaſt
Why do the gen'ral Features rarely fail?
Why ſhows the *Auſtrian* Lip the *Auſtrian* Line?
And in ſome ſemblant Mark, the Hero loves to
[ſhine!

LXVI.

Now the ſhrill Trumpet warn'd the Flight of Day
The loud *Muëzin* call'd to Ev'ning Pray'r;
When roſe *Cambuſcan*, ſuch his uſual Way,
With all his Court to Worſhip to repair.
That Duty paid,— returning as they paſs,
Along the ſpacious Caſtle's outer Square
The Sultan ſtop'd to view the Steed of Braſs
Incompaſs'd as he ſtood by Numbers there,

And begs the Knight the Secret would diſcloſe,
To which the beauteous Form the Pow'rs of Motion [owes.

LXVII.

To whom the Knight, -- "O King! whoſe juſt [Concern
" Still nouriſhes Devotion's pureſt Flame;
" Nor need I tell,--nor need thy Wiſdom learn,
" The Wonders wrought by the *Almighty Name*.
" By this inſpir'd our holy Prophet wrought,
" Performances exceeding Reaſon's Line;
" High Miracles beyond the Reach of Thought,
" That Infidels might own the Faith Divine,
" Whoſe Call the Earth and Air and Fire obey,
" And the relentleſs Grave, and the unfathom'd Sea!

LXVIII.

" When taught by this, the ſlumb'ring Steed you [wake;
" Firm ſeize the Reins, and with this Pin ſecure;
" Undaunted then the deſtin'd Journey take,
" Thro' ev'ry Element the Courſe is ſure.
" Wouldſt thou thy March continue or be ſtill,
" Touch but the Pin and whiſper but the Word,

The

" The Steed obedient ſhall obſerve thy Will;
" Shall vaniſh at thy Call or ſtand reſtor'd,
" Only the Bridle and the Pin retain,
" Elſe loſt is ev'ry Care, and every Project vain.

LXIX

So ſaid, he to the King's attentive Ear,
With Rev'rence due the *myſtick Word* unfolds;
The Monarch bow'd, and with concealing Care
The Word repeats, and faſt the Bridle holds;
Quick as Life's Current glides along the Veins,
The warm Senſation ſo his Touch perceiv'd;
That thaw'd the Stiffneſs of the brazen Reins,
While the firm Cheſt with new Vibration heav'd:
His Eyes their Fire reſum'd, he rais'd his Head,
And ſtately walk'd along, as pleas'd the Sultan led!

LXX.

Cambuſtan much the gentle Steed careſs'd,
Thus grown familiar to his leading Hand,
The gentle Steed an equal Joy confeſs'd,
To ſerve the generous Monarch's juſt Command:

Much

Much to the num'rous Court aſſembled round
The King his Shape and his Behaviour prais'd,
The Court applauding ſtill return'd the Sound,
And all the Voice of Admiration rais'd:
Till from his Neck the Reins at once he drew,
And vaniſh'd quick the Steed from ev'ry Mortal's [View!

LXXI.

The Sword and Bridle with peculiar Care,
Deputed Nobles by the King's Command,
Safe to the Caſtle's ſtrongeſt Fortreſs bear,
Where all the Monarch's ample Treaſures ſtand;
The Royal Company direct return,
In ſocial Mirth to crown the happy Night;
While round perfum'd a thouſand Tapers burn
And the whole Palace ſeems illumin'd bright,
The Feaſt renews, the Converſe ſprightly grows,
And Chearfulneſs around her balmy Influence [throws.

LXXII.

The worthy King, whoſe long experienc'd Years
Had made him judge of Manners and of Minds,
Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the *Syrian*'s Converſe much appears,
For Virtue ſoon its own Reſemblance finds:
Some ſecret Sympathy of Nature draws,
With its coercive Bands the noble Soul;
As Uniſons accord harmonious Cauſe,
Or the fondle Needle trembles to its Pole!
Tis thus each other know the truly Great,
Without the tedious Forms inferior Friendſhips wait.

LXXIII.

Mean time between the Princes roſe Debate
About the wond'rous Steed the Envoy brought,
Algarſife urging, with his uſual Heat,
The Motion ſome informing Genie wrought:
But cool *Camballo* with a ſceptic Air,
Seem'd to believe the Secret lay within,
That hid remain'd the Springs of Action there,
And mov'd or ceas'd directed by the Pin:
Each brings new Proofs the other to confute,
Till to the Monarch's Ear arriv'd the warm Diſpute.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

Silent a while the King Reflection made
And ſaw the Point not eaſy to decide;
Till kind Remembrance uſher'd to his Aid,
A hoary Sage, whoſe Skill he oft had try'd:
By Birth a *Mede*, but whoſe enquiring Sight
Each Region of the travell'd Eaſt had known,
Wiſdom the Object ſole of his Delight,
And the whole Sphere of Knowledge ſeem'd his own.
Nor read in Books alone, his generous Mind,
Embrac'd with cordial Zeal the Welfare of Mankind.

LXXV.

The various Faiths the peopled World divide
Juſtly impartial had his Thought ſurvey'd;
Reaſon his Standard ſtill, and Truth his Guide,
Nor Intereſt, Prejudice or Paſſion weigh'd:
The *Magi*'s Books he knew, the *Brachmin*'s Lore,
Th' *Egyptian* Figure, the *Jewiſh* Rite,
The *Chriſtian* Law, intended to reſtore,
But now defac'd by Superſtition quite:

With

With the mix'd Plan th' *Arabian* Prophet drew,
O'er *Aſia* now which ſpread, as new Religions do.

LXXVI.

He ſaw, that Nature thro' her wide Command,
O'er all her Works diffus'd one equal Smile;
Nor kept the Bounties of her laviſh Hand,
Confin'd to this or that peculiar Soil:
He knew, that vain was ev'ry Art, deſign'd
To check the Freedom of the humane Will;
That no Reſtraints could ſhackle up the Mind,
Which, ſelf-determin'd, kept her Empire ſtill:
And in th' extended Scene of humane Race,
As varied were the Thoughts, as various was the Face!

LXXVII.

Hence *Caſroes* (ſo the *Median* Sage's Name)
This healing Principle reflective drew;
Others Opinions candid not to blame,
But calm the Paths of Wiſdom to purſue!
Pleas'd with the little Nature's Hand requires,
Wealth, Honour, Pleaſures, Titles he diſdain'd;

Few were his Wants, as mod'rate his Deſires,
The happy Maſter of himſelf he reign'd!
A Joy, to all but Minds ſerene, unknown,
Beyond the Wreaths of Fame, or Splendors of a [Throne,

LXXVIII.

On a fair Bank, by *Oxus* winding Shore,
Inclos'd with Wood, a little Spot he found;
There had he fix'd his Reſt—and greatly poor,
Liv'd on the Fruits of his domeſtic Ground;
Oft had *Cambuſcan*, tir'd with Cares of State,
Sought the Refreſhment of his little Cave;
There philoſophic held the cool Debate,
Nor ſcorn'd the Counſels which his Wiſdom gave.
Whoſe Life reveal'd the Value of his Art,
And to the learned Head was join'd the honeſt Heart.

LXXIX.

For him immediate then the Sultan ſends,
His ſeaſonable Preſence to require;
The worthy Sage the Meſſenger attends,
And comes obedient to the King's Deſire.

His

His Head with Age's Froſt was ſilver'd o'er, "
But on his Cheek ſtill bluſh'd the temp'rate Roſe.
Decent, tho' plain, a flowing Robe he wore, "
And manly Dignity his Perſon ſhows.
For ſuch his Carriage ſeem'd, and gentle Port,
As if his Life had been no Stranger to a Court.

LXXX.

The *Syrian* Knight (for ſo requeſts the King)
The Nature of the *Califf*'s Gifts explains;
The Horſe, the Sword, the Mirror, and the Ring,
And points the Qualities which each retains:
When thus *Cambuſcan* — "*Coſroes!* O declare,
"For beſt the Truth thy Wiſdom can impart,
"Whence boaſt theſe Preſents ſuch Perfection rare?
"From Nature ſprings the Secret, or from Art?
"Or animates the Steed ſome Pow'r divine?
"Or do mechanic Wheels direct the bold Deſign?

LXXXI.

To whom the Sage — "Not, mighty Prince, we
"Of ſuch myſterious Gifts to judge the Cauſe: [boaſt
"Leaſt

" Leaſt knows the Wiſeſt, when he knows the [moſt,
" Of Matter's Properties, and Motion's Laws:
" Form'd of two Principles diſtinguiſh'd quite,
" We find diſtinctly our corporeal Frame:
" Spirit, we know, with Matter can unite;
" Yet ſearch in vain from whence the Union [came,
" Or, where ſubſiſts inviſible the Tye,
" Which faſtens Life it ſelf, and loſing which we [die.

LXXXII.

" What gives Commiſſion to the Wintry War,
" When the loud Storm enchafes the troubled [Deep,
" Or ſooths to Peace the Elemental Jar,
" And huſhes the relenting Winds to ſleep!
" What cauſes the pale Moon's alternate Light,
" By turns repleniſh, and by turns decay,
" Fair as ſhe glides along the Face of Night!
" And ſhapes thro' mazy Clouds her pathleſs [Way.
" Or from what Origin thoſe Clouds aſcend,
" In vain our feeble Senſe would ſtrive to compre- [hend.

LXXXIII.

LXXXIII.

" All the *Phenomena* of boundleſs Air,
" Which ſtrike with Wonder the unſettl'd Eye,
" The Meteors flaſh, the Comets ruddy Glare,
" Or the loud Thunder burſting from the Sky!
" The dark Eclipſe, when o'er the Orb of Day
" Its gloomy Stain prevailing Darkneſs ſheds;
" The ſhining Bow, whoſe variegated Ray
" O'er the pale Cloud its painted Circlet ſpreads!
" In vain our low Reſearches would purſue,
" With weak defective Schemes of Science ſtill un-[true.

LXXXIV.

" Yet Science ſees direct -- far as it may,
" While Ignorance in endleſs Darkneſs pores;
" Safe treads the Sage, where Reaſon points the Way
" One ſov'reign *Cauſe* diſcovers and adores!
" The further that in Nature's Road he treads,
" He ſees eternal Wiſdom guide the Whole!
" The more the glitt'ring Page of Heav'n he reads,
" He feels *that* Wiſdom penetrate the Soul!

" And

" And what the Vulgar view with careleſs Eyes,
" Silent contemplates He with Pleaſure and Sur-[prize,

LXXXV.

" Matter he ſees, as ſtruggling to a Birth,
" Thro' all its elemental Forms aſpire;
" Earth riſe from Water, Air refine from Earth,
" To mount, and purify it ſelf in Fire!
" Fire! the firſt Principle, whoſe vital Ray,
" Heat, Motion, Senſe, and Life productive
" That circling from th' exhauſtleſs Source of Day,[breeds,
" Wakens from Death the dull material Seeds;
" That to it ſelf attractive, all invites,
" Till in the Parent-Cauſe Creation fond unites!

LXXXVI.

" This, ſure, we know,—that Matter has its Laws,
" By which impell'd, the ſtubborn Maſs obeys;
" That ſecret Sympathy ſome Objects draws,
" And by its Pow'r can ſeeming Wonders raiſe!
" Hence, would it ſeem, that this myſterious *Horſe*,
" Tho' form'd to Semblance of material Mold,

" Is

" Is taught to move by ſympathetic Force,
" And to perform at Will the Actions told;
" As the *Greek Pegaſus* was fam'd to bear,
" The bold *Bellerophon* through Tracts of boundleſs [Air.

LXXXVII.

" Hence taught, the Sage to Matter can infuſe
" New Qualities to ſuit his juſt Deſign;
" Can ſhape the Maſs ſubſervient to his Views,
" And give the Workmanſhip a Stamp divine!
" Thus, in the honour'd *Califf*'s precious *Sword*
" Oppoſing Virtues may their Influence ſhed;
" The Hilt, may ſalutary Balm afford,
" To cloſe the Wound the Edge relentleſs made.
" As fam'd *Achilles*' Spear confeſs'd the Art,
" To cure th' inflicted Stroke, and eaſe the deadly [Smart.

LXXXVIII.

" Thus may the *Mirror*, and the myſtic *Ring*
" The gentle Knight's Deſcription well main- [tain;
" From planetary Skill their Virtues ſpring,
" Which only deep-read Science can attain:

" A

" As o'er affrighted *Misraim*'s fertile Land,
" The Wand of *Moses* Desolation spread,
" Or grac'd the Signet *Salomon*'s right Hand,
" Whose Pow'r could wake the Slumbers of the [Dead:
" Could from the Eye remove the Veil of Night,
" And place the Realms of Spirit to th' astonish'd [Sight!

LXXXIX.

" But while, *Cambuscan!* thou exalt thy Head,
" In peaceful Sway and foreign Friendships blest,
" Remember Heav'n, that all thy Greatness made,
" Nor let weak Pride pollute thy Royal Breast!
" All that we see in Life's deceitful Dream,
" Like us, the vain Spectators, glides away!
" Only great *Oromanes* shines the same,
" Unwasted Fountain of eternal Day!
" Who in himself all Nature comprehends,
" From whom all Beings spring, in whom all Being [ends.

XC.

He ceas'd -- attentive as the *Syrian* Knight
Heard the sweet Accents flowing from his Tongue,

And felt within ſuch exquiſite Delight,
He had not thought a Summer's Audience long.
The Monarch Thanks return'd-- th' applauding
[Croud
With common Voice repeat the Sage's Praiſe:
Night now began to ſpread her heavy Shroud,
And call the weary'd Limbs to needful Eaſe:
Cambuſcan roſe --- the Court retire to Reſt,
And on her midnight Throne deep Silence reigns
[confeſt.

XCI.

O gentle Sleep! thou Cheriſher of Health!
From Temp'rance bred, the Nurſe of ſweet Re-
[poſe!
In whom the Peaſant finds a Mine of Wealth!
To whom his Happineſs the Lover owes!
Thou Balm of Life! whoſe kindly Warmth reſtores
Light to the Eyes, and Vigour to the Heart!
Whoſe Preſence Luxury in vain implores,
Kind while thou fly'ſt to take Afflictions part!
Say, by what magic Fetters doſt thou bind
In thy delightful Thrall the agitated Mind?

XCII.

Inthron'd on mazy *Oxus'* verdant Shore,
We left thee, Goddeſs, of thy Sway poſſeſt;
Cambuſcan's Palace felt thy peaceful Pow'r,
And thro' the Gloom thy Influence ſate confeſt:
Fair Dreams, thy beauteous Handmaids, all around
To ev'ry Gueſt thy buſy Mandates ſpred;
Each, by their Miniſtry, contented found,
The ſep'rate Joy to which their Wiſhes led:
Soft am'rous Vows th' unbluſhing Virgin hears,
And to the Warriors View the glitt'ring Camp appears!

XCIII.

Thee, placid Queen of Night -- the *Sultan* own'd,
In ſhining Viſions of recover'd Arms!
Thou, to the *Syrian* lengthen'd Wiſdom's Sound,
And *Coſroës* ſtill his fix'd Attention charms:
But moſt the *Tartar* Princeſs claim'd thy Care,
To ſooth the ſoft Impatience of her Breaſt;
Her curious Thoughts the *Ring's* Impreſſion bear,
And new Ideas interrupt her Reſt,

In

In Fancy ſhe ſurveys the *Sylvan* Scenes,
And hears the feather'd Choirs -- and learns their [tuneful Strains!

XCIV.

Calm were her uſual Slumbers wont to be :
Calm as the Current of her temp'rate Blood ;
Calm as her blameleſs Soul, from Paſſions free,
That knew no Evil, and that wiſh'd all Good !
Yet ſomething--whence ſhe knew not, what or how,
Invaſive now infected her Repoſe :
She felt ſoft Quiet vaniſh from her Brow,
And e're the Morning dawn'd, the Princeſs roſe!
She calls her Virgin-Train, who near remain'd,
And inſtant at her Call her Virgin-Train attend,

XCV.

Great was their Fright, and obvious their Concern,
What Cauſe ſo ſoon their gentle Miſtreſs rais'd ;
Till from her ſelf inform'd, her Health they learn,
And by her Smiles they find their Fears appeas'd ;
But chief *Olinda*-- more a Friend than Slave,
Whom from *Podolia* lawleſs Rapine drew ;

Whom to his Daughter great *Cambuſcan* gave,
By Purchaſe his, e're yet her ſelf ſhe knew:
Whoſe modeſt Worth had gain'd the Princeſs' Ear,
By long experienc'd Tyes of faithful Duty dear!

XCVI.

Now roſy Morn, the Harbinger of Day,
Beam'd o'er the azure Hills with Radiance bright!
Awak'ning Nature felt the gladſome Ray,
And ſmil'd as conſcious of approaching Light;
When the fair Princeſs iſſu'd to the Plain,
Attended by a Band of lovely Maids;
Such *Cynthia*, when amidſt her ſportive Train,
Her early Horn reſounds in *Latmos'* Shades:
Cloth'd in a lightſome Dreſs, thus bends her Way,
To grace the flow'ry Field, this charming *Queen* of [*May!*

XCVII.

By *Oxus'* Side, engirt with Wood-brow'd Hills,
A ſpacious Compaſs lay the *Sylvan* Scene!
Thro' which clear-ſtreaming ran two mazy Rills,
That fed the Soil with ever-living Green;

But

But as the Ground unequal check'd the View,
So by degrees its varied Beauties roſe;
Dales, Rocks or Groves form Landſkips ever new,
And blending Proſpects new Delights diſcloſe.
Nature unrival'd here maintain'd her Part,
Too ſweetly wild for *Chance*, too greatly bold for *Art*.

XCVIII.

From teeming Earth the Vapour now exhal'd;
That courts the Preſence of the orient Sun;
But thro' the Miſt the ruddy Orb prevail'd,
All warm with Joy, his daily Courſe to run!
By the clear River ſtretch'd the winding Vale,
Where, as it often chanc'd, the Princeſs ſtray'd,
A thouſand Sweets embalm'd the ſpicy Gale,
A thouſand Flow'rs luxuriant bleſs'd the Mead,
Which, as her Virgins ſport, they pull with Care
The Morning-Wreath to form, for *Canace* to [wear.]

XCIX.

There ſafe the Elk, the Antilope, and Deer
The harmleſs Shelter of the Place enjoy'd;

Crop'd the ſweet Herb, or drank the Fountain clear;
No Fears alarm'd them; for no Foes annoy'd:
With vocal Muſick now the Foreſts ring,
As artleſs Love inſpires the melting Voice:
And Nature kindling at the Smile of Spring,
Teaches her happy Children to rejoice!
Fair *Canace* the ſoft Senſation feels,
And with the whiſp'ring Breeze the virtuous Pleaſure
[ſteals!

C.

As from the native Blind's unconſcious Eyes,
The skilful Leech th' aſſailing Speck withdraws;
Sudden he ſees a World unknown ariſe,
Where Objects multiply'd Confuſion cauſe:
With ſuch Emotion did the Princeſs' Ear
Receive the Language of the Woods around:
So, by her myſtic *Ring* inſtructed, hear,
That not devoid of Reaſon was the Sound:
While with reſponſive Note the Nations ſing,
" Hail to the Roſe of *May!* Hail, lovely Queen of
[Spring!

CI.

CI.

But ſtop we here, e're too *prolix* we be;
The wanton Error, *That* of many a Muſe,
Who lur'd by ev'ry Flow'r, and ev'ry Tree,
Too far the too inviting Path purſues.
Leſt the tir'd Ear reject the tedious Strain,
Judgment ſhould ſtill the Flights of Fancy guide.
The Point propos'd ſhould Reaſon firm retain,
That Fame may o'er the laſting Work preſide.
Mind we, th' unerring Law of ſacred Song,
That the delightful Tale ſhould never be too long.

CII.

But as ſhe nearer to the Foreſt drew,
A diff'rent Object claim'd her gentle Care
Of Foliage ſtript, alone, an *Alder* grew,
Whoſe naked Branches trembled to the Air!
From hence ſhrill Cries a beauteous *Falcon* ſent,
Which well her Bitterneſs of Woe expreſs'd;
While ever as ſhe ſhriek'd, with cruel Bent,
She fix'd her Beak impreſſive in her Breaſt;

So that the Tide of Life, faſt flowing round,
Diſtain'd the wither'd Bark, and trinkled to the
[Ground.

CIII.

Fair ſeem'd her Form, and fair her Aſpect ſeem'd,
As ever Eye beheld, or *Falcon* wore;
Like the pure Snow, her Silver Plumage beam'd,
With mingling ruddy Streaks empurpled o'er!
Such was her Look, that not the Tyger fell,
Who lawleſs roams the Deſart wild for Prey;
Nor Eagle fierce, that from her airy Cell,
Wings with deſtructive Aim her rapid Way;
But would have ſoften'd been to hear her Lay,
And by Compaſſion taught, have felt their Rage de-
[cay.

CIV.

Mov'd with the plaintive Anguiſh of her Tongue,
Her mournful Geſture, and her bleeding Wound;
The neighb'ring Birds from ev'ry Thicket throng,
And ſilent hear, and droop the Wing around!
Soon the mild Princeſs, thro' her tender Soul,
Felt the prevailing Force of Pity glide;

The

The Voice of Sorrow all her Senſes ſtole,
As from the Tree, diſtinct the *Falcon* cry'd;
" O gentle Stranger, ſome Compaſſion ſhow!
" O heavenly Beauty deign to eaſe my matchleſs [Woe.

CV.

Quick to the Tree, the gentle Princeſs flew
Where ſtill her ſad Laments the Mourner made;
And in the *Falcon*'s Tongue (which then ſhe knew)
With Accent mild, and tender Look ſhe ſaid:
" Much ſuffering Bird! the faireſt of thy Kind!
" Whate'er Misfortunes thus thy Anguiſh move;
" In me, the Daughter of a Monarch, find
" A Friend, with me a ſure Protection prove:
" My Hands thy Wounds ſhall heal with precious [Balm,
" And on my Breaſt reclin'd, thy Woes ſhall know [a Calm.

CVI.

" But why thy Breaſt this boundleſs Sorrow fills,
" Which ſighing Eccho wafts the Woods around?
" Why from thy Breaſt the crimſon Drop diſtills
" That mars the Verdure of the blaſted Ground?

" If

" If Death has robb'd thee of thy ſlaughter'd Mate,
" For whom deſpairing, comfortleſs you ſhow;
" Or if ſome envious Shaft with cruel Fate
" Has piere'd thy Boſom with a deadly Blow?
" Oh quick the Cauſe reveal! -- for never yet,
" On one of feather'd Kind, ſo was my Fancy ſet!

CVII.

Scarce had ſhe ſpoke,--when from the lifeleſs Spray,
Where perch'd the *Falcon* did her Griefs repeat
The fluttering Mourner fell, and panting lay,
As pleas'd to die beneath the Princeſs' Feet!
Soon from the Earth the Bird her Pity rais'd,
And in her Lap with fond Indulgence plac'd;
Then call'd her Maids, who on the Action gaz'd,
And bound its Wounds and tenderly embrac'd;
Till by her Hands reviv'd the *Falcon* woke,
Grateful beheld the Fair and faintly thus beſpoke.

CVIII.

" O bleſt Compaſſion! Heav'n deſcended Child!
" Whoſe Power is beſt perceiv'd in nobleſt Hearts

" Who dreſs'd in Smiles of Patience, meekly mild,
" To Want, Relief; to Mis'ry, Eaſe imparts;
" By thee inſpir'd,-- this heavenly Maid has felt
" A Pain for Sorrows to herſelf unknown;
" With kind Humility has Comfort dealt,
" To me, amidſt the Wilds of Nature thrown!
" For which may Guardian Heav'n her Virtues ſhield
" From all the poiſon'd Arts, that drove me to the [Field.

CIX.

" Yet tho' Reflection ſhould convey a Dart
" With every Word to wing my fleeting Life;
" The Story of my Woe ſhall I impart
" At thy Command, and bear the cruel Strife:
" So may the ſad Relation be believ'd,
" Which from Experience deeply wounded flows,
" That thy ſuperior Virtue undeceiv'd,
" May ſcorn the Semblance faithleſs Manhood [ſhows,
" Their Vows, their Sighs, and all the flatt'ring Arts
" By which (they skill'd) betray deluded Virgin- [Hearts!

CX.

CX.

She ceas'd,--as if oppreſs'd,--nor longer ſpoke
With ſad Remembrance inward ſo ſhe pain'd;
She droop'd her Head,-- a Flood of Anguiſh broke
And ſcarce her Form the Signs of Life retain'd;
While *Canace* beſtow'd a tender Tear,
To ſee the wretched *Falcon*'s halpleſs State;
With Kiſſes oft ſhe ſought her Griefs to cheer,
Careſs'd her gently, and bewail'd her Fate!
Till Kindneſs does reviving Warmth infuſe,
And thus the penſive Bird the Song of Woe renews.

CXI.

" Where rapid *Nieſter* rolls his noiſy Wave,
" High in a Marble Cliff that brow'd the Flood;
" My peaceful Birth indulgent Nature gave,
" Securely there our Neſt paternal ſtood:
" I liv'd my honour'd Parents dear delight,
" Cheriſh'd with Sylvan Fruits and choiceſt [Grain;
" My Youth they form'd, and taught my early [Flight.
" To skim the Wood, or circle o'er the Plain!

" Of

" Of all the numerous Natives of the Sky,
" None, (ſo bethought me) ſeem'd ſo bleſt and glad
[as I.

CXII.

" By Fortune favour'd, and by Nature free,
" Artleſs I flew where Health and Pleaſure call'd;
" No Fears alarm'd, no Dangers threatned me;
" No Sickneſs griev'd, nor Servitude inthrall'd:
" Form'd to Sincerity my honeſt Thought
" No Guile imagin'd, as no Guile it knew;
" Too fond Belief! -- which future Miſchiefs
[wrought,
" And into Woe my heedleſs Footſteps drew:
" For ſuch the Fate of the moſt candid Mind,
" True Honour needs no Vows, -- no Vows can
[Falſhood bind.

CXIII.

" Not diſtant far, by the deſcending Stream,
" A *Tercelet* held his wood-enſhelter'd Neſt;
" Much of his Manners ſpoke propitious Fame,
" As ev'ry Virtue had adorn'd his Breaſt;
" Thus prepoſſeſs'd, -- delighted I beheld
" So full of gentle Courteſy he ſeem'd,

" All

" All former Obſervation ſtood excell'd,
" I ſaw,--admir'd;--reflected,-- and eſteem'd:
" Nor judg'd ſuch Carriage with deſtructive Show,
" Conceal'd a darkſome Well of Treaſon hid below!

CXIV.

" As where gay Flowers in wild Profuſion riſe,
" Th' emboſom'd Serpent glides his wiley Head!
" Replete with Malice till the Time he ſpies,
" When unperceiv'd he may his Venom ſhed:
" So with fair Semblance of unfelt Delight,
" This ſly Deceiver conſtant Duty paid;
" Early or late he faithful watch'd my Flight,
" With Zeal conducted, and with Care obey'd:
" So us'd each Artifice my Heart to move
" This Monſter of his Kind! -- this Hypocrite in [Love.

CXV.

" Yet, while his Tenderneſs my Mind ſurveys,
" I wonder not that fooliſh, I believ'd!
" Yet, when I think on his engaging Ways,
" I ſcarce know how to call my ſelf deceiv'd!

" So

" So upright to Appearance his Intent,
" So far his Conduct ſeem'd from ſelfiſh View,
" Diſhonour might have wonder'd what it meant,
" And bluſh'd to wear a Livery ſo true!
" So fair to Light the ſtately Tomb remains,
" That in its loathſome Vault the Spoils of Death
[contains.

CXVI.

" Thus for ſucceſſive Years with humble Air,
" This Wretch diſloyal holy Love profan'd;
" With conſtant Vows ſtill won my open Ear,
" 'Till by Degrees my yielding Mind he gain'd:
" To hear his plaintive Tale beneath the Shade,
" Pleas'd have I oft conſum'd the Summer's Day!
" Still the fond Tale a freſh Impreſſion made
" And more enamour'd ſtill I went away!
" With female Pride prevailing Pity ſtrove,
" And what was Friendſhip firſt, now ſoften'd into
[Love.

CXVII.

" Yet in my Weakneſs, -- Virtue ſtill I ey'd!
" Nor loſt its native Purity my Heart!

" Love

" Love, tho' he fetter'd,--led me not aſide,
" And Virgin Chaſtity maintain'd its Part;
" Tho' Choice inthron'd him in my conſcious [Breaſt.
" The beſt,--the deareſt of his noble Kind,
" Lord of my Wiſhes, tho' he reign'd confeſt
" His Empire ſtill was bounded by the Mind
" In me, unblemiſh'd Honour lent the Fire
" The mutual Flame to feed, -- I thought ſhould [ne'er expire.

CXVIII.

" Thus won by ſeeming Love! and vain Deſert,
" My Mind deluded graſp'd its fatal Chain!
" I fear'd no Treachery, void of ev'ry Art,
" Lov'd as I was, I joy'd to love again!
So, in the Sight of Heav'n and conſcious Day,
" We mutual, one unalter'd Paſſion ſwore;
" Ne'er did till then the Traitor ſeem ſo gay,
" Ne'er felt my harmleſs Breaſt ſuch Joy before:
" As when I yielded all my Heart as free,
" As ſimple I believ'd, he his had given to me!

CXIX.

CXIX.

" But well this Truth prophetic Love has read,
" *A Thief and faithful Lover think not one.*"
" For ſoon as he beheld his Conqueſt made,
" Increaſing Show of Tranſport he put on;
" Before my Feet in ſeeming Trance he lay,
" And tho' deep Silence all his Speech ſuppreſs'd,
" With falſe Delight I ſaw his Pinions play,
" And his fond Eye his Happineſs confeſs'd.
" Convinc'd, to Demonſtration, I remain'd,
" No mortal Lover yet ſo well the Paſſion feign'd!

CXX.

" Not *Paris*, who th' *Idalian* Nymph betray'd;
" Not *Troilus*, who inconſtant *Creſſide* won;
" Not *Jaſon*, who deceiv'd the *Colchian* Maid;
" Nor *Lamech*, firſt who choſe two Wives for one;
" Not *Adam*, who for one his *Eden* loſt,
" With all the Sons of his degen'rate Race,
" Could equal Art with this Impoſtor boaſt,
" Or act the Counterfeit with ſuch a Grace.

" Such was his ſpecious Shadowing of Diſguiſe,
" No Woman had eſcap'd, had ſhe been e'er ſo wiſe!

CXXI.

" No wonder then, if I, all unadvis'd,
" Whom no Experience caution'd to beware;
" If unſuſpecting, I was ſoon ſurpriz'd,
" And heedleſs caught in the deluſive Snare:
" If ſimple, charm'd with Love's attractive Show,
" Its new-born Pleaſure, and deceitful Sweet,
" My Heart unguarded, open'd to the Foe,
" And cheriſh'd in itſelf the fatal Heat;
" Our Thoughts, our Pains, our Wiſhes ſeem'd the ſame;
" New Love appear'd to raiſe a more enduring Flame!

CXXII.

" Thus twice the Sun renew'd the ſmiling Year,
" And ſaw our mutual ſoft Endearments crown'd.
" His Sight, my Bliſs! his Safety, all my Fear!
" In him was ev'ry other Object drown'd!
" Had I a Sigh he ſeem'd not to divide?
" Had he a Pain, I made not all my own?

" I

" I held him more than all the World beſide;
" I liv'd -- I wiſh'd to live for him alone!
" Dearer he was to me in ev'ry Part,
" Than was the vital Stream that circled round my [Heart!

CXXIII.

" Near the lone Ruins of a waſted Tow'r,
" Encompaſs'd by the River's murm'ring Fall,
" Oft were we wont to paſs the Ev'ning-Hour,
" Safe in the Shelter of the Ivy'd Wall;
" There was our Meeting fix'd, that hapleſs Day,
" Happy, whoſe Light theſe Eyes had never ſeen,
" Slow paſs'd to me the tedious Time away,
" Till the deep Shadows darken'd half the Green;
" Impatient, I obſerv'd the Night's Increaſe,
" And e're th' appointed Time I wing'd me to the [Place.

CXXIV.

" There I the Traytor found, -- who penſive ſtood,
" Perch'd on a Turret, as to mark my Flight;
" Sad ſeem'd his Aſpect! -- drooping was his [Mood;
" Ne'er had I ſeen him in ſuch heavy Plight.

" Trembling, I ask'd the Cause; but ask'd in vain,
" Foreboding; Silence gave me nought to know.
" I press him to reply, Whence rose his Pain?
" His Eyes responsive only told his Woe:
" 'Till with a forc'd Constraint, and piercing Look;
" His feeble Voice he rais'd; and thus prepar'd, he [spoke.

CXXV.

" Hard is the Lot, the bolder Male attends,
" Where Dangers threat, by Honor forc'd to go,
" While Nature kind your softer Sex defends,
" And Guardian-Beauty shields from ev'ry Blow.
" Love, weeping Love, can tell with what Regret
" Reluctant I obey the Tyrant-Guide;
" How much I wail the Rigour of my Fate,
" That tears me, gentle Charmer! from thy Side.
" Judge thou the Strife, and with impartial Aim,
" Save (if thou canst) my Peace, or vindicate my [Fame.

CXXVI.

He ceas'd—unusual Horror seiz'd my Breast,
A mix'd Confusion, never felt before!

Scarce my dim Eye the riſing Grief repreſs'd,
I lov'd his Safety,—but his Honor more!
When Death prevailing rends the tortur'd Heart,
And hovers o'er the Sight his dreadful Shade,
Such at that Inſtant was my ſpeechleſs Smart!
Such was the Anguiſh on my Senſes prey'd!
Firm, as I could, I yet witheld a Cry,
And thoughtful thus I made, determin'd, my Reply.

CXXVII.

" Tho' Love can ill this ſudden Shock ſuſtain,
" And never Love as yet exceeded mine!
" Yet ſince thy Glory calls thee from the Plain,
" Content I ſacrifice my Will to thine!
" Complaints are vain!—where Fame invites thee, [go,
" Yet for my Sake, amidſt the Warrior-Strife,
" Heav'n from thy Head avert each pointed Blow,
" And with thy Safety bring me more than Life!
" For this, each Morning-Oriſon ſhall riſe;
" For this, each Ev'ning-Hymn invoke the [Guardian Skies.

CXXVIII.

" Yet tho' harſh Fate for Years prolong'd thy Stay,
" Love conſtant ſhall ſupply my faithful Flame.
" Then, as if loſt but the preceding Day,
" Still wilt thou find my Tenderneſs the ſame.
" When the pure Soul a chaſte Affection binds,
" Nor Time, nor Death the Union can impair!
" Heav'n pleas'd ſurveys this Sympathy of Minds,
" That, like itſelf, enkindles brightly fair!
" Fly then to Conqueſt -- Fortune be thy Guide!
" Of this aſſur'd, no Pow'r our Faith ſhall e'er di-
[vide.

CXXIX.

" What need I, Princeſs fair! deſcribe his Shows,
" His varied Action, and his fond Diſcourſe?
" His Vows repeated, and diſſembled Woes?
" *Who cou'd ſpeak better? Who cou'd practiſe worſe?*
" Such was his Agony -- ſo deep his Cries;
" Such all the Shapes of his experienc'd Art!
" That more inſtructed Thought, and wiſer Eyes,
" Perhaps had ſeen, he over-did his Part.

" But Innocence my weaker Judgment bound,
" *None Treaſon well can know, but who has Treaſon* [*found!*

CXXX.

" Doleful we parted on the Gloom of Night,
" With weary Wing my wind-rock'd Neſt I [ſought;
" He vig'rous, ſouthward urg'd his rapid Flight,
" With new Direction, and inconſtant Thought!
" Well had he learn'd this Maxim of Mankind,
" That no Reſtraint the Appetite cou'd cool;
" That the ſoft Paſſion languiſhes confin'd;
" But when directed, free by Beauty's Rule,
" (As Fancy leads) exerts a nobler Aim;
" With Novelty ſupplies the ſtill reviving Flame!

CXXXI.

" Like as the fooliſh Bird, who wild in-cag'd,
" (Tho' kind you tend him, and tho' fond you [feed)
" Yet bears his Loſs of Liberty enrag'd,
" Nor all your gentle Uſage deigns to heed:
" Were you to line his Priſon-Bars with Silk,
" Diſdainful ſhall he tear the Trophies up;

" Were you to mix his Meſs of honey'd Milk,
" He loaths the Dainties, and he ſpurns the Cup.
" But give him Leave,-- the Libertine ſhall rove,
" To feed on vileſt Worms, a Vagrant in the Grove.

CXXXII.

" Twas ſo this *Tercelet*, whom I once eſteem'd,
" A Miracle of Conſtancy and Truth,
" (Such as in Virtue counterfeit he ſeem'd
" With all the Splendor of unblemiſh'd Youth!)
" Fir'd by no Proſpect of ſuperior Fame,
" But led by vain Deſire of wanton Change,
" He ſhun'd my Sight, forgot his ancient Flame,
" In ſearch of lawleſs Pleaſure, wild to range.
" A wretched *Kyte* had ſtruck his fickle Eye;
" A *Kyte!* the coarſeſt Bird that wings the midway [Sky!

CXXXIII.

" So ſpoke Report -- nor I the Tale believ'd,
" So much my Heart was wedded to its Foe;
" Till by my own Enquiry undeceiv'd,
" My Error late I found, I found it ſo!

" Then

" Then firſt I knew, not *Love* the Paſſion bred,
" Whoſe Semblance fair this Hypocrite expreſs'd;
" But *Phantaſy* the idle Vapour fed,
" A Meteor vain of Gallantry at beſt.
" A real Tenderneſs can ne'er decline;
" Of genuine Virtue ſtill is Conſtancy the Sign.

CXXXIV.

" Thus now this *Kyte* my Wanderer enjoys,
" Forgetful of his violated Vows;
" More artful ſhe, perhaps, her Pow'r employs,
" To ſeize the kind Occaſions Love allows!
" To try if real be the Wooer's Pain,
" By Wiles that ev'n his Artifice may blind;
" To practiſe Coyneſs, and to act Diſdain,
" Arts never ſuited to my plainer Mind;
" Whoſe Innocence alone ſupports its Grief,
" Till Heav'n ſhall end my Woe, or timely ſend [Relief!

CXXXV.

More had ſhe ſpoke, — but as ſhe thus bewail'd,
Prevailing Anguiſh gain'd the dubious Sway;

Short

Short grew her Breath! her little Spirits fail'd,
And in the Princeſs' Lap ſhe dy'd away!
Mov'd, at the Sight, the Nymphs with buſy Care,
To give the Mourner and their Miſtreſs Eaſe;
Who ſafe conveys her from the dang'rous Air,
And homeward with a gentle Pace conveys;
Where in her own Apartment ſafely plac'd,
The wounded Bird ſhe leaves, its juſt Repoſe to taſte!

CXXXVI.

Next *Canace* humane her Thought beſtows,
From ev'ry potent Herb and Root to chuſe
Ingredients bland, the Med'cine to compoſe,
And in the Sores the Balm of Health infuſe;
Recov'ring ſoon, beneath her watchful Eye
The gentle Bird a fairer Face aſſumes,
Her Wounds reclоſe -- ſhe ſhows external Joy,
And with new Life her varied Plumage blooms.
Grateful, her fair Deliv'rer is confeſs'd,
She ſips her roſy Lip, and flutters round her Breaſt!

CXXXVII.

CXXXVII.

Yet but imperfect Pleaſure ſhe reveal'd,
A Cloud of Anguiſh darken'd ſtill her Mien;
In vain with fond Endeavour ſhe conceal'd
The melancholy Grief that reign'd within;
With friendly Zeal the gen'rous Princeſs ſtrove
To cure this deeper Wound which Sorrow made,
To cool the Fever of conſuming Love,
Which ſlowly-waſting on her Quiet prey'd:
And ſought, by Reaſon calm, and mild Diſcourſe,
To mitigate the deep Diſeaſe's rooted Force.

CXXXVIII.

Cloſe by her fair Alcove's projected Side,
She for the fav'rite Bird, a *Mew* prepares;
Adorn'd with all the Elegance of Pride;
Of Gold the Wires, of Gold the fretted Bars:
In Gold the cryſtal Ewer ſhe encas'd,
A figur'd Vaſe of Gold contain'd her Food;
Her Cage around with golden Foliage grac'd,
Of Gold the poliſh'd Perch on which ſhe ſtood;

Hung

Hung o'er a Canopy of Velvet-Blue,
The Emblem ſweet of Hope, and Perſeverance true!

CXXXIX.

Full in a rich Entablature oppos'd,
Depicted was there many a faithleſs Fowl;
There in their proper Colours ſtood diſclos'd
The fickle *Tercelet*, and the treach'rous *Owl*.
The Caitiff *Cuckoo* flew attended there,
Whom all the feather'd Tribes avoid with Scorn;
Nor fail'd the tell-tale *Daw*, or prattling *Stare*
The Enigmatick Portrait to adorn:
High in the Centre was the *Jeay* eſpy'd,
Who ap'd their ſev'ral Airs--well practis'd to deride.

CXLI.

Here ſhall we leave, how by *Camballo*'s Care,
Return'd the *Falcon* with repentant Wing;
Nor yet the *Mirror*'s wond'rous Pow'rs declare;
Nor the *Sword*'s Virtues, to reſtore the King;
Nor of *Cambuſcan*'s Conqueſts yet diſcourſe;
Whence gain'd *Algarſife*, *Theodora* to wife,

Great

Great Peril 'ſcaping, thro' the *Brazen Horſe*:
Theſe we defer—to tell *Camballo*'s Strife,
And how three mighty Brethren he ſurpaſs'd;
Then where we firſt began, ſhall we conclude at laſt.

* *Cætera multa deſiderantur.*

CXLI.

WIDE ſpred the Fame of *Canace*, the Fair,
Held of her Sex moſt learned in her [Days;
Her *Ring* diſcloſing ev'ry Science rare,
And ev'ry ſecret Work of Nature's Ways.
The Voice of Beaſts and Birds, or wild, or tame,
The Pow'r of Herbs and Plants ſhe fully knew;
But What augmented more her other Fame,
(Tho' dark Events lay open to her View,)
She modeſt was, in all her Deeds and Words;
And wondrous chaſte of Life, tho' lov'd of Knights [and Lords.

† *What follows is continued by Mr.* Ogle, *from the Fourth Book of* Spenſer's *Fairy Queen.*

CXLII.

CXLII.

Her many a Lord, and many a Knight Her lov'd;
But She to None of Them her Liking lent;
Nor ever was with fond Affection mov'd;
No ſingle Look once out of Order went;
So well her Thoughts all lawleſs Paſſions rul'd,
For Love of Honor, or for Dread of Blame;
And, or extinguiſh'd quite, or duly cool'd,
She ſmother'd, or She never felt the Flame;
Her Eyes like wary Centinels well ſtay'd,
Still watch'd on ev'ry Side, of ſecret Foes afraid.

CXLIII.

So much the rather, as She ſhun'd to love,
So much the rather, She to love was ſought;
What fail'd not much unquiet Strife to move,
And 'midſt her Suitors frequent Conteſts wrought.
That oft for Her in bloody Arms They fight,
Encountring Danger for the thankleſs Maid;
Whom, when *Camballo* (wiſe and valiant Knight!)
Perceiv'd, He nor could temper, nor diſſuade;

From

From Ills, He could not help, He cast to raise,
And turn both Him and Her to Honor and to [Praise.

CXLIV.

One Day, that met this Troop of warlike Merit,
Amongst Them All He made this fix'd Decree;
(All Men of Passion, and all Men of Spirit!
The harder so to make Them well agree!)
" Be this the Hour, to fix my Sister's Choice,
" Be, of the Croud, that to her Bed pretend,
" Three chose, the Stoutest call'd by common Voice,
" The Stoutest of the Three the Strife shall end.
" Then Each with Me shall combat for her Sake;
" The Victor of Them All our *Canace* shall take.

CXLV.

Bold was the Challenge, as Himself was bold,
With Courage full of Daring and Emprize,
Approv'd in Acts too num'rous to be told,
Whence lasting Honors to his Mem'ry rise.
But what secur'd Him of the wish'd Event,
Whence, tho' full brave, some Confidence might [spring.

Was

Was the ſure Aid his Royal Siſter lent,
The Influence of her rarely-gifted *Ring*;
That 'mongſt the many Virtues (which We read)
Had Pow'r to ſtaunch all Wounds that mortaly did [bleed.

CXLVI.

So was that *Ring*'s great Virtue known to All;
That Dread of This, and his redoubted Might,
Did all that youthly Rout ſo much appall,
That None of Them durſt undertake the Fight.
More wiſe They ween'd to make of Love a Play,
Than Life to hazard for fair Lady's Grace;
While yet uncertain (ſhould They gain the Day)
They in her Sight might hope the foremoſt Place.
Tho' for her Sake, They all that Peril ran,
Who could be ſure of Her, or think Himſelf the [Man?

CXLVII.

Among the Lovers, were three Brethren bold ---
Three bolder Brethren never yet were born!
Born of one Mother, in one happy Mold!
Born at one Burthen, in one happy Morn!

Thrice

Thrice happy Morn, thrice happy Mother, hail!
That brought Three ſuch, Three ſuch not to be [found;
Three Males united as one ſingle Male!

The Firſt was *Priamondo*, far renown'd;
Nor leſs the Second, *Diamondo* nam'd;
With *Triamondo* laſt, yet, equally as fam'd.

CXLVIII.

Stout Priamondo, not ſo *ſtrong* to ſtrike!
Strong Diamondo, not ſo *ſtout* a Knight!
But *Priamondo*, *ſtout* and *ſtrong* alike!

On *Horſe* wou'd *Triamondo* chuſe to fight;
Felt *Priamondo* beſt on *Foot* his Force,
And ſo delighted to maintain his Ground;
To *Diamondo*, equal *Foot* or *Horſe*.

With *Curtax* deep wou'd *Diamondo* wound;
And *Triamondo* handled *Spear* and *Shield*;
But *Curtax*, *Shield* and *Spear* would *Priamondo* wield.

CXLIX.

Theſe Brothers lov'd Each Other wond'rous well,
And by ſuch firm Affection were ally'd,

As if one Soul might in three Boſoms dwell,
And in three equal Parts her Pow'rs divide.
Like three fair Arms, uniting as They ſpread,
That, from one Root, their vital Sap derive,
They crown their Mother with one tow'ring Head;
And, like the Root that bids Them bloom and [thrive,
Such was their Mother! At one happy Birth,
Three Sons producing, Three, the nobleſt Sons of [Earth!

CL.

Of ſecret Things their Mother had the Skill,
Knew Nature's Laws; A *Nymph* of Fairy Kind!
Hence by her Art cou'd model to her Will,
And to her Uſe each living Creature bind.
There-to, She was right Fair to Mortal Eye,
Lift She, to Mortal Eye, to ſhow how Fair!
Tempting to touch, and charming to deſcry;
Her Stature, goodly; delicate, her Air.
But She, as wont the Nymphs of Sylvan Race,
In Foreſts ſpent her Days, and lov'd in Wilds to [chaſe.

CLI.

CLI.

There, on a Day, a noble youthly Knight,
Adventures ſeeking in the ſavage Wood,
By great good Fortune got of Her the Sight,
As She ſat careleſs by a Cryſtal Flood.
And on Her, unawares, He lay'd his Hand,
Combing her Locks, her Head to new-array;
In vain She ſtrove his Ardor to withſtand,
The too intemp'rate Youth wou'd have his Way.
Oppreſſing Her by Force (as Bards have told)
Three lovely Sons He got, that prov'd three Cham-
[pions bold!

CLII.

Theſe, long She foſter'd in the lonely Wood,
Till to the Ripeneſs of Man's State They grew,
Then ſhowing forth Signs of their Father's Blood;
Arms firſt They love, Adventures then purſue.
Adventures, where They knew to ſeek, They ſought,
Which, for their Safety, pain'd their Mother's
[Mind;
For tho' their Pow'rs They prov'd, and Wonders
[wrought,
Yet He that ſeeks Miſchance, Miſchance may find.

For He that Danger rather courts than ſhuns,
The greater is his Heart, the greater Hazard runs.

CLIII.

For This, She wiſh'd, the Number of their Days
To know, and to inlarge with long Extent;
By wond'rous Skill, thro' ſubterraneous Ways,
Down to the Manſion of the *Fates* ſhe went.
Down to the Bottom of the deep Abyſs,
Far under Ground She went to Realms of Night,
Where *Demogorgon* ſits in gloomy Bliſs,
Far from the Eye of Heav'n, or View of Light,
And rules the hideous *Chaos*; There ſhe hies,
The *Fates* to try; where hid, their dreadful Dwelling lies.

CLIV.

She found Them there, all ſeated in a Round,
Full in the Midſt the direful Diſtaff ſtands;
Where drawing out the Lines of Life, She found
The *Fatal Siſters*, with unweary'd Hands.
Sad *Clotho* held the Rock; the vital Twine
With Pain by grieſly *Lacheſis* was ſpun;

But

But ah! how ſoon was all their fair Deſign,
How ſoon! by cruel *Atropos* undone!
With Steel accurſt She cut the Twiſt in twain:
Moſt wretched Man, whoſe Days depend on Threads [ſo vain!

CLV.

Ent'ring She bow'd, and bending ſate to Reſt;
Their Labor, then, ſurvey'd with anxious Grace:
And comprehending ſoon, the *Fates* addreſs'd,
Trembling in Heart, and looking pale in Face.
To tell her Cauſe of Coming She began---
To Whom, fierce *Atropos*; "Intruder bold!
"That ſearch the Secrets of the Life of Man!
"That dare, from Mortal what is hid, behold!
"Well worthy Thou to be of *Jove* accurſt,
"And ſhorten'd of their Twine, thy Sons in Secret [nurſt."

CLVI.

Where-at She, ſore afraid, the *Fates* beſought
Pardon to grant, and Rigor to abate,
And pray'd to ſee how ſtrong their Twine was [wrought,
And know the utmoſt Meaſure of their Date.

This *Clotho* grants; ſo *Deſtiny* ordain'd!
And gives Her to inſpect the fated Line;
The Mother to the Soul was inly pain'd,
Nor cou'd forbear to murmur and repine;
Spun were their Threads, She thought, as Spiders [ſpin,
As thin as Webs They ſeem'd, and yet as ſhort as [thin.

CLVII.

For longer Meaſure, and for ſtronger Thread,
She ſtrait began the *Siſters* to ingage;
That ſo their Lives might be prolong'd (She ſaid)
But *Lacheſis* as ſoon began to rage.
" Deem You alike, fond Dame (the *Goddeſs* cry'd,)
" Alike! of *Human* Things, and Things *Divine?*
" That alter'd they may be? (oh mortal Pride!)
" And chang'd, at Pleaſure, for thoſe Sons of [Thine?
" Not ſo; for, what the *Deſtinies* decree,
" Not all the *Gods* can force, not *Jove* himſelf can [free.

CLVIII.

' If then the Term of Life, (the *Nymph* rejoin'd)
' Can neither be, or leſſen'd, or enlarg'd;

' Grant

Grant This (this Grant will eaſe a Mother's Mind)
' With Either's Soul be Either's Body charg'd.
' So when You doom the Eldeſt of the Three,
' (Whoſe Life, I ſee, is ſhorteſt) paſs his Soul;
' Transfer it to the Second in Degree:
' And let the Third and Laſt poſſeſs the Whole.
' Thus Each, in Other, ſhall his Life prolong,
' In Life of Other, Each ſhall thus be trebly ſtrong.

CLIX.

The careful *Siſters* granted her Requeſt;
With full-contented Mind the *Nymph* departs.
Return'd, She meets Her Sons in Armor dreſt,
Not to her Wiſh, nor knew They of her Arts.
From Them conceal'd She what the *Fates* deſign'd,
And how their Lives were lengthen'd, fear'd to tell;
Yet oft as fair Occaſion She cou'd find,
She bids Son truſt to Son, whate'er befell.
" Let Brother on his Brother's Safety wait,
" Give Love for Love, my Boys, whate'er your [future Fate.

CLX.

And firm in Friendſhip liv'd They all their Days,
Raſh Diſcord never ent'ring either Mind!
Which added much to all their other Praiſe,
And now in Love of *Canace* They join'd.
As by Affection natural 'twas agreed,
Each cou'd not but approve what Each approv'd;
And tho' ſame Likings ſure Averſions breed;
Here lov'd They more, becauſe alike They lov'd.
Hence the dire Conflict grew including All,
(As oft) great Matter growing from Beginning ſmall.

CLXI.

O! why do wretched Men ſo much deſire
To draw their Days to the remoteſt Date?
Why do not rather wiſh Them to expire,
Knowing the certain Mis'ry of their State?
Toſt like the Veſſel on the ſurging Wave,
What Ills await Them, threat'ning to devour!
One Danger, from the Cradle to the Grave,
Attends; for Death attends Them ev'ry Hour!

And

And Who moſt happy ſeems, and leaſt complains,
Is yet, as near his End, as He that ſuffers Pains!

CLXII.

For This, I hold the *Nymph* more fond, than ſage,
Her Children's Life thus ſeeking to prolong;
To lengthen Mis'ry, She wou'd lengthen Age:
But She that means the Right, can act no Wrong.
And happy, Each in Other, breath'd the Three,
Of Other Each, approving, and approv'd;
So courteous Each with Other to agree,
It made Them more eſteem'd of Friends They [lov'd;
And Each with Other ſo for Valor priz'd,
It made Them dreaded more of Foes whom They [deſpis'd.

CLXIII.

Theſe Three that hardy Challenge took in Hand,
With great *Camballo* to maintain the Fight;
The Day was ſet, that All might underſtand,
And Pledges pawn'd, as claim'd the Martial Rite.
That Day (and ne'er was Day, of equal Dread,
Known, or to Thoſe, before, or Thoſe, ſince Born!)

Soon

Soon as the Face of Heav'n was ſtreak'd with Red,
Theſe warlike Champions hail the riſing Morn;
And, glorious as the Sun, in Armor ſhine,
Aſſembling in the Field, the Challenge to define.

CLXIV.

The Field with Liſts was all around inclos'd,
To bar the Preſs of People far away;
And at one Side ſix Judges were diſpos'd,
To view and deem the Deeds of Arms that Day.
Freſh in Array, and beautiful to Sight,
Fair *Canace* adorn'd a ſtately Stage,
Rais'd oppoſite; the Fortune of the Fight
Engag'd to ſee: Her Beauty was the Gage!
There to be ſeen, as his moſt worthy Wife
Who purchas'd her full fair, at Venture of his Life.

CLXV.

Camballo enter'd firſt the Liſted Space,
With ſtately Step, that ſcorn'd the Pow'r of Chance;
As ſure of Conqueſt, fearleſs was his Face:
As fearleſs, tho' leſs ſure, the Three advance.

Their

Their 'Scutcheons, richly gilt; and, ſtreaming high,
Their Banners, that on Day reflected Day.
Thrice marching round the Liſt, They charm'd the [Eye,
Such was their manly Port, and brave Array.
Thrice bow'd They lowly to the noble Maid,
The while the Trumpets ſhrill, and loud the Clarions [play'd.

CLXVI.

Advanc'd the Challenger with hardy Stride,
All arm'd to Point, his Challenge to maintain;
Him *Priamondo* met with equal Pride,
To Point all arm'd, to take it in Diſdain.
A Trumpet blew. Strait cloſing, Hand to Hand,
With furious Force and fell Intent They met,
Careleſs of Peril in the furious Stand;
Life they expos'd, as Life had been a Debt:
A Debt ſo deeply 'gag'd, that They eſteem'd
Twas Folly now to ſpare, what cou'd not be redeem'd.

CLXVII.

Well practis'd *Priamondo* was in Fight,
And great his Skill in Uſe of Spear and Shield.

Nor

Nor leſs approv'd *Camballo*'s Martial Might,
Nor leſs his Skill or Shield or Spear to wield.
'Twas hard to gueſs which was the hardier Foe;
For equal ev'ry Blow on either Side,
And either Side ſent Death at ev'ry Blow.
It ſeem'd, that Chance, not Merit, muſt decide.
Each eyes the Other with ſuch watchful Care,
That ſhort falls ev'ry Blow, or vainly glides in Air.

CLXVIII.

Yet One of Many with unlucky Glance,
(Of Many One by *Priamonde* ſent)
Took Place, directed leſs by Aim than Chance,
And paſſing thro' *Camballo*'s Shoulder went.
It went; his Shield it forc'd him to forego.
Much was He griev'd, and rag'd with high Diſdain;
Yet from the Wound no Blood He felt to flow,
But wond'rous Pain; his Courage roſe with Pain;
That urg'd his haughty Soul to Vengance fell.
Smart daunts not mighty Hearts, but makes them more to ſwell.

CLXIX.

CLXIX.

With That, He bade his poignant Jav'lin fly
Full at his Foe, and cloſe beneath his Shield;
It enter'd thro' his Mail, and pierc'd his Thigh,
The Blood guſh'd forth and ſtain'd the graſſy [Field.
With double Force it flew, and reach'd the Knight;
Much was the Knight incumber'd with the [Wound;
To ſtand unable, or erect his Hight,
For, here and there, He reel'd along the Ground.
So as the ſapleſs Oak, thro' Age declin'd,
Submits to ev'ry Blaſt, and bends to ev'ry Wind.

CLXX.

Soon as *Camballo* his Condition ſpy'd,
Full at the Spear He caught with all his Might,
Meaning to draw, or thruſt from Side to Side,
And ſo at one Attempt conclude the Fight.
Deep was the Point infix'd, and hard He drew;
Hard tho' He drew, ſtill back the Foe reclin'd:
Freed from the Weapon on the Knight He flew,
(Broke was the Staff, the Head was left behind.)

At which the Hero, more inrag'd than tam'd,
Re-charging him afreſh, thus ſcornfully exclaim'd.

CLXXI.

"Here, take the Meed of thy Miſchallenge, take!
"Thus long have I permitted Thee to live;
"Not for thine own, but for thy Siſter's Sake:
"A Debt I might forbear, but not forgive."
The wicked Weapon heard the wrathful Vow,
And paſs'd to ſecond his vindictive Ire,
His Beaver piere'd, and ſhiver'd on his Brow,
That with the Force it fore'd him to retire,
Then broke; Half, quiv'ring in his Head-piece ſtood,
And Half the Owner held, and curs'd the treach'rous [Wood.

CLXXII.

The ſudden Shock with Rage *Camballo* bore;
And, where it ſtuck, from forth his Beaver drew
The ſhorten'd Spear, that pain'd Him as he tore:
He drew, and back at *Priamondo* threw.
The faithleſs Weapon found a ready Way
To pierce his Gorget where his Neck was bare;

Where

Where lies the Pipe, commiſſion'd to convey,
Freſh to the lab'ring Breaſt, the vital Air.
Thence Streams of purple Blood, the Laſt of Life,
Diſmiſs his weary Soul, and end the doubtful Strife.

CLXXIII.

His weary Soul, from earthly Bondage freed,
Nor fled to Heav'n, where Some ſay Spirits fly;
Nor vaniſh'd into Air, as Others plead;
Nor chang'd into a Star adorn'd the Sky;
Nor ſought direct (a ſolitary Shade!)
In *Pluto*'s gloomy Realm, Eternal Reſt:
But thro' Traduction, (as his Mother pray'd)
Paſs'd inſtantaneous to his Brother's Breaſt.
His Brother, next in Order, that ſurviv'd,
In Whom He liv'd anew, of former Life depriv'd.

CLXXIV.

He, when He ſpy'd Him breathleſs on the Field,
Was touch'd with Sorrow for his Brother's Fate;
Way to his Sorrow yet He ſcorn'd to yield,
But rather rous'd to Vengeance and to Hate.

Nor

Nor this the Time to wail, or to condole;
But fierce He ruſhes to renew the Fight;
Thro' ſecret Impulſe of his gen'rous Soul,
As in Reverſion of his Brother's Right.
And, challenging the Virgin as his Due;
The Foe was ſoon addreſt: the Trumpets freſhly [blew.

CLXXV.

With That, together Both ſo fiercely clos'd,
As Limb from Limb, Each, Other meant to rend;
Foot fix'd to Foot, and Hand to Hand oppos'd,
Nor Plate nor Mail the hideous Show'r defend.
So deadlily They dealt their Axes round,
Riv'd was the Plate, and ſhatter'd was the Mail;
Pain felt the One, the Other dy'd the Ground,
Fire flaſh'd from ev'ry Blow, Trail after Trail;
As faſt as Light'ning after Thunder flies:
That fill'd the crouded Liſt with Terror and Sur- [prize.

CLXXVI.

As when two Tigers prick'd with hungry Rage,
Chance in the Chace to meet the wiſh'd-for Spoil,

On

On which they hope their Famine to aſſwage,
And gain a feaſtful Harveſt of their Toil.
To make the juſt Partition Both refuſe,
And Both conteſt the Fortune of the Day;
Hence ſtrife-full Broil, and cruel Fight inſues,
While Neither lets the Other touch the Prey;
And Either ſcorns with Other to partake:
So, ſtrove theſe warlike Knights, for this fair Lady's
[Sake.

CLXXVII.

Full many a Blow, and mortally deſign'd,
Was interchang'd; yet ſhort fell ev'ry Blow!
For They were all ſo warded or declin'd,
That Life in Each ſtood fearleſs of her Foe.
Till *Diamondo*, ſcorning long Delay
Of wav'ring Fortune, fix'd to neither Side;
Reſolv'd to end the Doubt at one Eſſay,
And at one Aim the Battle to decide;
"Take This for *Priamondo!*" (fierce He ſpoke)
And heav'd his murd'rous Axe, and gave a venge-
[ful Stroke.

CLXXVIII.

The vengeful Stroke had finiſh'd ſoon the Strife,
Sped, as was meant, ſo deadly was it meant!
Soon had it from the Body forc'd the Life;
But This *Camballo*'s better Fates prevent.
He mark'd him as He rais'd and lowr'd his Hand,
And judg'd the Blow would fall with mighty [Sway,
So ſwerv'd, as it arriv'd, and ſlip'd his Stand,
And ſudden to it's fell Intent gave way.
Miſſing the Mark, to which his Eye was bound,
Nigh fell'd Him his right Arm, his right Foot plow'd [the Ground.

CLXXIX.

As when a Vulture, greedy of his Prey,
By Hunger preſt, and Hunger Heart can lend!
Strikes at a Heron, in th' etherial Way,
On whom his feather'd Forces downward bend:
Nought ſeems that can defend Her from her Foe:
Herſelf the Fowl defends with wary Care;
She ſpies Him, as He ſtoops, eludes the Blow,
And makes Him ſpend his Wings in empty Air.

That

That with his proper Weight, deceiv'd in Sight,
Nigh to the Ground He falls, and ſcarce recovers
[Flight.

CLXXX.

The fair Occaſion, when *Camballo* ſpy'd,
Full at the Knight He drove with all his Pow'r;
E'er, for Aſſault or Ward He could provide:
And ſmote Him with his Axe, in luckleſs Hour
With dire Dexterity the Stroke was ſped,
Then as recover'd, from his Stoop, the Foe;
And from his Shoulders off it bore his Head:
The headleſs Trunk ſtood heedleſs of the Blow!
A while it ſtood, as ſtill reſpiring Breath,
Till feeling Life to fail, it fell; and ſlept in Death.

CLXXXI.

Amaz'd were the Spectators of the Field,
So long erect an headleſs Trunk to ſee;
With Arms, that void of Life, vain Weapons wield,
Unknowing of the Fates divine Decree!
For tho' one Soul from out his Body fled,
'Twas that which from his Brother He deriv'd;

And, but that thus dismember'd of the Head,
His Body would have liv'd, and had reviv'd.
Where, as his Soul no fitting Mansion found,
The Lifeless Corse is left to fall and spread the [Ground.

CLXXXII.

Yet left not either Soul the doubtful Strife,
Nor yet retir'd to Seat of Heav'nly Rest;
But fill'd with double Grief and double Life,
Their last lov'd Mansion, *Triamondo*'s Breast!
Inly He felt a more than Mortal Smart,
And strait He leap'd into the empty Field,
With more than common Strength, or common (Heart;
And menac'd with his Spear, and shook his Shield.
Thus brave *Camballo* bravely He address'd,
Who fac'd the Foe, and soon the Fight was closely [prest.

CLXXXIII.

Well might You wonder how that noble Knight,
Was able to sustain Wound after Wound;
And what impower'd him to renew the Fight,
And how on Foot He cou'd maintain his Ground.

Yet had You then Him forth advancing ſeen,
As fierce He ſeem'd, as freſh the Field to take,
As had He been new-form'd, new-ſoul'd had been;
The Semblance of the new-recuited Snake,
That, ſoon as Spring diſpels the Wintry Cold,
Throws off his ragged Skin, and ſhines in Scales of [Gold.

CLXXXIV.

'Twas all thro' Virtue of the Ring He wore,
Whence wounded not a ſingle Drop He bled;
His weakened Strength her working Pow'rs reſtore,
The Stone, therein incas'd, ſuch Influence ſhed.
Elſe how cou'd One of equal Might with Moſt,
With Moſt of equal Might, yet ſtill but One!
Before ſo Many no leſs Mighty boaſt;
And go the Road to Honor He had gone?
Or think to match Three ſuch in equal Fight?
Three ſuch! as match'd an Hoſt! an Hoſt in either [Knight!

CLXXXV.

Yet This in *Triamonda* rais'd no Dread,
Nor yet of glorious Vict'ry He deſpair'd;

But closing Him, well arm'd from Foot to Head,
What Man cou'd do, He did; cou'd dare, He dar'd.
Thick pour'd his Blows, as Hail-stones from the Sky,
On ev'ry Side He struck, hew'd, urg'd, and press'd;
All doubt or cou'd He stand, or wou'd He fly:
So fast the Foe his Iron Axe address'd,
That Sparks of Fire from ev'ry Stroke insue;
As fast, as from the Rock, the Sprays of Briny Dew.

CLXXXVI.

Much was *Cambello* daunted with the Blows,
So thick They fell, so forcibly were sent,
Constrain'd (to such a Hight his Fury rose)
Back to retire, and some-what to relent.
Safer, He judg'd, to ward than to withstand,
The Rage of Passion, rising in its Course;
He waits his shorter Breath, and lighter Hand,
Then fresh assails Him with superior Force:
That caus'd the Foe, abated of his Heat,
Fast, forward as He press'd, now backward to [retreat.

CLXXXVII.

CLXXXVII.

As when the Tide, from *Ocean* newly ſped,
Flows up the *Shenan* with contrary Courſe;
O'er-rules the Stream, in his own Watry Bed,
And makes Him ſeem to have an adverſe Sourſe:
Back towards his Spring the Current re-aſcends,
And Borders, lately paſs'd, again ſurveys;
But when again the Flood its Vigor ſpends,
Then back his borrow'd Waters He repays.
And ſends the Sea his own with double Gain,
And Tribute, with his own, as Sov'reign of the Main.

CLXXXVIII.

Various as theſe, the Tides of Battle flow,
With diverſe Fortune doubtful to be deem'd;
Now This the Better had, now had his Foe;
Then One half vanquiſh'd, then the Other ſeem'd.
Yet Victor Each Himſelf in Valor thought,
And held his Rival dying, if not dead;
Felt, many a Pang, *Camballo*, while They fought,
And Blood abundant *Triamondo* ſhed.

That with the Waſting of his Vital Flood,
Faintly He breath'd at Heart, on Foot He feebly [ſtood.

CLXXXIX.

Camballo ſtronger ſtill, and greater grew,
Nor felt his Blood to waſte, nor Pow'rs to fail;
From Wound new made He gather'd Vigor new,
So much the Virtues of the *Ring* prevail.
Like as the Tree, by Blights or Years,
Tho', wither'd, to the Trunk it droops the Head,
Reviv'd, when prun'd with careful Skill, appears,
And joys again to flouriſh and to ſpread;
New Fruit producing, from the Huſband's Toil,
As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the Soil.

CXC.

Tho' like Advantage in his Strength He roſe,
And ſmote with wond'rous Force the adverſe Knight;
There, where the Seams the jointed Hauberk cloſe,
That down He fell, as dead to Human Sight.
Dead yet He was not! Yet He ſuffer'd Death!
Death ſure as ſuffers Ought of Mortal State!

Felt

Felt the laſt Struggle of expiring Breath!
And pay'd a Life at the Demand of Fate!
For ſtrait One Soul from out his Body flies,
From human Mis'ry freed, and ſeeks its native Skies.

CXCI.

Meantime, while All that ſpy'd Him deem'd Him Dead,
For viſible to All He ſeem'd to die!
As riſing from a Dream He rear'd his Head,
And ſudden on his Foe began to fly.
At ſo uncouth a Sight the Foe amaz'd,
Loſt Pow'r of Speech, not Utt'rance cou'd afford;
Unmov'd, as had He ſeen a Ghoſt, He gaz'd,
And ſlow of Action held his idle Sword.
Till ſtruck full oft by his impetuous Arm,
To ſtrike He was conſtrain'd, to ſave Himſelf from [Harm.

CXCII.

Yet from that Hour more warily He fought,
In Fear the *Stygian* Gods to un-befriend;
As One, to ſave Himſelf, that rather ſought,
Than faſt perſue'd Another to offend;

Nor

Nor Life, nor Labor chose to spend in vain,
When *Triamondo* found his cooler Play,
He judg'd it follow'd, or from Fear or Pain,
Ill able to support the closing Fray;
Or that the Knight cou'd ill on Foot indure,
A Sign that must to Him the Vict'ry soon assure.

CXCIII.

Joy'd to the Soul, on high He rais'd his Hand,
In Mind to give the last decisive Blow;
The Foe to end, or fear'd He to withstand,
Or dar'd He to withstand, to end the Foe,
Camballo mark'd Him, not inclin'd to yield,
And nothing slow to save his threaten'd Head;
His Sword He drew, and pass'd his op'ning Shield,
Slight was the Op'ning, Slight the Pass was sped:
He struck Him, as to strike his Hand He rear'd;
Beneath his Arm it went, and at his Back appear'd.

CXCIV.

Yet *Triamondo*'s Axe pursued its Way,
And fell full heavy on *Camballo*'s Crest.

The

The Hero in a ſwooning Abſence lay;
An hideous Wound was on his Head impreſt.
His Shield with Brims of Braſs was plated round,
And there it found a Reſt, nor farther ſped;
Elſe had the Knight been cleav'd, and ſpred the [Ground,
Down to the Breaſt diſſever'd from the Head.
So Both at once fell breathleſs on the Field,
And Each to Other ſeem'd the Victʼry there to yield.

CXCV.

The Croud conclude The Fight was at an End!
The Marſhals of the Field, and Judges roſe!
Wail'd *Canace* her Brother as her Friend!
They rend the Trophies, and the Liſts They cloſe!
Nought reſted but to ſpeak their Funʼral Praiſe!
Aſcertain'd now, by Death, the Doubtful Strife!
When Lo! at once their Living Forms They raiſe,
One, from his Ring; One, from his Treble Life;
And Both together riſing (wond'rous Sight!)
Freſh, Other Each aſſail'd, and fierce renew'd the
Fight.
Each

CXCVI.

Each claiming then the Other as his Prize,
Begun, as had the Fight but then begun;
Alike, Strokes, Wounds, Shields, Weapons They
[deſpiſe,
And Danger rather try to find than ſhun.
Death fear'd They not, nor yet for Life They car'd,
Life to let out, alike, or Death let in.
For Death They valu'd not, nor Life They ſpar'd,
Or Who was to be won, or Who to win.
More to be kill'd deſirous, than to kill;
To Both Life ſeem'd a Load, and Safety ſeem'd an
[Ill.

CXCVII.

While thus the Battle hung, a doubtful Scale!
Unſure to Whom the Balance wou'd decline,
Sad ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Face grew pale
The Cloſe of All unwilling to divine;
All ſuddenly a clamorous Noiſe They heard;
That ſeem'd ſome perilous Tumult to portend;
As Something ſtrange at near Approach appear'd,
And caus'd the Croud the Vault of Heav'n to
[rend.

With

With Cries of Women, and Alarms of Boys,
Such as the troubled Theatre full oft annoyes.

CXCVII.

Each Champion heard the Clamor from afar,
But what it brought not ſudden cou'd deviſe;
When lo! They ſpy'd, fair ſeated on a Car,
A Maid that cou'd not fail to touch their Eyes.
Faſt as a Whirlwind drives, She drives along,
And lovely was the Virgin to behold!
Yet faſter Way She made amidſt the Throng,
For that her Car was all adorn'd with Gold,
It ſeem'd as for ſome *Perſian* Monarch plan'd,
With various Gems inrich'd, and ſhow'd a maſter [Hand.

CXCIX.

Drawn was her Car (What wond'rous is to tell)
By two grim Lyons, ſubject to Command;
And tho' They look'd in Fierceneſs to excell
Their ſavage Kind, yet tame They bore her Hand.
Erect on Foot, high rais'd, the Damſel ſtood,
And more than Human ſeem'd to Human Sight.

Bright

Bright as the Dame that bore Her in the Wood,
She ſhone (and Either ſhone as Angel bright)
But, with her Beauty, Bounty might compare,
Which of the Two in Her might claim the greater [Share.

CC.

The Fair was Daughter to th' enamour'd *Knight*,
Who once again oppreſs'd the *Sylvan* Maid;
Long had He watch'd to gain the pleaſing Sight,
Till unawares He caught Her in the Shade.
In Magick Lore the Mother deeply ſkill'd,
Her Child in all her ſubtle Arts improv'd;
And now She came with kind Affection fill'd,
To aid her Brother, whom She dearly lov'd.
In Haſte She came to pacify the Strife,
For Bad the Loſs or Gain, where Gain or Loſs is [Life.

CCI.

Her, as the Croud preſs'd nearer to behold,
Leſs tractable her ireful Leaders grew;
Numbers They drove before, as Sheep to Fold,
And Numbers, roll'd in Duſt, for Haſte o'erthrew;

That

That in the mix'd Confuſion of the Throng,
For Fear of Danger, Some to Diſtance fly!
For Curioſity, Some rac'd along!
Some for Themſelves, and Some for Others cry!
Some laugh for Fancy, Some for Wonder ſhout!
And Some, that wou'd ſeem Wiſe, their Wonder turn
[to Doubt!

CCII.

In her Right Hand a Rod of Peace She bore,
Around, two Serpents mutually were wound;
Bound firmly by the Tail in Lovely Lore,
And Both were with one Olive Garland crown'd.
Like to the Wand that wields the Son of *May*,
Seals He in Sleep the Eye, or opes in Light;
Draws He from Hell the Shade, or drives away
The Soul from Earth; Day miniſtring or Night.
And in her other Hand She held a Vaſe,
With choice *Nepenthe* fill'd; a Juice of ſov'reign
[Grace!

CCIII.

Nepenthe! Drink prepar'd by Heav'nly Art!
By Gods devis'd, all Sorrow to aſſwage!

To chace the Grief of Soul, and Gall of Heart,
Whence ſpring ſore Anguiſh, and contentious [Rage!
To Age, it gives ſweet Peace and quiet Reſt!
Firm Friendſhip and unalter'd Love, to Youth!
The Mind eſtabliſhes, and chears the Breaſt!
Reſerv'd for Such as Wiſdom court and Truth!
Few by the Gods to taſte it are aſſign'd!
But All, aſſign'd to taſte it, Bliſs Eternal find!

CCIV.

Such Men of Worth, deriv'd of Mortal Birth,
As mighty *Jove* advances to the Sky;
Gods for their Merit made from Sons of Earth!
Partake of This, e'er yet to Heav'n They fly.
Secure of Joys, that will for ever laſt,
All Mem'ry here They drown of Human Care;
All Hope, or Fear, of Future, or of Paſt,
Then, unremembring, to the Bleſt repair.
Heroes of old of This were giv'n to taſte,
E'er yet among the Gods Immortal They were [plac'd.

CCV.

T

CCV.

Much more of Price, and of more gracious Pow'r,
This than the Fountain in *Ardenna* found;
Of which *Renaldo* drank in happy Hour,
As ſings the *Tuſcan* * Poet, far renown'd.
For had That Pow'r to change the Bent of Mind,
From Love to Hate, a Change of evil Choice!
But This reverſe, from Hate to Love inclin'd,
Who wou'd not to this Virtue yield his Voice?

* *To ſave the Inquiſitive the Trouble of ſearching after* SPENSER's *Alluſion, it was thought not unneceſſary to give Him here an Opportunity of ſatisfying his Curioſity by ſubjoining as much of the Love and Hate of* Renaldo *for* Angelica *as made to the Purpoſe. And This rather from* Harrington's *Tranſlation (which is yet very intelligible, tho' dedicated to Queen* Elizabeth) *than from* Arioſto, *who might not be ſo well underſtood by every Reader.*

ARIOST. Book I. Stanza 1.

Of Dames, of Knights, of Arms, of Love's Delight,
Of Courteſies, of high Attempts I ſpeake,
Then when the *Moores* tranſported all their Might
On *Africke* Seas the Force of *France* to breake:
Incited by the youthfull Heat and Spight
Of *Agramant* their King, that vow'd to wreake
The Death of King *Trojano* (lately ſlaine)
Upon the *Roman* Emperour *Charlemaine*.

Stanza 5.

Orlando, who long time had loved deare,
Angelica the Faire; and for her Sake,
About the World, in Nations far and neare,
Did high Attempts performe and undertake,
Return'd with her into the Weſt that Yeare,
That *Charles* his Power againſt the *Turks* did make:

Hate is of Brutes, and What the Gods deteſt;
But Love the Gift of Heav'n, and glads the Human
[Breaſt.

CCVI.

Now cloſe beſide the Liſt her Leaders ſtand,
(And ſtrong-incloſing Bars the Liſt ſurround!)
She ſtrikes the Bars, that open to her Hand,
Then enter'd, quits her Car, and takes the Ground.
"Friendſhip and Peace to All!" (The Virgin cry'd;)
"Friendſhip and Peace! The greateſt Good in
[Life!"

And with the Force of *Germanie* and *France*,
Neare *Pyren* Alpes his Standard did advance.

8.

Betweene *Orlando* and *Renaldo* late,
There fell about *Angelica* ſome Brall,
And each of them began the tother Hate,
This Ladies Love had made them both ſo thrall.
But *Charles*, who much miſlikes that ſuch Debate
Between ſuch Friends ſhould riſe, on Cauſe ſo ſmall,
To *Namus* of *Baveir* in Keeping gave her,
And ſuffred neither of them both to have her.

9.

But promiſt he would preſently beſtow
The Damſel faire, on him that in that Fight
The plaineſt Proofe ſhould of his Proweſſe ſhow,
And danger moſt the *Pagans* with his Might;
But (ay the while) the *Chriſtians* take the Blow,
Their Soldiers ſlaine, their Captains put to Flight,
The Duke himſelfe a Priſner there was taken,
His Tent was quite abandon'd and forſaken.

First

Firſt to Her Brother was the Wiſh apply'd,
Whom, ſorely griev'd, She found in Bloody Strife;
Laſt, to the Foe, whoſe warlike Air and Grace,
Then ſecret, touch'd her Soul, and dy'd her conſci-
[ous Face.

CCVII.

Both ſlightly bow'd; (for ſmall was their Delight,
As then, to entertain the Lovely Maid)
Then turn'd Them to the Battle: At the Sight,
Between them, on the Field, Herſelf She laid.

10.

Where when the Damſel faire a while had ſtay'd,
That for the Victor pointed was a Pray,
She tooke her Horſe, ne farther time delay'd,
But ſecretly convay'd herſelf away;
For ſhe foreſaw, and was full ſore afray'd,
That this to *Charles* would prove a diſmal Day.
And riding through a Wood, ſhe hapt to meet
A Knight that came againſt her on his Feet.

11.

His Cuiras on; his Helmet not undone,
His Sword and Target ready to the ſame,
And through the Wood ſo ſwiftly he did runne,
As they that go half naked for a Game.
But never did a Shepheard's Daughter ſhunne
More ſpeedily a Snake that on her came,
Then faire *Angelica* did take her Flight,
When as ſhe once had Knowledge of the Knight.

With double Hopes disturb'd, and double Fears,
Nought that cou'd move the Reconciler spares,
With Sighs now intermixing soft'ning Tears,
And pow'rful Reasons adding now to Pray'rs,
For cordial Peace, from horrid War, She sought,
By All, They held most dear! By Her, for whom
[They fought!

CCVIII.

But when She found, She cou'd not so prevail,
She touch'd Them lightly with her pow'rful Wand;

12.

This valiant Knight was Lord of *Clarimount*,
Duke *Ammon*'s Sonne, as you shall understand,
Who having lost his Horse of good Account,
That by Mishap was slipt out of his Hand;
He follow'd him, in Hope againe to mount,
Untill this Ladies Sight did make him stand,
Whose Face and Shape proportion'd were so well,
They seem'd the House where Love itselfe did dwell.

13.

But She that shuns *Renalde* all She may,
Upon her Horse's Neeke doth lay the Raine,
Through thicke and thin She gallopeth away,
Ne makes She Choise of beaten Way or Plaine,
But gives her Palfrey leave to chuse the Way,
And being mov'd with Feare and with Disdaine,
Now up, now downe, She never leaves to ride,
Till She arrived by a River-side.

Then

Then ſudden as the Hearts of Cowards fail,
Down fall their wrathful Swords, and motionleſs
They ſtand, as Men poſſeſt with Panick Fright,
[They ſtand;
Struck, with They know not What of dread Sur-
Thus e'er their ſcatter'd Pow'rs They cou'd unite,
[prize;
Or free their mighty Souls from mightier Ties;
Her Golden Bowl, with ſweet Oblivion fraught,
She reach'd; and, glad for Thirſt, Each drank an
[hearty Draught!

77.

And being newly ſetled in Her Seate,
She ſaw a Man on Foote all armed rumne,
Streight in her Mind She gan to chaſe and fret,
Becauſe She knew it was Duke *Ammon*'s Sonne;
Moſt earneſtly He ſude Her Love to get,
More earneſtly She ſeeks his Love to ſhunne.
Once She lov'd Him, He hated Her as much;
And now He loves, She hates, his Hap was ſuch.

78.

The Cauſe of this firſt from two Fountaines grew,
Like in the Taſt, but in Effects unlike,
Plac'd in *Ardenna*, each in other's View,
Who taſts the one, Love's Dart his Heart doth ſtrike;
Contrary of the other doth enſew,
Who drinke thereof their Lovers ſhall miſlike.
Renaldo dranke of one, and Love him pained:
Shee drunke the other, and his Love diſdained.

CCIX.

Soon as They taſted once the Juice Divine,
Wonder it was the ſudden Change to ſee,
From deadly Stroke in kind Embrace They join,
And Hands They plight, no more to diſagree;
In Amity, ſuch Enmity to cloſe,
And Foe with Foe, as Friend with Friend to yield,
And Faithful Friends to riſe from Mortal Foes,
This Turn of Things amaz'd the crouded Field;
The crouded Field with Joy and Wonder riſe,
One loud Applauſe enſues, re-echoing thro' the [Skies!

Book II. Stanza 1.

O blind God, Love, why tak'ſt thou ſuch Delight,
With Darts of divers Force our Hearts to wound?
By thy too much abuſing of thy Might,
This Diſcord great in humane Hearts is found.
When I would wade the ſhallow Foord aright,
Thou draw'ſt me to the Deepe to have me dround,
From thoſe love me, my Love thou doſt recall,
And place it where I find no Love at all.

2.

Thou mak'ſt moſt faire unto *Renaldo* ſeeme
Angelica, that takes him for a Foe;
And when that She of him did well eſteeme,
Then He diſlikt, and did refuſe Her thoe.
Which makes Her now of Him the leſſe to deeme.
Thus as (they ſay) She renders *quit pro quo*.
She hateth Him, and doth deteſt Him ſo,
She firſt will die, ere She will with him go.

CCX.

When gentle *Canace* This ſees and hears,
In Haſte She from her lofty Seat deſcends;
And ſoon amidſt the Combatants appears,
To know if ſo the cruel Conflict ends:
When certain found; all due Reſpect She pay'd,
In Manner eaſy, and in Speech polite;
And, for her Conduct, praiſing much the Maid,
At *Sarra* begs Her to diſpoſe the Night;
And add this other Favor to the reſt,
The Friendſhip to accept, that firmly She profeſt.

22.

He follow'd Her through Valley, Hill, and Plaine,
Through Woods and Thickets for his Maſter's ſake,
Whom he permitted not to touch the Raine,
For feare leſt He ſome other Way ſhould take,
By which *Renaldo* though with mickle Paine
Twiſe found Her out, twiſe She did Him forſake:
For firſt *Ferraw*, then *Sacrapant* withſtood,
That by twiſe finding Her He did no good.

Book XLII. Stanza 44.

Ere long into *Ardenna* Woods he enters,
Soone after he *Baſylea* quite had paſt:
Ardenna Woods, whence many come Repenters,
And in that Forreſt have bene ſore agaſt,
To travell through the ſame *Renaldo* venters,
When ſuddenly the Skie did overcaſt,
And there aroſe a blacke and hideous Storme,
And then appear'd a Monſter of ſtrange Forme.

CCXI.

CCXI.

Agreed with true Sincerity of Heart;
The Trumpets ſounded, and the Judges roſe;
With Glee and gladſome Cheer the Croud depart:
To march together Both the Champions choſe,
And Both together choſe the Maids to ride;
Cambina, Prudent Umpire of the Day;
With ſweet Affection taking to her Side
Fair *Canace*, as freſh as Roſe in *May*.
Thence to *Cambuſcan*'s Palace They retir'd,
By All applauded Each, and Each by All admir'd.

45.

She ſeem'd of Woman's Shape, but in her Hed
A thouſand Eyes She had, that Watch did keepe;
As many Eares, with which She harkened;
Her Eyes want Lids, and therefore never ſleepe;
In ſteed of Haire, Her Crowne Snakes overſpred;
Thus marched She forth of the Darkneſſe deepe.
Her Tayle one Serpent bigger than the reſt,
Which She with Knots had tyde about her Breſt.

46.

This Sight, *Renaldos* Mind appald ſo ſore,
He feeles his Heart alreadie gan to fayle him,
And ſith it never had done ſo before,
He marvels what (the good yeare) now ſhould aile him:
Yet ſtill his Minde miſgave him more and more,
To ſee the Monſter coming to aſſaile Him.
He nathleſſe counterfets his wonted Boldneſſe,
Though quaking Hands bewraid his inward Coldneſſe.

CCXII.

CCXII.

In perfect Love there many a Day They ſpend;
Camballo with *Cambina* led his Life;
And who, but *Triamondo*, cou'd pretend
A rightful Claim to *Canace* as Wife?
I paſs the joyous Feaſts, the ſolemn Rites,
Things well to be conceiv'd, tho' not expreſt;
The Days of Dallianee, and of Bliſs the Nights;
Suffice, that Each in Each was fully Bleſt.
So join'd by Love, and ſo by Friendſhip bound,
That never ſince their Days, were Four ſo Happy [found.

51.

When lo! a Knight unto his Succour went,
All armd in ſhining Steele, and on his Shield
He bare a Yoke in ſundry Peeces rent,
And Flames of Fire all in a yellow Field,
So weaponed he was, as if He ment
To make all that encountred Him to yeeld.
A Sword and Speare He had, and to the ſame
A Mace, from whence he threw continual Flame.

55.

But when *Renaldo* was from Danger free,
And that ſame Knight by whom his Safetie came,
So courteouſly to come to Him did ſee,
His Speech to Him in kind Words he did frame,
And gave Him many Thanks in hye Degree.
And then beſought him He might know his Name,
That th'Emperor and all his Court might know,
What Knight did ſo great Grace on him beſtow.

CCXIII.

CCXIII.

It riſes oft in Life (as here it roſe)
That mortal Foes to faithful Friends may turn;
And ſo may faithful-Friends to mortal Foes:
As Reaſons temper, or as Paſſions burn.
For oft ſome dire Miſtake miſleads the Will,
As well in Hate of Foes, as Love of Friends;
Hence Enmity, that not proceeds of Ill,
But of Occaſion, with th' Occaſion ends;

56.

The Knight in courteous Manner thus replide;
I would not you ſhould take it in Diſpleaſure,
That I my Name from you a while ſhall hide,
But e're the Shadow grow a Yard by Meaſure,
I ſhall you tell. Thus onward ſtill they ride,
Renaldo being pleas'd to ſtay his Leaſure.
So long they went together, till they found
A chriſtal Spring, that ran along the Ground.

57.

At which full oft the Herdmen, that did dwell
Near thoſe ſame Woods, have in their loving Fits
Drunke Love away, with taſting of that Well,
And of thoſe Paſſions purged cleane their Wits:
Now (for the Knight that rode with him could tell
That for *Renaldo*'s Ill this Phificke fits)
He doth adviſe him there to ſtay a ſpace,
And make that Well their Baite and Reſting-place.

And

And Friendſhip, which a faint Affection breeds
Without Regard of Good, dies like ill-grounded
[Seeds.

CCIV.

Meantime the Sun his due Meridian Hight
Had gain'd, when Neither loſt, yet Either won;
While great *Cambuſcan*, who declin'd the Sight,
Reſign'd to Fate the Daughter, and the Son.

58.

Renaldo of the Motion well allowth,
And lighteth ſtrait, and to the Well doth go,
Both for that Heat and Travell bred his Drowth,
And that the Monſter had diſturbd Him ſo;
Unto the chriſtal Well He puts his Mouth,
And greedily drinks downe five Gulps or mo,
And from his Breſt doth with one Draught remove,
His burning Thirſt, and his more burning Love.

59.

Now when that other Knight that with Him went,
Saw him lift up himſelfe from that ſame Brooke,
And found He did his fooliſh Love repent,
And that He now that Humor quite forſooke,
Then to declare his Name He was content,
And looking with a grave and loftie Looke,
He ſaid, *Renaldo*, know I hight *Diſdaine*,
That came to looſe Thee from Loves fooliſh Chaine.

60.

This ſaid, He vaniſht from *Renaldo* quite, *&c.*

The

The Monarch thought, Fate order'd for the Beſt.
But hold—'tis Time to check the forward Steed!—
Nor ſhou'd our Tale too long delay the Reſt;
What yet remains, in Order may ſucceed,
When next our Turn; Intemperance of Tongue,
Mine *Hoſt* will well excuſe, his Orator is young.

End of the Second VOLUME.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM